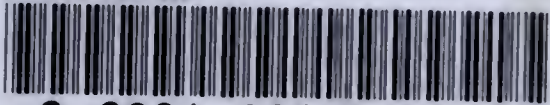


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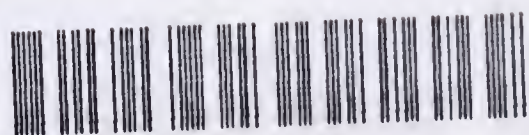
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# THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO  
THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF  
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

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EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

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VOLUME VII.

LANCASTER, PA.:  
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1856.



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# THE GUARDIAN:

*A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.*

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VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1856.

No. 1.

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## NEW-YEAR GREETING.

—  
BY THE EDITOR.  
—

A NEW-YEAR has knocked at our door! How they do roll around, these solemn years! As they pass, how many things they cause us to leave behind; and how many other things they bring us to. Do we look back?—how many cherished friends have grown pale, bowed us an adieu, and have passed into the land of mysteries? How silent is the place where they once labored and loved. Do we look around?—what new faces, friendly like those that have turned away, look in upon us. While they fill their places, they also remind us, by their smiles, of those who have gone. Do we look before us?—our faith can look cheerfully into the solemn future. The promises can tell us what good it has in store for those that do worthily. O Thou, who art the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever, gently guide us, and bring us through all our changes higher and nearer to Thee!

This is now the SEVENTH time that we greet our readers with “A Happy New-Year!” Six years The Guardian has gone forth in the service of the young. Time has shown that we were not mistaken when we commenced its publication, convinced that something of the kind was needed. Our labors have been cheered by the approbation of many young gentlemen and ladies, who have continued to manifest the warmest interest in our magazine.

The Guardian will keep on its accustomed course. It will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: “LIFE—LIGHT—LOVE.”

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to



take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings, and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of six years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

Our standing promise to improve *The Guardian*, as fast as its patronage will allow, is again redeemed. The Publisher has honestly and truly performed his part. New type, fine white paper, and a pleasant page greets the reader's eye. A very beautiful embellishment, with its rich symbolical representations of "The Seasons," introduces the volume. The exterior is new and tasty; and while the title page slightly varies from the original emblem, it still preserves the idea of angelic guardianship, which has from the beginning been associated with our magazine and its contents. Those friendly celestials, who do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven, and who are sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, and who have charge over us, are still bending over our monthly labors. Thus, without interfering with the associations of those to whom *The Guardian* has become familiar, the publisher has made decided and desirable improvements.

We humbly submit our work to our friends. We respectfully ask those who approve of the design, matter, and spirit of *The Guardian*, to give us their friendly aid in its circulation. Young men and young ladies can do us a great kindness by procuring the names of their associates as subscribers. May not such also confer a lasting good upon those into whose hands they place it? If you have found its contents a benefit to yourself, we ask with confidence that you aid us in placing it into other hands, and other families.

We would also ask of Pastors, who have favored its introduction into their charges, a continuance of the same kindness and interest. We cannot and do not expect their personal labors to this end; yet would ask them to request some active young persons in their congregations to send us on a list of names.

Once more, "A Happy New-Year." May that unseen hand—seen by faith—which has led us thus far, lead us on; and whatever this year may bring to us, may it find us earnestly engaged at our post—doing, and suffering, and waiting, in patience, peace, and love.

---

## H E R E A F T E R .

If all our hopes and all our fears  
 Were prisoners in life's narrow bound;  
 If, travelers in this vale of tears,  
 We saw no "better world" beyond;  
 Oh! what would check the rising sigh,  
 What earthly thing could pleasure give?  
 Oh! who would venture then to die?  
 Oh! who would venture then to live?



## THE VOICE OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY T. H. STOCKTON.

I SAW the Old Year. He was lying on a bed of gathered leaves. The grass around was brown and withered, save here and there, close by the edge of the snow-patches, where it retained somewhat of its greenness. The turf was almost as hard as the pike—the smooth and stony pike, that glared in the lamp-light, and rung under the rattling iron hoofs and wheels of the passing mail. Of course it was a secluded spot; away from the tide, with its ships and steamboats, and away from the wire, the rail, and the whistle. The spring gurgled out from the hill-side; but was almost hidden by the long icicles that hung thick from the moss-line, on the front of the over-jutting rock, down to the very basin of the fountain; nor was it seen long, for, as it came out between the icicles, it slipped under the ice that covered its channel, and again found itself almost as much in the dark as it was before it escaped from the inner crevices of the hill. Over the rude couch of the dying year, the trees spread their leafless, snow-sprinkled branches as though they would gladly have sheltered him if they could; and the breeze moaned by his side, as tenderly as though a woman's sympathy had touched it into piteous sweetness. The air was very keen, and very clear; and the barking of the distant watch dog, startled by that passing mail, sounded loud and fierce, as if on the very border of the glen.

The glen was thronged with an almost innumerable spiritual multitude. The four Seasons were there. The twelve Months were there. The fifty-two Weeks were there. Three hundred and sixty-five Days were there. Three hundred and sixty-five Nights were there. Nearly nine thousand Hours were there. More than half a million Minutes were there. And more than thirty millions of Seconds were there. The Seasons were distinguished by the varied color of their robes—white, green, yellow, and purple. The Months had a fillet of silver net-work on every forehead, adorned with a crescent of shining pearl. The Weeks wore a seven-hued girdle, with a brilliant clasp—adorned with an altar, olive-branch and trumpet. The Days bore an image of the sun on every breast-plate. The Nights held a star, downward, on the head of every sceptre. The Hours, Minutes, and Seconds carried each a miniature diamond chronometer: those of the hours, with an hour-hand alone; those of the minutes, with a minute-hand alone; and those of the seconds, with a second-hand alone.

The pale Patriarch, thus surrounded by his immense host of descendants, summoned me into his immediate presence. I passed through the parted lines, and knelt by his humble pallet. "I have called you hither," said he, "not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of the church and congregation to which you minister. I have called you to commit to you, for them, my last and most solemn message. I am only one of the six thousand Princes of Time. Time is the son of eternity. Eternity is the son of God. Next to his being the Father of the Lord



Jesus Christ, the most glorious title the Almighty bears, is that of the Father of eternity! From eternity, down to the youngest second, all ages, and years, and seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, and nights, and hours, and minutes are His messengers, intrusted with His richest benefits, and commissioned to bear them to man. My mission, like that of my predecessors, is ended. Before their departure, they reminded you of God's goodness. Before my departure, I remind you of the same. My office has been one of ceaseless love. If you marvel that I am encompassed by such a host, I have only to inform you, that they have been my faithful assistants, as well as my affectionate children; and that the reason of their multitude is the multitude of God's benefits to man. A smaller number would fail to distribute his abounding mercies. There is not one, in all this array, who has not been thus employed."

"Ere I die," he continued, "I will question them in your presence; and you must report their testimony to the worshippers in the sanctuary:

"SEASONS! what have *you* given to man?" And the four Seasons answered, "God's benefits!"

"MONTHS! what have *you* given to man?" And the twelve Months answered, "God's benefits!"

"WEEKS! what have *you* given to man?" And the fifty-two Weeks answered, "God's benefits!"

"DAYS! what have *you* given to man?" And the three hundred and sixty-five Days answered, "God's benefits!"

"NIGHTS! what have *you* given to man?" And the three hundred and sixty-five Nights answered, "God's benefits!"

"HOURS! what have *you* given to man?" And the nearly nine thousand Hours answered, "God's benefits!"

"MINUTES! what have *you* given to man?" And the half-million Minutes answered, "God's benefits!"

"SECONDS! what have *you* given to man?" And the thirty million Seconds answered, "God's benefits!"

"Servant of God," said he, "minister of Christ! you have heard their uniform answers. With my own fast-failing breath I confirm their truth. I have superintended their toil. I know that our whole mission has been occupied in the distribution of 'God's benefits.' Return to your charge! The chapel will be open and illumined. The people will be assembled. You anticipate the solemnity of the occasion; and honestly and earnestly desire their profit. Tell them that you have seen the dying Year. Tell them that they themselves must die. Tell them that when their own death-time shall come, the world will be withered around them, as it is now withered around me! Tell them that they, too, must lie down on the dead leaves of their summer prosperity! Tell them that every garden of pleasure will then be as desolate to them as are now these fields of nature to me—the verdure all wasted, the trees all stripped, the streams all frozen, and the air crisp, and cold, and still! Tell them that they will then have but *one* hope, as I have now! See!" said the weary and dying pilgrim, lifting his kindling eye, and pointing with thin finger to the heavens, "see! though the sphere of my labor on earth is all blighted and drear, *no change is there!* Or if, in that high place of reward, there be any change, it is only for the better!



Behold! the blue skies are bluer now, and the bright stars brighter now, than they were in mid-summer. Nothing withers or declines there! There is the inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away! That is my hope; that is their hope; that is our only hope. But, thank God, it is a sufficient and glorious hope.

“Go, and tell them that ‘God’s benefits’ begin with life, but do not end with death; that they commence on earth only to multiply in heaven; and that, while they enrich us in time, they will endure throughout eternity. Go, and tell them that the Old Year, looking back from his pallet of dry leaves to scenes of freshest beauty and bliss, and looking up from this wasted world to a universe of imperishable grace, glory, and rapture, breathes out his last prayer in their behalf—that every one among them may immediately and solemnly consider the great and pressing question, asking, with the Psalmist, ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?’ and answering with the Psalmist also, ‘I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now, and in the presence of all his people!’”

So ending, the dying Year drew from his bosom a many-leafed scroll, and put it in my hand, saying: “Take this scroll. You will find it composed of hundreds of messages, severally addressed to your hearers. Distribute them as a final token of my regard for them. But see!” said the fainting Old Year, kindling again as he spoke, “see! they come.”

As he spoke, a pale, long-drawn light, as though the milky way were settling earthward, descended through the thin air, and rested, like a glimmering mist, on the dusky range of the horizon hills. I rose, gazed, and drew back from the coming One, glowing with angel glory, and yet with the countenance of a younger brother of the waiting pilgrim. He stooped by the humble pallet; and the leaves, and grass, and snow, and icicles, and frosted trees, and hills, all glittered with a golden sheen. Behind him, FAIRER seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, and nights, and hours, and minutes, and seconds, in far-gleaming perspective, dimly waved their line. I saw the New Year kiss the Old; and the Old arose at that token, and stood by his brother’s side, and acknowledged him as his successor, and resigned the sceptre to him, and embraced him, and blessed him, and bowed to his attendants, and then beckoned to his own, and ascended with them, softly and beautifully as the scintillations of the aurora, vanishing at last among the conscious and welcoming stars. The New Year and his host glanced, smiling, at the quick and happy transit; and then dispersed on errands of mercy through all the earth, to meet again, when another New Year shall hang out his signal in the sky, and come to enter on his reign.

---

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God’s good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.



## T H E S E A S O N S .

(See Frontispiece.)

REAL joy, it has well been said, exists only in circles where the individual gives up his own self, and makes it his main object to give pleasure to others. In Grecian mythology, therefore, the Graces—those charming goddesses who presided over all that is graceful and amiable in the domestic and social relations—were never represented single or alone. In painting and in sculpture, the three were always shown in social attitudes, as dancing with themselves, or associating with other divinities. In the same manner, in the frontispiece of this volume of *The Guardian*, we think the artist has done well to represent the Seasons, not separated from each other, as is often done by their portrayers, but united in a friendly circle. Thus he has imparted to them a social grace. Not only that, but to set them off still more he has thrown in some additional, attendant figures. Over Spring a Cupid is hovering, and behind Summer, the mower or harvester, is seen a maiden with a rake—the occupation of the Season, no doubt, having brought up to his mind such harvest stories as that of Obed and Ruth, and for the life of him he could not leave the maiden out. What a hospitable charm is given to Autumn—the vintager, in his interesting attitude of proffering to venerable old Frosty Beard, hanging over his coals, that cup of generous wine, which, when it has been taken by the old gentleman, we trust will cheer him up a little and do him good.

The Floræ in Grecian mythology were not just the Seasons personified, but their adorners, being the goddesses which presided over the order of nature. They were beautiful nymphs, the ministers of Jove, promoting the fertility of the earth by the various kinds of weather they sent down. While the Graces imparted their charms to social life, the Floræ had more to do with the decorations of outward nature. Still, like the former, they were represented by painters and sculptors in graceful attitudes, dancing with each other or with the Graces, or attending on some higher divinity. Thus we find they were social beings.

The representations of the Seasons, however, in social circles are properly restricted to painting and sculpture. We look in vain for them thus set forth by the poets. By these, time is made too much account of to crowd them together, even in the most interesting groups, so they represent them as following each other in succession. As a fine specimen of such descriptions, we select that of Spencer. It is nothing the worse for being old:

“So forth issew’d the Seasons of the yeare:  
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres,  
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,  
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres  
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;  
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,  
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;  
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.





# The Seasons





“Then came the idly Sommer, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,  
 That was unlyned all, to be more light;  
 And on his head a girlond well besceme  
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been  
 The sweet did drop; and in his hand he bore  
 A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene  
 Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,  
 And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

“Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,  
 As though he ioyed in his plentious store,  
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
 That he had banished hunger, which to-fore  
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:  
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
 With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;  
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde  
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

“Lastly, came Winter clothed in frize,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;  
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freese  
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
 As from a limbeck did adown distill;  
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still;  
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld.  
 That scarce his loose limbes he hable was to weld.”

The likeness of the Seasons as represented in our frontispiece, we fancy, were taken in Germany. The scythe over the shoulder of Summer, in its shape, is decidedly German, and the vine-leaves around the thyrsus of Autumn, tell that he must have been among the vineyards and trodden the grapes; perhaps on the hills of the Rhine. Had he been drawn by an English painter he would have been made to resemble Summer more as seen in this picture, than a vintager. Clad in yellow he would have been, the bearded wheat in his hat, and the sickle in his hand, as may be seen from Spenser's English description of him above. In England the wheat harvest never comes off before September; and in Thomson's Seasons, therefore, the episode of Palemon and Lavinia, so much resembling the story of Boaz and Ruth, is placed in the midst of Autumn. The Seasons, then, as shown in the frontispiece of this number, are not English. They belong, no doubt, to Germany or France, where the harvest time, we believe, corresponds very nearly with that of our own land.

#### THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

An aged Christian went tottering by,  
 And white was his head, and dim was his eye,  
 And broken his spirit seemed ready to fly,  
 As he said with his faltering breath;  
 “It is life, to move from the heart's first throes,  
 Through youth and manhood to age's sorrows  
 In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes—  
 It is life to prepare for death.”

## GRANDFATHER'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Hail, father Christmas! hail to thee!  
 Honored ever shalt thou be!  
 All the sweets that love bestows,  
 Endless pleasures wait on those,  
 Who, like vassals brave and true,  
 Give to Christmas homage due."

ANGLO-NORMAN CHORUS.

"'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
 A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
 A poor man's heart through half the year." SCOTT.

ONE morning, about five weeks before Christmas, the Pastor's three children, Mary, Wilsie, and Maggie, were playing together in the dining-room of the parsonage. "Aha, I know something good," said Wilsie, the second of the group, jumping up and facing his two little sisters straight, and brave like a little soldier. "Wa' tis it?" asked Maggie quickly, in baby lispings, her eyes glistening the while with hope, and the dawning of joy in that hope, "Wa' tis it, Widdie?" Mary, quick too, but a little more deliberate, being the oldest, and thinking first whether she could not guess the good news, "What is it, Wilsie?"

"I heard mother read a letter from grand-pa, this morning, and what do you think he says? He says he will come to see us the last Saturday in Advent."

"Advent," said Mary, "when is that? Advent—that is one of grand-pa's hard, old-fashioned words again. But that is his way."

"I just now heard pa come in at the front door," said Wilsie, "I will go up to the study and ask him what Advent is."

"I'll go along," said Mary. "Me go 'long, du," cried Maggie. In a moment they were all ranged around the pastor's arm-chair in the study.

"What now, children? You know you are not to disturb me in my study in the morning. You know I told you at the breakfast table that Christmas is coming, and that I am very busy preparing for it."

"But, pa," said Mary, "you told us that Christmas is a joyful holiday, and that we ought to be glad for it before it comes."

"We are just beginning to be glad," said Wilsie, "because grand-pa is coming before Christmas."

"Des, pa, Maggie dlad, du," lisped the youngest.

"Mother read in the letter," said Wilsie, "that grand-pa is coming the last Saturday in Advent. When is that, pa?"

"Yes, *what* is that?" added Mary, with a desire to know the *why* as well as the *when*.

"I will tell you, children. Advent is a word which comes from two Latin words, which, put together, mean to 'come to.' You know Christmas is the time when our Saviour 'came to' the earth. Good Christians, in very old times already, began by suitable devotions to pre-



pare for Christmas four weeks before it came. Thus, the fourth Sabbath before Christmas is already the beginning of the Advent-time. Though little children, as well as grown people, should all the year round think gladly what a great blessing it was that Jesus came into the world; yet, as I told you this morning, they ought especially to be glad when it once comes so near. This is the reason why your grand-pa comes at this time, that we may all be glad together. Next Sabbath is the first of Advent, and in three weeks from Saturday grand-pa will come, and grandmother, and all the rest."

"O, but we are glad," exclaimed Wilsie, dancing around his pa's big chair.

"Des, pa, we am dlad for dran-pa, for de rest, and fur de Krismas," stammered little Maggie, speaking even less plainly than usual because her heart was so full of joy.

"Now, be good children," said their father; and they all ran down stairs, wild with joy, exclaiming, "they are all coming—grand-pa, grand-ma, and Annie, and Laura, and all."

This announcement made the hearts of the children glad for the rest of the Advent-time. They frequently spoke of the good, joyful time coming. They were glad that Jesus was born, and that there was a Christmas. If they were too young to *know* fully the great blessings brought by His birth, they did at least *feel* them; which is better than to know and not feel. They knew that the coming of Christ made joy. They were glad. It was His coming, and the Christmas which celebrates that joyful event, which would bring their grand-parents, and uncles, and aunts, around them. In being thankful to their Saviour for this, they were really thankful to Him for what are the blessed fruits of His coming into the world. It is His love and grace which makes holy and happy all the ties of kindred, and binds hearts and families together in the strongest love and joy. Thus these children, in being glad for the social happiness which was promised them, were in truth at the same time glad for Jesus and his happy Christmas. Their hearts, which were opening, beautifully and fragrantly like a flower in social love, were also preparing to be possessed and influenced by their Saviour's love. They were receiving Christ, and his grace, as little children: not so much by knowledge as by love; not so much by the mind as by the holiest instincts and affections of the heart. As children lean upon Christ through their parent's faith and piety; so, in this happy waiting for the good Christmas time, their natural social affections were insensibly glorifying themselves, making their joy for the coming of their dear friends bloom in a sacred gladness for the coming of Christ and his happy Christmas.

The good time came. The blessed last Saturday morning in advent dawned. "O mother, here they are all!" exclaimed Wilsie, who had been watching at the window all morning. "Here they all are!" In a moment the front door was flung wide open, and then was a joyful time, of kissing, shaking hands, and stroking heads! We need not enter into particulars, or attempt to describe this scene of family re-union. We have all witnessed it, and experienced its joys.

After the first stir of joy was over, Wilsie sought the earliest opportunity of getting upon his grandfather's knee. This desirable position



attained, he, first of all, caught the venerable man's chin with both hands, and raising it up, began to take him to task for that hard, old-fashioned word in his letter.

"Now grand-pa, what made you say Advent? We did not know what you meant by it. If pa hadn't explained it to us, we would not have known when you would come."

By this time Maggie had gotten upon the other knee, and Mary was standing by his side with her one hand on his shoulder. "Yes, grand-pa, your old-fashioned word made us a good bit of trouble."

"Dran-pa, I like ole fash; I like yu tu!" said Maggie.

"Children," said the old man, "you must not speak against old fashions. You are too young yet to know which old customs are good, and which are bad. There are some bad old fashions, and some good; we must not put the good ones away with the bad ones. You see, children, when your mother cleans house, she does not cast out the tables, and chairs, and looking glasses; but only such things that ought not to be in the house. There are some people so foolish in these times as to think all old things are bad, and should be cast aside.

"Yes, grand-pa," said Mary, "the other day when I was fetching things from the store to tie on our Christmas-tree, a little girl told me, their preacher said, Christmas was 'an old rag' of something, I dont mind what it was, and that it ought to be put away."

Yes, children, some would like, not only to have Christmas, but Christ himself out of the way. There are also some good people, like that preacher, who thoughtlessly favor this hatred to all that is old, forgetting that all the good they have is older than themselves. I have lived long enough, not only to hear about putting away old Christmas, but also to see it put away in many families, and neighborhoods, and churches. When I was a young man no one worked on Christmas. In the forenoon all went to church, to learn to love our Saviour. After church, parents, grand-parents, children and grand-children, gathered around the Christmas dinner; and then the afternoon, evening, and next day, which was second christmas-day, was spent in innocent social pleasures, and in this way they would all learn better to love one another. It was before coal were found, and then we had a large wood-fire in the hearth. In the evening while the cold storm was blustering without, the fire and the nuts were cracking within; and then we used to listen to the beautiful Christmas stories.

"Grand-pa, tell us some of them," exclaimed all three at once.

"My grand-father," said the old man, "used to tell us about the happy Christmas time in Germany, when he was a boy; and he used to say, that as long as he could, he would keep it up in this country. He used to tell us, in solemn words, to do the same when he was dead."

"Tell us, grand-pa, how they used to keep Christmas in Germany?" said Wilsie, his eyes growing brighter. "Yes, do," said Mary. "Des, du, dran-pa," added Maggie.

"You see, children, some years ago, my father went out to Germany, to see the old place where my grand-father used to live, and to visit our friends who still live there. I will read you what he says, in a letter which he wrote to us while he was out. I have brought it along for this purpose."



"O read it, grand-pa," they all exclaimed with one voice. The old man read: "Christmas is a happy time here in the old Fatherland. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other; and the parents to their children. For three or four months before Christmas, the girls are all busy; and the boys save their pocket money to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be, is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them; getting up in the morning before daylight, etc. Then, on the evening before Christmas-day, one of the parlors is lighted up by the children into which the parents must not go. A great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall; a multitude of little tapers are fixed in the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed; and colored paper, etc., hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough, the children lay out in great order, the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intended for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. When I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears run down the face of the father, as he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the walls and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the rapture of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap—O, it was a delight for them!

"On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay on the table the presents for the children. A scene of more sober joy succeeds; as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents are sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates Knecht Rupert—*i. e.*, the servant Rupert. On Christmas night he goes round to every house, and says that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither. The parents and elder children receive him with great pomp and reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parents he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ. Or if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and, in the name of his master, recommends them to use it frequently."

"I think," said Mary, "those children would try to be good to their parents, who were so kind to them always, and especially on Christmas."

"And I think," said Wilsie, "they would learn to love the good Jesus who gave them such good parents, and made such a happy Christmas for them."



"Des, dran-pa, I dink so du," said our little Maggie, who was as anxious as any one to be glad at what the old man said.

"Yes, children," continued the venerable man, "it is the design of these acts of kindness to open the hearts both of those who bestow them, and those who receive them; and I know from blessed experience that they have this effect. When, now that my hairs are gray, as my father's were long, long ago, I think back over those Christmas scenes, and remember all the kind words, looks, and gifts of my parents, my aged heart softens, and I love my Saviour the more because I know that He made them so good and kind!"

Here the aged man's eye moistened, his lips trembled, and under his white locks his cheeks glowed from the emotions which swelled his heart. While he paused, Mary said,

"Grand-pa, tell us how it comes that people give presents to each other, on our Saviour's birth-day, and this will make another Christmas story for us."

"That I will do, my children. Jesus Christ was God's *great gift* to the world. He was the first, and the greatest, Christmas gift. This has led good people to think that because God was so good as to give such a gift to them, they ought also to be kind and give gifts to each other. John, the loving disciple says: 'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.'"

"O, now I see," said Wilsie, "it comes from that."

"Then, too," continued the old man, "all those who open their hearts to receive God's great gift, will always feel themselves moved to be kind. Wherever Christ is in the heart there he makes kind feelings. Now christian parents show, by their kindness to their children and others, that the spirit of Jesus dwells in their hearts. Thus they give more gifts on Christ's birth-day than any other time, to show how glad they are that He came into the world to be our Saviour."

"I wonder how any one can wish to have Christmas put away," said Mary. "I think it must be because they have no grand-pas to explain to them these pretty things about it, and to tell them such beautiful Christmas stories."

"I am glad you came, grand-pa," said Wilsie. And Maggie, who would never be behind when any loving was to be done, stammered: "Maggie is dlad—all over dlad."

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It would take us too long to tell all that passed between the first arrival, and Christmas eve. This we must pass over, with the simple remark, that all was joyful preparation for the happy flowering time of gladness to take place on Christmas eve, and on Christmas day. The parlor was kept dark, and the children were not permitted to enter it. Why? The Christmas-tree was growing in there unseen and in silence. Grandfather was superintending the matter; for he was devoutly bent on observing his own ancestors' almost dying request, that they should keep up the good old Christmas customs, as he had done, and as they used to do in the Fatherland.



Although the children may not enter, we must take our readers into the dark parlor, and show them the mysterious growth of the Christmas tree. First, we take a rough box, paper it all over nicely, and fill it with earth. Then we take a nice round top of pine, or cedar, and plant it in the box. Then we cover the surface of the box with moss; which again we cover with little heaps of almonds, figs, raisins, and all kinds of nuts. Here and there we lay an orange, a cocoa-nut, and nice apple, to make it look rich. Then we take and hang all kinds of pleasant fruits upon the branches of the pine; bunches of raisins, strings of almonds, little toy-baskets full of nuts. Then, all the little presents, for all the members of the family, are also hung in the branches. There hang handkerchiefs, collars, little red shoes, speckled stockings, little books, candy baskets, dolls, little men, and little horses, and little whips and wagons. See, there hangs a staff for grand-pa, and a pair of spectacles for grandmother. See, I do say, if there isn't a Christmas sermon for the Pastor! Look, if it is not in his own handwriting. It is a chance if grand-pa himself has not slipped it from the Pastor's study table, and hung it on the Christmas-tree. Now all is finished, but a number of wax candles must yet be tied in the tree, ready for being lit.

The Christmas-tree has now come to its full growth. The candles are all lit. How they sparkle in the dark evergreen branches of the pine. How richly the fruit, and the various presents, shine in the branches, which almost bend under their kind burdens. The CHRIST-KINDLEIN, has been very good in making such a fine tree full of presents grow in the parlor.

The children have been waiting and wondering long enough. The time to fulfil their joy has come. The parlor-door is thrown open; and the whole generation follows grand-pa in. But what a sight bursts upon the high hopes of the children! The shining tree, smiling silently from root to top, seems to them like what they have thought the trees might be in Heaven! They look, they laugh, they leap around it. There is one grand, spontaneous shout of—"HAPPY, HAPPY CHRISTMAS!"

"O, grand-pa," exclaimed the children, "we will never put the Christmas away, will we?" And little Maggie, waddling around the tree, and clapping her hands, kept saying: "I is dlad you tum, dran-pa—I is dlad de Krismas tum, too." The venerable old man himself, on witnessing the joy of the children, could hardly keep still, for his heart was young once more, and his youthful years smiled around him again, as in days of yore!

There hang the presents in the shining tree. But no one must know which is *his own* present till to-morrow; for as yet it is a family tree, and binds the hearts of all to itself, and thus to each other. They may guess; and if we take notice to their guesses, we can see in which way their tastes run. Some may come very near the truth, but there is no certainty. Perhaps the Pastor himself is the only one who can not well make a mistake. The half-suppressed smile, which looks out archly from the corner of his mouth, as he casts his eye at the little paper book, convinces us that he is pretty certain that it is a sermon for him. He is inly glad that he is provided for, and can rest well in view of the mor-



row. We hope the sermon is full of Christ—all about Christ! No doubt it is. It ought to be.

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There has been joy enough for one Christmas-eve. The hour is growing late. The candles are beginning to burn low. The happy family retires; but it would be difficult to say whether they rest in sleep, or rest in bliss. "What a magic night! What tumult of dreaming hopes! The populous, motley, glittering cave of fancy opens itself in the length of the night, and in the exhaustion of dreaming effort, still darker and darker, fuller and more grotesque; but the waking gives back to the thirsty heart its hopes. All accidental tones, the cries of animals, of watchmen, are for the timidly devout fancy, sounds out of Heaven; singing voices of angels in the air; church-music of the morning worship!" There are faintly heard, in dreams, the hymnings of higher hosts, even as they once undulated over Bethlehem's plains. O, how the mild Jesus, in form as an infant, floats in the half-awake night visions of those in whose hearts echoes the jubilate of Christmas joy.

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In the morning come anew the greetings of joy and love: "Happy Christmas!" The gifts are now designated; and each one learns what gift is his. But it is agreed by all, that the Christmas-tree shall not be plucked of its fruits. It must hold the gifts of love together till the festival of Christmas is over. So shall the hearts of the family hang together in one bright, rich, beautiful cluster of love.

And now it remains for grandfather to explain to the children the meaning of this Christmas-tree. Which he gladly does thus: "This tree is in a dark room. So Jesus came into a dark world with his riches and gifts. It was made in the evening. So Jesus was born in the evening. It is an evergreen-tree. So the kingdom of grace which Jesus established in our hearts, and in the world, is always fresh and flourishing. The gifts which hang on it are to remind us of the many blessings which we receive from Christ's grace in the world. That there are presents on it for all, is to show us that He has good things for all; for children as well as for those who are grown. The burning tapers are to teach us that Jesus brought light into the world. If it were not for these lights in the dark room the gifts on the tree could not be seen. So Jesus enlightens our hearts that we may see the gifts which he has brought us. The children do not see the tree till after it has all been prepared for them. So Jesus and their kind parents do much for them while they are yet too small to know it; but if they trust in Him and their Christian parents and friends, they will afterwards learn with great joy how well they were cared for though they knew it not. They are not at once made acquainted with their own presents, to teach them that in Christ's kingdom, and in a christian family, all ought to rejoice in common blessings, and enjoy the sight of all, as much as the sight of their own. When gathering round the Christmas-tree they must not desire to say selfishly, this is *mine*; but they must learn to say, in the spirit of mutual love, all this is *OURS*!"



The children all gave signs of joy at what they heard. New ideas, as well as new joys, spring up in their hearts at every word. It is believed that they will never forget grand-pa's visit, nor the Christmas-tree, nor the good Saviour, of whom he told them so much that was new to them, nor the happy, happy, happy Christmas time!

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On Christmas evening, just before they went to bed, the venerable old man, who was so full of his theme that he could hardly stop, yet sung for the children, with trembling voice, the following simple Christmas verses, that are said to come from the middle ages. "Though simple," the old man said, "yet they have much more of the true life of Jesus in them, than thousands that are more modern :

"Honor the leaves and the leaves of life,  
Upon this blest holiday,  
When Jesus asked his mother dear,  
Whether he might go to play.

To play! to play! said blessed Mary,  
To play, then get you gone;  
And see there be no complaint of you  
At night when you come home.

Sweet Jesus, he ran unto yonder town,  
As far as the holy well;  
And there he saw three as fine children  
As ever eyes beheld.  
He said, 'God bless you every one,  
And sweet may your sleep be;  
And now, little children, I'll play with you,  
And you shall play with me.'

'Nay, nay, we are lords' and ladies' sons—  
Thou art meaner than us all;  
Thou art but a silly fair maid's child,  
Born in an oxen's stall.'

Sweet Jesus he turned himself about,  
Neither laughed, nor smiled, nor spoke,  
But the tears trickled down from his pretty little eyes,  
Like waters from the rock.

Sweet Jesus he ran to his mother dear,  
As fast as he could run—  
O mother, I saw three as fine children  
As ever were eyes set on.  
I said, 'God bless you every one,  
And sweet may your sleep be—  
And now, little children, I'll play with you,  
And you shall play with me.'  
'Nay,' said they, 'we're lords' and ladies' sons,  
Thou art meaner than us all;  
For thou art but a poor fair maid's child,  
Born in an oxen's stall.'  
Then the tears trickled down from his pretty little eyes  
As fast as they could fall.

'Then,' said she, 'go down to yonder town,  
As far as the holy well,  
And there take up those infants' souls.  
And dip them deep in hell.'

‘O no! O no!’ sweet Jesus said,  
‘O no! that never can be;  
For there are many of those infants’ souls  
Crying out for the help of me!’”

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## THE POOR CHILD'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUECKERT.

BY THE EDITOR.

A STRANGER child, on Christmas eve is walking through the town. It looks at the lights that are burning so beautifully along the streets. Before every house it stands still, and gazes into the brilliantly illuminated rooms. Those within look out. It sees the Christmas-trees within hung full of bright wax candles. A deep sadness comes over its heart.

The child weeps, and says to itself: “Every child this evening has a Christmas-tree, and a candle on it; and this gives it joy: only I am poor and have none.

When I was at home, where I sat at Christmas eve with my sister's hand in mine, I also had a tree, and a candle that burnt brightly for me; but here I am forgotten, and wander lonely in this strange land. Alas! will no one invite me in, and give me a spot in the circle of this Christmas joy? In all this row of houses is there no little bright corner for me, be it ever so small?

Alas! will no one call me in? I do not wish any gift for myself. I will only sit alone and look at the Christmas gifts of these strange children; and I will be happy while I look.”

It knocks at gate and door, at window and shutter; but no one comes to call in the stranger child. Those within have no ear for its knocking.

Every father bestows all his attention on his own children. Each mother gives gifts to her own loved ones, and thinks of nothing more nor less. No one cares for the poor, little stranger child without.

“O, lovely, holy Christ! Neither mother nor father have I—if thou be not such to me. O, be thou my consoler, because all others forget me!”

The little child rubs its hands: they are stiff with the cold. The cold creeps into its garments. It stands still in the street, and looks away into the distance.

There comes toward it, wandering along the street, slow and gently, another child. It is clothed in white garments, and bears a light in its hand. How lovely are the tones of its voice, as it says:

“I am the holy Christ! I was also once a little child such as you are. I will not forget you, though all others do.

I am with all alike through my word. I give my protection and care, as well here on the street, as yonder in the brilliant rooms.



Stranger child! I will make your Christmas-tree glitter here in this open space. It shall be so beautiful that those in the houses shall not excel it."

Now CHRIST-KINDLEIN pointed up to heaven! And there stood a Christmas-tree with many branches, all glittering as if hung full of beautiful stars.

So far off and yet so near! How the bright tapers sparkled. O, how the stranger child's heart grew quiet, when it saw its beautiful Christmas-tree.

It was as a dream! Angels bending down from the tree to the child drew it up to them, and to the bright regions where its Christmas-tree was.

The stranger child has now gone home! It lives with its holy Christ. It now longs no more for the gifts that on earth are hung for rich children upon the Christmas-tree.

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## NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

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BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

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If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;  
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,  
Then ye may lay me low in the mold, and think no more o' me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;  
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see  
The May upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day!  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made the Queen o' May;  
And we danced about the May-pole, and in the hazel-copse,  
Till Charles'-wain\* came out above the tall, white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on the hills; the frost is on the pane;  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again;  
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high;  
I long to see a flower so, before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea;  
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement and upon that grave of mine,  
In the early, early morning, the summer sun 'll shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

\* A constellation in the heavens.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waving light,  
 Ye 'll never see me more, in the long, gray fields at night ;  
 When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool  
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and bulrush in the pool.

Ye 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
 And ye 'll come sometimes and see where I am lowly laid ;  
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,  
 With your feet above my head, in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye 'll forgive me now ;  
 Ye 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow ;  
 Nay, nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
 Ye shall not fret for me, mother, ye have another child.

If I can I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;  
 Though ye 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;  
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,  
 And be often and often with you, when ye think I 'm far away.

Good night, good night, when I have said good night for evermore,  
 And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door,  
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green ;  
 She 'll be a better child to you than I have ever been.

She 'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor ;  
 Let her take 'em ; they are hers ; I shall never garden more ;  
 But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set  
 About the parlor window, and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother ! call me when it begins to dawn ;  
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year,  
 So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

## THE SILL BENEATH THE DOOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a strange, a mystic spell,  
 Of memory and love,  
 Comes o'er my heart from early days  
 Where'er I rest or rove.  
 I see the house with all its rooms,  
 I walk across each floor :  
 I pass the entry through, and stand,  
 With farewell words and staff in hand,  
 Upon the sill  
 That lies beneath the door.

Each spot around the homestead dear  
 Its well-kept treasure gives :  
 In every tree, and wall, and chair,  
 Some cherished memory lives.  
 But nowhere beats my heart so high,  
 And nowhere feel I more  
 Than here, when I in musings stand,  
 With farewell words and staff in hand,  
 Upon this sill  
 That lies beneath the door.

The silent years have fled since I  
 Looked out from dear old home,  
 With hopeful heart, though moistening  
 For better days to come ! [eye,  
 And here I turned to those I left  
 With longing heart once more :  
 Here lingered I, where now I stand,  
 With farewell words and staff in hand,  
 Upon the sill  
 That lies beneath the door.

I've passed o'er other thresholds since,  
 To grander halls—but still  
 I never entered home like this,  
 Across another sill.  
 Parents and home we have but once,  
 When gone they come no more !  
 Oh ! what a moment when we stand  
 With farewell words and staff in hand,  
 Upon the sill  
 That lies beneath the door.



## THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

## NO. XV.—THE APPLE TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Comfort me with apples."—SONGS OF SOLOMON.

THE apple tree is rare in Canaan and the surrounding country; and the few that do grow bear very indifferent fruit, such as is scarcely fit for use. The finest apples are imported into Palestine and Egypt from Damascus and Rhodes, and are sold at high prices.

From this fact, it has been supposed by some commentators, that the Hebrew TAPHUAH, translated apple-tree, must be some other kind of fruit-tree; some say the citron, others the orange, others the pomegranate, and some all kinds of luscious fruit trees. This, however, must be regarded as a conclusion that is not based upon proper consideration. The apple tree is spoken of as a very precious, desirable tree. It is, by Solomon, placed in contrast with "the trees of the wood," to show the great superiority of "the beloved" above all others among the sons of men. Its shadow and its fruit are said to be a great luxury. Songs of Solomon, 2. Its destruction is mourned over as an important loss. Joel 1: 12. All this agrees better with the fact of its being rare, than if it were abundant. Had it been common its enjoyment would not be so emphatically pronounced a luxury. Keeping in mind, however, the excellency of its fruit, and its extreme scarcity in the Holy Land, there is beauty and force in the passage: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons: I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples." Songs 2: 1-5. 8: 5. 7: 8.

Nor does the fact that the most excellent specimens of this fruit were of foreign trees militate against the position that the apple tree is intended. Having ourselves, for instance, tasted oranges or pine-apples from the south, we may with great propriety, speak of the superior excellence of one thing over another by saying as "an orange tree among the trees of the wood;" and we may also poetically speak of the luxury of sitting under the shadow of these trees as a great pleasure. Indeed it is this which gives true applicability to the allusion of the royal poet. The "beloved" who came from another, even a heavenly country, is so much more desirable than all the sons of men, as the apple tree is above the trees of the wood.

Begone now, ye fastidious critics! A veritable pack of irreverent book-worms are ye all. When ye have differed from the common translation of the Bible, then ye go about differing among yourselves. To each one of you we say sharply, Go your way, agree in your wisdom quickly, or we will deliver you to the tormentors. When once you are at peace among yourselves, then come and offer your gifts of critical skill. For while one says it is a citron, another a pomegranate, another an orange, and still another all fruit in general, are ye not carnal?



We are against all this "ungracious progeny" of over-wise critics. Long and hard have many of our critics labored to show us what is *not* in the Bible; and what *is in it* do they not touch with one of their fingers? We claim a place for the apple tree in the Bible. The editor of Calmet at least favors our way of thinking. He says: "The corresponding Arabic word *tyffach* signifies not only *apples*, but also generally all similar fruits, as oranges, lemons, quinces, peaches, apricots; and it is a common comparison to say of any thing, 'It is as fragrant as a *tyffach*.' The Hebrew word may, perhaps, have been used in the same general sense. There is, however, no need of such a supposition. Apple trees were not very common in Palestine, and their comparative rarity would naturally give them a poetical value." Thus naturally would they be referred to in the highly poetical style of the Song of Solomon.

Let this most noble of trees, so delightfully familiar to our early life, and which lives so pleasantly in our memories and associations, remain in the Bible unless it is made absolutely certain that it has gained a place there by foul means. This last vice we are loath to attach to this kindest and most innocent of trees. Let us treat it as we would our best friend, against whom ungracious insinuations have been made—construe everything as far as possible in its favor. It is irreverent, and not pious, to endeavor to root out of the Bible a tree which has grown into christian affections there, even a longer time than it has grown in our father's orchard. This is not the charity which suffers long, is kind, believing and hoping all things, and is not easily provoked even against a sacred tree.

Solomon says: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Prov. 25: 11. This somewhat obscure allusion is fully explained by Roberts. He remarks: "Some suppose this alludes to fruit served up in filigree-work; but I believe it does not refer to real fruit, but to representations and ornaments in solid gold. The Vulgate has, instead of pictures, '*in lectis argenteis*,' 'in silver beds.' The Tamul translation has, in place of pictures of silver, *velle-tattam*—*i. e.*, salvers or trays of silver. The Rev. T. H. Horne, 'Apples of gold in net-work of silver.' In the 6th and 7th verses, directions are given as to the way a person ought to conduct himself in the presence of a king: and words fitly spoken are compared, in their effect on the mind, to apples of gold in salvers of silver, when presented as tributes or presents to the mighty. When eastern princes visit each other, or when men of rank have to go into their presence, they often send silver trays, on which are gold ornaments, as presents to the king, to propitiate them in their favor. Thus, when the governor-general, and the native sovereigns, visit each other, it is said, they distributed many TRAYS of jewels or other articles of great value. Golden ornaments, whether in the shape of fruit or any other thing, when placed on highly-polished silver salvers, or in net-work of the same metal, have a very beautiful appearance to the eye, and are highly acceptable and gratifying to him who receives them. As, then, apples or jewels of gold are in 'salvers,' or 'beds,' or 'net-work' of silver, to the feelings of the receiver, so are words fitly spoken when addressed to the mind of him who is prepared to receive them. To confirm this explanation, the next verse is very



apposite: 'As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of very fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.' The *effect*, then, of a wise reproof on an obedient ear, is equal to that produced by the presents of ear-rings of gold, or ornaments of fine gold."

Who has not heard of the "apples of Sodom," which some think exist only poetically and in fable? These apples are supposed to grow along the Dead Sea, and are said to have the most inviting outward appearance, while, when the hungry traveler seizes them and begins to eat, he finds them within filled only with nauseous and bitter dust! In many a sermon have these apples been alluded to, to illustrate that the forbidden pleasures of sin, so inviting to the sense, present only emptiness and bitter disappointment. How true the fact! How striking the illustration of it by the apples of Sodom.

Milton has used this truth or fable with much effect. His poetic eye saw, in the regions of the lost—

"A grove spring up, laden with fair fruit:  
 —greedily they plucked  
 The fruitage, fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake, where Sodom flamed.  
 This, more delusion, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceived. They, fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected."

There is abundant evidence furnished by oriental travelers, that this matter of the apples of Sodom is not all fable. As the subject is interesting, we give some extracts. Seetzen, a German who traveled in the East from 1802 to 1810, remarks, in his letters to Baron Von Zach: "The information which I have been able to collect on the apples of Sodom is very contradictory and insufficient; I believe, however, that I can give a very natural explanation of the phenomenon, and that the following remark will lead to it. While I was at Karrak, at the house of a Greek curate of the town, I saw a sort of cotton, resembling silk, which he used as tinder for his match-lock, as it could not be employed in making cloth. He told me that it grew in the plains of el-Gor, to the east of the Dead Sea, on a tree like a fig tree, called Aoeschaer. The cotton is contained in a fruit resembling the pomegranate; and by making incisions at the root of the tree, a sort of milk is procured, which is called Lebbin Aoeschaer. It has struck me that these fruits being, as they are, without pulp, and which are unknown throughout the rest of Palestine, might be the famous apples of Sodom. I suppose, likewise, that the tree which produces it, is a sort of fromager, which can only flourish under the excessive heat of the Dead Sea, and in no other district of Palestine."

On this passage the editor of Calmet remarks: "This curious subject is further explained in a note added by M. Seetzen's editor, who considers the tree to be a species of *Asclepias*, probably the *Asclepias Gigantea*. The remark of M. Seetzen is corroborated by a traveler who passed a long time in situations where this plant is very abundant. The same idea occurred to him when he first saw it in 1792, though he did not then know that it existed near the lake Asphaltites. The umbella,



somewhat like a bladder, containing from half a pint to a pint, is of the same color with the leaves, a bright green, and may be mistaken for an inviting fruit, without much stretch of imagination. That, as well as the other parts, when green, being cut or pressed, yields a milky juice, of a very acrid taste; but in winter, when dry, it contains a yellowish dust, in appearance resembling certain fungi, common in South Britian; but of pungent quality, and said to be particularly injurious to the eyes. The whole so nearly corresponds with the description given by Solinus, (Polyhistor,) Josephus, and others, of the *Poma Sodomæ*, allowance being made for their extravagant exaggerations, as to leave little doubt on the subject."

Chateaubriand supposes the apples of Sodom to be the fruit of a shrub which grows two or three leagues from the mouth of the Jordan; it is thorny, with small taper leaves, and its fruit is exactly like the small Egyptian lemon in size and color. Before the fruit is ripe it is filled with a corrosive and saline juice; when dried it yields a blackish seed, which may be compared to ashes, and which in taste resembles bitter pepper. Mr. King found the same shrub and fruit near Jericho, and seems also inclined to regard it as the apple of Sodom.

From facts like these we may easily account for all that is said of the apples of Sodom, without resorting to the supposition that it all originates in fable.

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## TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

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It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and even death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect our imaginations.

We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are traveling overhead, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give me pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field: and gives a more natural aspect to the whole kindness of nature.



## SHALL I BECOME A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL?

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

You intend to choose your calling—As you profess to be a christian, you have made up your mind to be active. You certainly do not think of wasting the vigorous years of youth and of manhood in trifling; taking hold of this for a while, then of that, without fixing your energies on some specific end. A life without a plan—without a ruling idea—is a foolish life. A follower of Christ is not a fool. He is a wise man. He feels called to do something.

Called to do something for whom? For yourself? For your parents? For literature or science? For the glory of your country? It is indeed better to select any one of these objects than to be a drone. Yet, does Christ call you to labor for any one of these things? I think not. He drew you out of the miry pit, and set your feet on a rock, and put a new song in your mouth—for what? That you may sustain a good reputation, live in your own house, read good books, help to feed the poor, go to church on Sunday morning nicely dressed, and have a sufficient income when you become old and gray-headed? Did Christ purchase you with his blood, that you might possess and enjoy all the temporal blessings of the gospel? I doubt it. You are not your own, but belong to your faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ. Your soul and body are his; your property and influence are his. It is a sin to select a calling in view merely of its connection with earthly comfort, with success in the race to win Mammon. They that are at ease in Zion did not come in the straight gate, but climbed over the wall.

If you feel that you must do something, do it earnestly, and do it, too, for Christ, not for yourself nor for the world. Are you willing, young man, to ponder the question, "Shall I become a minister of the gospel?" One has already made up his mind to become a lawyer; another to become a physician; another to become a teacher or professor. The son of a farmer inclines to the pursuit of his father as a matter of course. He does not imagine himself to have any concern with so grave a question, particularly as the ministry affords but a poor prospect of making money. The son of a physician takes it for granted that medicine claims his first attention. The son of a mechanic believes himself set apart to manual labor. But what right has the son of a farmer or physician or mechanic, if he belong to Jesus Christ, to assume so readily that the ministry is a vocation with which he has nothing to do? The work of life is to be done but once. The choice of a vocation determines the bearing of that life. That life, you admit, with its powers and influences taking fast hold on eternity, belongs to Jesus Christ, to whom you are bound by ten thousand most sacred and solemn ties. You have, then, no right to dismiss this grave question with a wave of the hand. It is just as much your duty, whether you be poor and unlearned, or rich and intelligent, to let the question come directly to your heart and conscience, as it was the duty of your pastor, or of any man who is



making full proof of his ministry. You dare not consult your inclinations; you dare not confer with flesh and blood; you dare not be influenced by the inconsiderateness, partiality or selfishness of your parents, relatives or friends. Your life belongs to Christ as really as does his eternal throne in heaven. Then, whether or not he designs your time, talents and labors for his service in the office of the ministry, is a matter that you can not dismiss without careful inquiry, earnest deliberation and importunate prayer to God for the guidance of the spirit.

Consider, also, that your mind and heart, your peculiar powers and capacities have been fashioned by the hand of the Lord. Think you, without an object? Are you not adapted to some particular sphere? Have you not a mission? The drop of water, the ray of light, the grain of sand, the bird of the air, the beast of the field, and the worm on the earth—each has a mission. To each God has given a place and an agency in the order of creation and Providence; and each obeys its own law. Even “the ox knoweth his owner’s and the ass his master’s crib.” The Lord of Glory, the King of Saints, designs you also for a particular place in his kingdom of grace, to which you are adapted. What awful levity, what low unbelief, for you to select a calling at will, as if nothing were to be consulted but impulse, the prospect of wordly comfort, or the notions of poor, sinful, erring men. What hardihood to be indifferent to the will of Christ as it respects the bearing of your whole life! I beseech you, suffer the question to stand out clearly before your eyes: *Shall I become a minister of the gospel?* Is this the will of Jesus Christ concerning me?

Do not dispose of the question hastily. But revolve it in all its bearings upon the church, upon the world, and upon yourself. Fix your mind upon it intently. Pray earnestly, humbly, believingly. For remember that you cannot set it aside lightly, without committing grievous sin.

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#### T H E D A I S Y .

Nor worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here;  
The daisy, fresh from winter’s sleep,  
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he that arch’d the skies,  
And pours the day-spring’s living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all he tries,  
Could rear the daisy’s purple bud?

Mold its green cup, its wiry stem;  
Its fringed border nicely spin;  
And cut the gold-embosomed gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O’er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, where’er he walks, may see  
In every step, the stamp of God.



## P A R A B L E S .

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

## I. — THE SNOW-BALL.

ONCE, in winter time, some boys made a snow-ball. The snow lying soft on the ground, they rolled the ball until at last it became so heavy that they could move it no more.

"This," said Gotshold, "is an emblem of human cares; they are often at first small, but through impatience and unbelief they grow so large that we can manage them no more." Many a one revolves his troubles day and night in his mind, and as these boys gained nothing by their labor but the gathering together of a large ball of snow, that those who pass by might see that some children had been playing, so those who roll their troubles till they are so increased, gain only a weary head and sorrowful heart.

How often, unwilling to leave to God the honor of providing for us, as though he were too negligent or sleepy, do we seek to aid his wisdom by our folly. Alas! how little do we gain by it! Do we not sin greatly by our unbelief? When he has opened the bosom of his mercy, and asks us to cast all our cares upon him, we fear to trust him. My God! thou hast made the eye and dost not thou see? Thou hast made the ear, and canst not thou hear? Thou hast created the heart, and wilt not thou provide for it, and help it to carry its cares.

I will, henceforth, roll my troubles and cares no farther than to thee. When I cannot even do this, I will open my heart and show thee my wants and woes. Thou wilt remove those increased cares which my poor strength can roll no more.

SCRIVER.

## II. — ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH.

A certain wise man says: "Repent one day before thy death! Which is this day, and who knows when he shall die?"

Once, a certain king invited guests to a feast, but he did not tell them the hour when it would be ready. Those that were wise prepared themselves immediately, for they said: "Any minute the feast may be ready, and we may be called in." The foolish who were invited, went their way, and said: "There is time enough yet!"

Suddenly they were called. Those they were ready went in. Those that had delayed were shut out. They lost the honor intended for them.

Solomon says: "Let your garments be always white." Your grave-robes are also white. Be you clothed in them daily, and stand prepared. Be wise one day before your death.

HERDER.



## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

BY REV. ALFRED NEVIN.

THE geologist, as he bores and drills the earth, is able from the different strata and deposits which he discovers, to ascertain not only its past and present condition but its original intent. So, too, an individual, by examining old title-deeds, may sometimes learn enough about the elevation and dignity of his ancestry to show him that he is, in his ignorance and vice, living unworthily of those of the same blood who have preceded him in the journey of life, and to stimulate him to attempted imitation of their virtues.

It is strange how language conveys important truths from age to age. A single word will become the vehicle of a thought, and send it down from generation to generation, with a life-power in it which makes it work as it passes on through the mass of humanity. Take the word *man* as an example. It is full of significance. It follows the race in all its wanderings, as an antiquated coin, which is often buried but never loses its "superscription," and is at once denotive of our origin and our destiny. *Man!*—the very mention of the name wakes up unnumbered echoes in support of the grand ideas which are lodged in it, and points us to the most diversified and convincing proofs of the verity and forcefulness of its import. It says to us, and it says it in more senses than one—

"Thou hast a noble guest, O flesh!"

"*Man*, in Hebrew, to which the term is possibly indebted for its earliest origin, occurs under the form *maneh*—a verb directly importing to 'discern or discriminate,' and which, hence, signifies, as a noun, 'a discerning or discriminating being.' In that very ancient language, the Sanscrit, the word has both these senses in the directest possible manner. So, too, in Greek, *men* and *menas* signify *mind*, or 'the thinking faculty'—the latter of which terms, being contracted, is *mens*, which, in the Latin language, imports the very same thing. Not to multiply instances, we only add that, in the Gothic, and all the northern dialects of Europe, *man* imports the very same idea as in our own tongue, the English indeed having descended from the same quarter."

Thus you see, *intellect* is one of our marvellous endowments. It is an essential part of our constitution. It is a gift from God. "The inspiration of the Almighty hath given us understanding." What a wonderful donation is it! Who shall gauge its capacity; who shall measure its susceptibility of expansion and improvement? How much would Newton and Bacon have known by this time, if they had lived on, thinking, and observing, and exploring as they did, when dwelling in "the earthly house of this tabernacle?" If any one chooses to ignore his pre-eminence over all sublunary creatures, or if he wishes to *unman* himself, he can easily do so. The road to such a result is such that, "a fool need not err therein." Let him neglect his mind, and he shall most



certainly shrink from approximation to the angels above him, and sink to a sad nearness and likeness to the animals beneath him. Let him be satisfied to be as the beaver that is content with building its hut, and the bee that is content with constructing its hive and its comb, and the ox that seeks for nothing beyond abundance and variety of herbage—instead of developing as he ought the principle which qualifies him to reason, to combine, to acquire, to compare, to judge, to measure the stars in their distances and mutual relations, to weigh the globe, to know and master the forces of nature, to unfold the teeming wonders of creation, to search into Truth—physical, mathematical and moral, in its various phases and forms, and to rise—

“Through Nature up to Nature’s God,”

and his wish will be gratified. His name will, in effect, be withdrawn from the list of men. His *genus* will be changed though his *species* may be hard to determine.

What does the word “*mankind*” mean? Is it a term which indicates merely the race of human beings? By no means. It signifies that men are “*kin*ned”—that is, of kin; that they are of common origin, and are united by common ties, which nothing but unnatural violence can sever. Every time we use this word, we “declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man, and in making this declaration, we make it with an acknowledgment of kind feelings, dispositions, sympathies, and deeds due from us to our brethren.” Of a like import is our adjective *humane*, which comes from the Latin root *humanus*. Both words signify “having the feelings and dispositions proper to man—having tenderness, compassion, and a disposition to treat others with kindness, particularly in relieving them when in distress, or in captivity—when they are helpless or defenseless—kind, benevolent.”

Thus is it shown that we are not separate, solitary, isolated beings, but “members one of another.” We are not to be selfish and snappish. We are to look not only upon our own things, but also upon the things of others. We are to exert our influence, whatever it may be, to cheer, and comfort, and elevate our fellow beings. We are not to act like the snail, which shuts itself up in its own shell, but to be as the sun which shines, and the dew that falls, and the winds that blow, and the flowers that bloom, not for themselves but for others. The following sentiment can be seen from several points of view:

“That man may breathe, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives,  
Whom none can bless, whom none can thank,  
Creation’s blot, creation’s blank.”

Some, in human form, have for their maxim: “I am not my brother’s keeper.” You can see it written on their foreheads, and the palms of their hands, and upon the cold smile of self-gratulation which a contrast of their favored circumstances with those of the children of wretchedness and sorrow generates, instead of melting their hearts to deeds of generous sympathy and pity. God, in his mercy, save me from such iceberg coldness! I would not thus feel myself a broken and dismembered thing; I would not thus make *Ego* my idol; I would not thus breathe the same



atmosphere with the first fratricide who purpled the green fields with a brother's blood, and attempted to conceal his guilt by the plea which at once showed that selfishness—the poison of our nature—had not only prompted the horrid deed, but also been strengthened by it.

If we turn to man's *religious nature*, we find it attested by such words as *religo* (Latin,) which signifies to *bind back*, or anew, referring to those ties which originally bound man to God and to humanity; and *anthropos* (Greek,) which means *turning the countenance upwards*—referring, doubtless, to our recollection of heaven as our original and proper home. *Religion* is the more probable specifying difference of man from all other creatures than *Reason*. Cicero says, that “if a person travel the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theatres; but a city without a temple, or that useth no worship, prayers, &c., no one ever saw.” Another philosopher says: “I judge invocation of God, with hope towards him, to be, if we will speak the truth, the only genuine property of man;” and he adds, “only he who is acted by such a hope is a man, and he that is destitute of this hope is no man” preferring this account to the common definition (which he says is only of the concrete man,) “that he is a reasonable and mortal living creature.” Another remarks, “that upon accurate search, religion and faith appear the only ultimate difference of man, whereof neither Divine perception is capable nor brutal imperfection.” This last author gives us the *middle* position between the incorporeal intelligence above us, and the animal creation below us, which furnished the poet his ground-work for that striking and truthful delineation—

“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
How passing wonder He who made him such,  
Who mingled in our make such strange extremes  
Of different natures, marvellously mixed!  
Helpless immortal! insect infinite,  
A worm, a god—I tremble at myself!”

Let the truth thus presented be well pondered. It ought to be. Religion is not to us an exotic, but an indigenous plant. It is natural to us, and we cannot renounce it without running into monstrosity. I do not say, understand me, that the religion of the Bible is natural to us—that is, Christianity. But I affirm that our nature is religious in its tendencies and demands, and christianity, which God in answer to prayer will make to us a personal and practical interest is the only truth that meets our case. If embraced by a cordial faith, it will save us in both worlds. “A christian is the highest style of man.”

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#### TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth,  
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?



## S A T A N I C L I T E R A T U R E .

THE authors of our polite literature, for the most part, do not assume an attitude of avowed hostility to the gospel. Were they decided infidels, their deviations from the christian standard would at least be consistent with their character. But a more pernicious policy is pursued by those who admit the divine authority of the christian system; but who practically disregard its inspired communications, while they advance sentiments alien and even hostile to its spirit, without seeming to be conscious of such startling inconsistency. An enlightened christian judgment must, however, demand, as an indispensable condition of its approval of any production of genius, calculated to influence the tastes and feelings of mankind, the most exact conformity to the spirit and sentiments of the christian religion. How large a proportion of the elegant literature, circulated and read in our own land, must excite painful emotions and melancholy anticipations in the mind of a sincere believer in the religion of Christ!

There is a class of works, not only anti-Christian, but openly and daringly *immoral* in their tendency. These generally assume the form of fiction. Their chief interest consists in the intricacy of the plot or story, conducted through a series of surprising events and startling coincidences. Their grand aim is to patronise crime and pander to lust. The fundamental maxim of their creed is, "the impulse of passion and the force of circumstances justify all actions to which they incline." This general principle pervades this whole class of corrupt literature. Adopting this perverse maxim, these writers proceed to erect a superstructure of fiction for its habitation. They employ their descriptive and inventive powers to paint the workings of passion, in all the glowing ardor of its excitement, associated at the same time with certain generous or chivalrous qualities, that give relief to the picture and fascinate the sympathies of the reader. They describe propitious scenes, and combine the circumstances in the history, so as to form a suitable occasion for the triumph of temptation. The leading characters in such works of fiction, are mostly selected from certain reprobated ranks of society. And instead of representing them as suffering under the providential penalty of their own misdeeds; the attempt is made rather to represent them as objects of commiseration—as the victims of passion and the slaves of circumstance. Their passions prompt perpetual outrage on the relations of society, and society, in self-defense, repels such destructive elements. Hence, in the inevitable conflict which ensues, the whole blame of the result is thrown upon the institutions of society. Such *superior* natures are hampered, harassed, and hurried headlong into reckless violence, by the tame compliances of social life! They sin and they suffer because they are oppressed! In this literature of lust and license, we accordingly find, that almost every social virtue is, in its turn, traduced and villified, in order to vindicate the opposite vice. The tenderest ties of nature—the most sacred relations of human life, are reproached and dishonored, in order to extenuate the lawless passions by which they are



assailed. Virgin chastity and conjugal fidelity are stigmatised in order to redeem from merited disgrace the crimes of the prostitute and the adulteress. The violation of marriage vows is justified by describing the dreary and desolate doom of some fair victim, sacrificed by parental authority, or the more indefinite tyranny of circumstances, on the hymeneal altar—joined in law, but not in heart, to some uncongenial and irksome companion; inhabiting a cold and cheerless home; pining and drooping in the loneliness of despair; until at length some more fascinating lover breaks like sunlight upon the scene; dispels the shadows from her heart, and illuminates her whole being with the glow of a new life. Then follow a series of stolen interviews—the secret compact—and the final elopement. Again, perhaps, the guilt of the painted prostitute is palliated and excused by describing the captivating person and seducing arts of some faithless lover, who ensnares and then betrays the affections of his confiding victim. The different stages in the process of beguilement are set forth; and when the spell is complete—the hour, the scene, the persuasion, and the yielding impulse are all vividly portrayed. And after the first fatal step has been taken, the victim of shame is represented as shut out from all return to virtue, by an unjust and unrelenting public sentiment.

But why continue a description of that depraved literature, which perverts the decrees of reason and conscience; which reverses the laws of nature and Providence; which exalts licentiousness and vice, and degrades virtue and piety; which elevates rogues and ruffians, debauchees and desperadoes above the ruins of disorganized society? It is an honor to our country to state that the literature of this description, circulated in our midst, is almost entirely of foreign production. The greater portion is of French origin. An image of the national character, instead of a model to win our admiration, it should prove a beacon to warn us of danger. Unhappy nation! Blessed with brilliant gifts, but cursed by a wretched destiny! With a bloody history of revolutions in the past—the present a scene of trembling suspense, with elements of disorder suppressed but not subdued, overawed into temporary silence by threatening military power—the future, what it shall be, no prophet has dared to predict. Vain, volatile, fluctuating, fantastic and yet gifted people! What oracle can solve the mystery of your career? What causes can be assigned for the contradictions in your history? Shall they be traced to the peculiar constitutional temperament of the people, as sanguine, excitable and prone to extremes? We find they are composed of common flesh and blood, and exhibit nothing singular in their physical organization. No, the causes lie deeper than the veins and arteries of the physical frame, veiled in the secret fountains of their moral nature. France, with her heroes, poets and philosophers; with her priests, superstitions and temples; with her arts, palaces and monuments; with all her Babel jargon of “liberty, fraternity and equality;” France is yet a nation of infidels! with all the elements of social life, sensuous, sordid and self-conflicted; shrouded in earthliness, and shut out from the air and the light of heaven; with no abiding sense of moral obligation; with no elevating, sustaining and satisfying religious faith: long since has her doom been recorded—“*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!*”



## NOTES ON LITERATURE.

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A VIEW OF THE SCRIPTURE REVELATIONS CONCERNING A FUTURE STATE. By Richard Whately, D.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1855. pp. 299.

A VIEW OF THE SCRIPTURE REVELATIONS RESPECTING GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS. By Richard Whately, D.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. pp. 171.

No one can read these works without being impressed with the learning, piety, and especially the truly christian charity of the author. In the first of these volumes, some views are presented, especially in regard to the state of the saints between death and the resurrection, which do not run in the line of common orthodoxy. The author favors the idea of the sleep of the soul, as the best mode of disposing of the solemn interval between death and the resurrection state. This shows the author to be in sympathy with a philosophy in which neither our mind nor heart can find a home. While we differ with the amiable author on this and other points, we commend the kind spirit in which he differs from others.

The second of these volumes pleased us best. The author moves forward with less embarrassment. It is eminently scriptural, very suggestive, and devout and practical in its tone. Both these volumes are composed of lectures, at first delivered to a congregation over which the author presided as pastor.

The volumes are got up in fine style. This is a peculiarity of all the publications of Lindsay & Blakiston. Every book that comes from their hands has a certain neatness and pleasantness to the eye, which is refreshing. We have frequently seen this publishing house complimented on this point by the press. From the large list of their publications, we should judge that their care and attention is suitably rewarded by an appreciating public.

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UNION WITH THE CHURCH, the solemn duty and blessed privilege of all who would be saved. By Rev. H. Harbaugh. Second edition revised. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. pp. 127.

This little treatise was first published in pamphlet form, of which an edition of 2000 has been circulated. Since this edition has been exhausted, the author has been earnestly requested by pastors and laymen to revise it, and re-publish it in a better form. This has now been done. It is a neat 12-mo volume, printed on good paper, with large clear type. Nothing was farther from the author's design at first, than to give this treatise to the public in this form. Nothing was contemplated beyond two lengthy articles for *The Guardian*. Some pastors and zealous laymen, however, were pleased to discover in its plain and direct way of meeting objections, and removing difficulties, an adaptation to a want in the church. Several instances have been communicated to him in which it has been successful, by the blessing of God, in bringing persons to a decision on the solemn point of uniting with the church. With this seal upon it, the author has been encouraged to offer it in a more permanent form to the consideration of all who seek the truth. It may be had, in flexible cloth binding, or in stiff cloth covers, of the author, or of Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. The first retails at 25 cents. The second at 37½. The usual deduction made to such as buy wholesale.



THE FAMILY ASSISTANT: or Book of Prayers for the use of Families, to which are added prayers for special occasions—original and selected. By Samuel R. Fisher. Chambersburg. Pa. Printed by M. Kieffer & Co., 1855. pp. 308.

It is not easy, as the author of this Book has well remarked in his preface, to write or compile a book of Prayers. No one can hope to be perfectly successful in so difficult a work. Dr. Fisher has, we think, succeeded quite well. He has evidently aimed at simplicity of style—which is the true devotional style—and in this respect the Book is well adapted for popular use. It contains every day, morning and evening prayers, for four full weeks; besides some forty prayers for Particular Occasions, Miscellaneous Petitions, and Prayers at Table. Families will find it all they need, as a help to devotion. The prayers are not too long, which is often a fault; and yet they are so comprehensive as to include all the ordinary subjects of devotion. We hope it may be extensively circulated and used. Parents will find it just the book to put into the hands of their children. In getting up this, and several catechetical works, Dr. Fisher has evinced a laudable zeal for the advancement of intelligent and vital piety in the Church.

ANCIENT BOOKS.—Leonard & Co., of Boston, recently had an auction sale of books interesting to students in American History. Among the volumes that are seldom to be procured at any price, were the following: Sea Mirrors, folio, 1693, brought \$3; Mather's New England Church Vindicated, 1700, \$2,25; Confession of Faith, 1680, \$2,25; Artillery Election Sermons and Fight at Pigwacket, 1726, \$8,50; Heart of New England Rent, 1659, \$6,25; Norton's Sermon's, 1604, \$3,25; Norton's Letter to Drury, 1664, \$4; Massachusetts, or the First Planters of New England, 1696, \$13,50; Hutchinson's Papers, \$9,50; Cotton's Bloody Tenant, 1649, \$8,50; Davenport's Apologetic Reply, with autographs of Symmes, Tufts, Emery, &c., \$7,50; Bulkley's Gospel Covenant, 1650, \$4,50; Plymouth Laws, 1672, \$11.

ENGLISH CRITICISM ON AMERICAN BOOKS.—The London Literary Journal, in commenting upon recent American publications, remarks that, in the paralysis of home literature produced by the war, we receive our most abundant supply from America. Our own publishers prudently refrain from appealing to a public too much impoverished, and having thoughts too far diverted to listen to appeals of authorship in England. America, more fortunate, continues in its great career of civilization, in which we have made so sudden a stand-still, with a future of retrogression, and is rapidly passing us in the race. The books that come to us from the United States manifest continuous improvement. Every successive importation introduces the English reader to new works in history, fiction, poetry, which eclipse the modern productions of our own authors, excepting only some few of the greatest of them.

NEW and revised editions of "Heaven, or the Sainted Dead," "The Heavenly Recognition," and "The Heavenly Home," have just been issued by Lindsay & Blakiston. The getting up is neat and tasty, and there is in general a great improvement on former editions.

A valuable library belonging to the Councillor of State, Liprandi, of St. Petersburg, Russia, is offered for sale. It contains thousands of volumes, all of which are on Turkey, and which for centuries have been withdrawn from the book-market. It contains also a great many maps, plans, drawings and manuscripts.



# THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

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## SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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### NO. I.

EVERYTHING that men are wont to laugh at has its serious side. Do we smile at the oddities, the awkwardness, the ignorance, or the follies of men? We cease to laugh the moment we begin to trace the roots of these foibles into the past, see the tendrils by which they hang in the earnest present, and behold the relations they sustain to the issues of the solemn future. As tears are alike the product of excessive joy and excessive sorrow, so the solemn and the ridiculous are but different sides of the same thing.

Now, the natural error of the world is, that it unduly courts and loves what is to be laughed at, and unduly shuns what is to be wept over. Here lies the difference between a wise man and a fool: In a wise man the serious and earnest prevail; the light and frivolous in a fool. In the stream of a wise man's life, the amusing is occasional, and upon the surface; it dances and leaps in ripples—it sparkles in the sunlight amid the play of little cross waves—it rises from the calm depths of the soul, like bubbles to the surface, showing their beautiful colors for a moment, and then break into air, leaving the calm moving stream more serene beneath than before. The laugh and the smile are not all over, but in spots, like the dimple upon the cheek and chin—a kind of charming defect—a beautiful blemish. In the fool the funny and ridiculous are the prevailing elements, while the serious is occasional, and fitful, and baseless. The life of a fool is like a stream of soap-suds—a current of bubbles. The life of a wise man is like the steady flame that bears with ever-increasing force into a heap of fuel, the crackling and flying of cheerful sparks being but incidents; but the laughter-life of a fool is “as the crackling of thorns under a pot.” The wise read: “A time to laugh and a time to weep;” the fool reads: “Laugh at all times.”

These remarks may indicate the nature of our subject, the mistakes of society in reference to it, and the manner in which it is to be treated in



our chapters. Humbug is both serious and silly; and we think that the prevailing error and evil in reference to it is that the community has had presented to it most prominently its ridiculous side. The very use of the word has been ruled out of sober society and serious speech, as if the thing ought only to be spoken of amid brawlers, and that always to be laughed at.

The general impression is that even the word itself is not a true word, and that it did not come into our language by the door, but climbed in some other way. It is regarded as a great indulgence that it is permitted to grace the lines of the lowest newspaper paragraph; and then it is only to be the signal of slur and fun. Webster condescends to give it place in his Dictionary, but adds, in brackets, "A low word!"

All this indicates that no serious idea or interest is conceived to lie back of the word; and, what is more, it betrays the great mistake, that the spirit or element which we designate by the word Humbug, has no serious bearing upon the interests of society. Whereas, we conceive, there is not now any spirit going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, which deals more cruelly with the purses, brains, and hearts of men.

In the meantime—suffer us yet to remark—we find, just precisely in this light treatment of the matter, the true ground of its immense prevalence at the present time. We laugh at the smartness of Humbug; we laugh at the folly of his dupes, high or low; and whether the trick has been on the scale of the mite or the million, it is good-humoredly covered by the word Humbug, at the mention of which every one is expected to laugh. In no direction is society more gracious and sweetly forgiving than towards Humbug. With a hand in empty pocket—a cheek red with the shameful sense of having been duped, and with an eye burning with anger and wounded pride, the deluded victim stands before the community, and is tacitly assured that the only consolation in the case is to laugh. Thus is this meanest and foulest of spirits shielded, protected, and encouraged by the light and smiles of the public countenance.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the word Humbug is either a new or an illegitimate word. It is an old English word, and is respectably derived. The present ridiculousness of its associations has its ground, not in the word, nor yet in the thing, but in the frivolous spirit of the age, which has so far lost respect for itself as to laugh at its own weakness and folly!

Let us look for a moment to the elements and the derivation of this word, and thus learn also its true meaning, as well as the specific nature of the spirit and thing of which it is the symbol.

It is a compound word, formed from the words *hum* and *puck*—not bug. The word *hum* is a truly natural word, formed in imitation of the sound, as of bees, of a waterfall, the sea, or of a multitude of people. Humming was, in the time of Burnet and Johnson, the mode of expressing approbation in a public meeting. It was done, not only in political meetings, but even in churches. In the time of Charles II. it was attempted even in a court hall. The Lord Chief Baron reproved the multitude for expressing their approbation in this way: "Gentlemen, this humming is not at all becoming the gravity of this court. It is



more fitting for a stag-play than for a court of justice." This shows that humming characterized, not deliberative meetings, but only popular assemblies. The humming of the people, which was the same thing as their *favor*, was the thing sought by demagogues; and to gain this end every art was used. Hence the word *hum* acquired the meaning: to cajole, to trick, to delude by flattery, to soothe and coax into measure by cunning words and devices. Thus, a hummer is one who gathers around him a swarm of persons, and seeks by trickery to use their favor for his own interests and ends.

Bug comes from *puck*—*puke*; which means in Islandic an *evil spirit*, and in suio-Gothic, *devil*. Combine this sense of it with *hum*, to trick, and you have Humbug—"a devilish trick." This indicates the existence of an *evil* element in Humbug.

Imaginary beings which were supposed to entice travelers out of their homes to destroy them, were formerly called Pucks. Thus Drayton :

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,  
Still walking like a ragged colt,  
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,  
Of purpose to deceive us;  
And leading us, makes us to stray  
Long winter nights out of the way,  
And when we stick in mire and clay,  
He doth with laughter leave us."

It is easy to see how this idea of pucks is related to Humbug—one who hums to lead astray, and leaves his dupes with laughter.

Thus we have also *bug-bear*, originally *puck-bear*, some ugly object or spectre which, it was said, comes to take away bad children, and by the aid of which children are duped and tricked into measures. Saith an old poet :

"They are told strange bug-beares haunt the place."

*Pug* is also applied to a monkey, on account of its tricks and mimicry. Hence, also, a certain kind of noses are called *pug-noses*, from their resemblance to the nose of a monkey. We all know that not only monkeyish cunning, but even the monkey itself has played no small part in Humbug. What is an organ-grinder without a monkey! It is perhaps difficult to tell which has most to do in producing the humming assembly around—the sublime music, or the ridiculous monkey! We venture the opinion that *pug* is the Hamlet in that play; and we pronounce it rather a menagerie than an opera.

This brings out naturally another variation of the word, and thus also another illustration of our subject. There is a certain well-known creature called big-bug—puck, or pug. When we remember that *pug* is a monkey, the sense of big-bug will at once suggest itself. If we give pug the sense of "a cheat, or one that is a counterfeit," we have also the true idea of big-bug; for such an one is always only an outer shell, supported and filled out by no inner man. If we give "puck" the idea of one who siren-like misleads or entices others, we find the idea also legitimatized in big-bug; for as soon as there is one big-puck fitted out, with riggings on, there is a humming swarm of little pucks at his heels.



One more derivative will bring out the full idea of this part of the word, and so also the true nature of Humbug: it is a word which signifies a *gathering* produced by deception. We allude to the word *pucker*, as when one has eaten persimmons. It is not only a gathering by cheat, in that he took them for ripe when they were not, but also in that he produces the impression that he intends to whistle when in truth he does not so intend!

From this examination of the elements and derivatives of the word we have arrived at the full true meaning, sense, and nature of Humbug.

I. It produces a gathering by the aid of humming noises, flattery, and deception. It is not personal, individual imposition, but wholesale and popular. It needs a *crowd* to answer its purposes. Plying deception in a private way, as by the peddling of wooden nutmegs and pumpkin-seed, is not humbug; it is only imposition. Humbug must *swarm* to be genuine.

II. Humbug has in it the evil or devilish element. Not all gatherings are humbug. True business, true genius, true benefactors may gather a swarm. It is not the *hum* that gives character to the thing, but the *puck*—the evil spirit in which it is done, the evil end in view. One may bring a swarm around him either to *give* to them or to *take* from them. As among bees, a true swarm is always a going out; a false swarm is a gathering to rob, to take. Humbug gathers a crowd for *his* sake, not for *their* sake. Humbug is like a light that gathers a swarm of moths and millers to singe their wings, and to feed its flame with their fuz and fat. Humbug is like a shark; he gathers the little fish around him, opens his mouth, and says, with fatherly affection, "Come in, dear children, in union there is strength."

III. To produce this swarm, and to get the victims within reach, Humbug uses tricks as attractions—stratagems as stimulus. Not something which they *discover* in him, but something which he *shows* them, produces the swarm. True Humbug is a showman. The *hum* alone does not make the thing—the *pug*—the monkey must be present, and to be seen. He must advertise, he must blow his trumpet, he must call the people together, he must resort to "the cry of him that ruleth among fools."

IV. Humbug must surround himself with an element of mystery. He must be a puck-bear, such as children regard with awe. He has to do with children of a larger growth; but which, like smaller ones, are to be ruled, not by reason, but by mysteries; they must be awed by secret wonders, and then coaxed by show of toys. See the children around the organ-grinder's monkey—how awful to be too near him, and yet how sweet to be in the inner row! A true picture of a crowd of larger infants around Humbug. A fearful (with uplifted hands,) a glorious wonder! Humbug is the great sun in the center, and they, ranged around like planets, are held in their places, as by centripetal and centrifugal forces, by the alternations of love to it, and fear of it. Or, to use a better figure, Humbug is the charming serpent, coiled and colored in the midst; they are held in extacies and in fear around, until he covers them with slime, and swallows them one by one.

If now we would bring these several characteristic elements together, and represent them by specific terms, we have these: Humbug is a



mountebank, a devil, a showman, and a conjuring quack. In him these four are one. By these characteristics he may be known wherever he makes his appearance. Let the readers of *The Guardian* keep a look out for him and save their money, good name, and self-respect.

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LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

I AM old and blind !  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,  
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,  
I murmur not that I no longer see ;  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme, to thee !

O merciful One !  
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;  
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown--  
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;  
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing--  
Beneath it I am almost sacred--here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand  
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now ;  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,  
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime  
My being fills with rapture ; waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit ; strains sublime  
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.



## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S DREAM.

I NEVER shall forget the night—last August was a year—I went to the Sabbath-school as usual in the morning, but the heat was oppressive; there was not a breath of air stirring. My class seemed unusually restless and inattentive, and myself felt an inexpressible languor, which I am sure they could not help observing. Once or twice I forgot the question I had asked; and several times I had to require a repetition of an answer, which I might have heard at first if I had not been unaccountably stupid. In the afternoon I was half inclined to stay at home, but my conscience loudly remonstrated, and I went to school as usual. I found only three of my class present, and I was glad when the hour of public worship arrived, to relieve me from my post.

In the evening I retired from my room at the accustomed hour, and entered upon my private exercises of devotion. I was sensible that the day had been a very long and tedious one. I felt that I had not only failed to make any progress myself in the divine life, but that I had been unusually negligent in my duty towards my class.

I tried to satisfy myself that my spirit was willing, but conscience told me that through all the six preceding days (and every one of them had been excessively warm) I had applied myself to business without this sense of weariness; and I knew, if I should live, that I should probably return to my worldly pursuits, the next day, with the same spirit and activity. Why this languor then, in the service of God and in the affairs of the soul, and not elsewhere? When I attempted to pray for God's gracious acceptance of my labors, I felt condemned and ashamed; and, after commending myself, in a very hurried and formal manner, to the divine forgiveness and protection I went to bed.

But sleep was far from me. The uneasiness of my conscience, and the thought that I might possibly never see my class again, greatly troubled me. At last, however, exhausted with the extreme heat and a sort of nervous irritability, (which, to be understood, must be felt,) I insensibly sunk to sleep.

A confused train of strange images passed before my mind; and, without any idea of previous sickness and death, I dreamed that I was borne upward to the blessed abode of the righteous; and a blessed abode indeed it seemed to me. The beautiful city of eternal life appeared covered with a soft and resplendent light, so bright and dazzling, that the gates and towers upon the walls were but distinctly seen. As I approached, I saw the foundation and the outline of the city very much as they are described in the revelation of John the Divine. It was indeed a glorious sight; and my soul was filled with rapture at the thought of dwelling with saints and angels in an abode so pure, and bright, and happy.

I went up to the nearest gate, which stood wide open, and saw for a moment the streets of the city. They looked as if they were overlaid with one seamless covering of pure gold, as if it were transparent glass. The people were passing back and forth, and were all clothed in raiment of spotless white. The light was different from anything I had ever seen. There was something in it indescribably pure and soft, and yet



something so searching, that it seemed as if it must reveal the most secret recesses of the place, and bring to view all the hidden things of darkness. The very thought of exposing myself to its penetrating power made me shrink back; and just at that moment some one, who seemed to have charge of the entrance, asked me if I wished to come in. I replied that I was afraid I was unfit for a place so pure and happy. He inquired, in the most gentle manner, if I had been washed in the blood of the Lamb, or had prepared myself with the robes of his righteousness. I told him I had been long a professed follower of His, and hoped I had an interest in His merits. It seemed to me I would have given ten thousand worlds if, at that instant, I could have felt that I had known nothing on earth but Jesus Christ and him crucified; and had spent my time and strength only in making known the riches of his grace to a sinful, dying world.

After a moment's pause, I was directed to step into an apartment, which I saw at a short distance on the right side of me, and was told to wait there until I was invited to come in, through the gate, into the heavenly city. I hastened to obey his direction, but not without the most painful doubts and conjectures as to the end.

I found two or three other persons in the place; and as soon as I was seated, and the tumult of my thoughts would permit, I cast my eyes around the room until they fixed upon a young man of about my own age, whose face seemed very familiar to me. He was at the extreme end of the apartment, and it seemed as if the same strange, unearthly light, which filled the holy city, extended to the room we were in. When I approached my supposed acquaintance, I saw a deathly paleness upon his countenance; and before him, at a little distance, were two or three lads, one of whom was addressing him in a most impassioned manner, with peculiar earnestness of countenance and violent gestures. My friend did not notice me at all, though I went very near to him, and seated myself where he must have observed me, if his eyes had not been riveted to the objects before him.

As soon as I went near enough to have a full view of his face, I immediately recognized an old associate in the Sabbath-school at —, where we had been fellow teachers for some time, ten or twelve years before. His class was then immediately behind mine, and part of our way to the school-room was the same; so that we often came and went together. Though I had not seen or heard from him since we separated in 1824, I soon had a perfect recollection of his countenance and voice.

I was now near enough to see and hear distinctly what was passing. The first complete sentence that fell upon my ear was—“*And you did not—no, you did not.*” While I was wondering in myself what all this could mean, a person passed near me who seemed to be familiar with the place and scenes, and I asked him, in a whisper, what was the meaning of it all.

He told me that the man I saw, and whom the lad was addressing, had come that morning to the gate of the city, and asked admission. Like all other applicants, he had been sent into that place to see if any one had aught to say why he should not be received. “It seems that this person was once a Sabbath-school teacher on the earth, and the lad was a member of his class; and,” said my informer, “I should think,



from his manner and tone, that he had some very grave charges against his teacher." Again I listened.

"And another thing I can say, and it ought to lay heavy on your soul," said the youth. "It was on that rainy Sabbath when one of the boys, who had once belonged to our school, was buried. I had been to see his lifeless body. I was filled with fears of death and judgment. I knew that that boy had been called away in his sins, and that he was unprepared for eternity. Something whispered to me, 'Be ye also ready.'

"I went to school with a sick and heavy heart. I longed to have you ask me what ailed me; and I was determined to tell you, if you did, that I was afraid to die, and that I wished to be a better boy. But you gave me no chance. After telling us about our next lesson, and reading to us a story about some old martyr, you leaned back in your chair, and read a library book. My soul was so troubled that I could not sit still; and I tried to attract your notice, but it was in vain. *The hour was gone.* I was thinking all the afternoon of what I would have given if you had just opened the way for me to tell you what I felt; but before the next Sabbath all my desire to open my heart to you, or to any one else, had left me.

"Two or three years rolled away, in which I scarcely had a thought of my soul's affairs. O what I could have done in those three years, if I had been a child of God, instead of being a child of the devil! What an influence I could have exerted over the minds of my thoughtless associates! They were years of health and activity; and in a thousand ways I could have employed myself in the service of my rightful Lord and Master; but they were all wasted, and worse than wasted. And yet, if, in that favored moment, you had felt interest enough in me to mark the expression of my countenance, and to inquire what influence the alarming providence of God had exerted upon my mind and heart, I could have told you *then* what I never could have told you afterwards; and the disclosure of my feelings would, as we now see, have resulted in my conversion to God at that time.

"Nor is this all. There must be set to your account the loss of all which I could and should have been instrumental in doing for the glory of God, and the happiness of my fellow men, if you had been watchful and faithful. The time that I wasted in folly and wickedness, I might have employed in preparing myself to become a translator of the Bible, or a publisher of the glad tidings of salvation to far distant nations of idolaters. Thousands and thousands might have received their first knowledge of a crucified Saviour from my lips, who will now go down to the grave without ever hearing the joyful sound.

"It was in the vain and giddy pursuit of pleasure, during that interval, that I laid the foundation of premature disease, and shortened at once the period of my probation and the opportunity to redeem the time I had lost. *All this was because that precious seed-time of a single hour was lost;* and it was lost through your inattention and unfaithfulness! Thanks be to God, that in his infinite grace and mercy, he sent another and a wiser teacher to take your place; and through his instrumentality, I was plucked as a brand from the burning, and am now a child of God and an heir of glory!"



Scarcely had these words left his lips, when one of the youths behind him pressed forward, as if impatient to be heard. As soon as he came near, the countenance of my old associate fell; his knees smote together, and it seemed as if he could scarcely retain his seat. The features of the youth, too, betrayed the most agonizing emotions.

"Ah," cried he, "I do not wonder that fearfulness seizes your spirit, and that conscience is harrowed up within you, when you see me come up hither as your accuser. You know what I can say of your omissions and negligences, for they have cost me what worlds upon worlds can never compensate.

"I was long a member of your Sabbath-school class, and when you first received me, though a guilty and depraved creature, I was patient and tractable. My dear mother was happy when she committed me to the care of one who she supposed was competent to instruct me in wisdom's ways, and who would be deeply concerned for my spiritual and eternal well-being.

"For months and months you heard us repeat questions, to which we attached little meaning and no importance. You read, or told us a story once in awhile, and sometimes explained to us the meaning of words, and the reason why we should do this thing and avoid that; but it was a dull and heartless round of preaching; and soon your long exhortations served only to alienate my mind from all serious subjects, and effectually to close the door against the truth.

"I now see, and so do you, that had you sought earnestly and diligently for divine wisdom to enable you to discharge the solemn and momentous trust you had assumed; had you applied yourself closely and patiently to the duties of your office; had you availed yourself faithfully of all the helps which were within your reach, you might have taken me, in the early period of my connexion with you, and led me to the source of all knowledge and grace; and you might have so rightfully and skillfully divided the word of truth as to have suited the wants and capacities of the immortal beings under your care.

"But all this you neglected to do. You examined the lesson perhaps for a few moments, and, it may be, uttered a formal prayer for the divine blessing; but no one, who saw you at your post, would have suspected, from any thing in your language or manner, that you were any more concerned in, or responsible for, the salvation of your class, than if they had no souls. You never shed a tear of pity over what you often called our lost and ruined state. You never uttered an expression of affectionate and anxious interest in our salvation. You never told us in a direct, simple, and feeling manner, of our danger and our refuge. You had a round of phrases about life and death, heaven and hell, time and eternity; but they were heard as they were said, without any emotion, until they became too trite and senseless to excite any thing but disgust. Many a time was my heart tender, after hearing the prayers and counsels of my mother; but when I came to school, and saw how indifferent you were to my salvation—when I found you were willing to part with me, Sabbath after Sabbath, without the least anxiety, not knowing that if I should be called into eternity, my soul would be endlessly miserable—when I saw all this, how could I be otherwise than careless and secure in my sins?



"You know when I left you and the school. No entreaties of my mother could induce me to return; and you never came to inquire why I was absent. You passed our door often, and in my sight, but never even asked after me. When my Sabbaths became tiresome, I sought for companions and pleasures. I soon learned to disregard holy time—to sport with sacred names and things—to make light of parental restraint, and to drown reflection and remorse in the intoxicating cup.

"It was not long before I became a monster of ingratitude, and bro't the gray hairs of my kind mother to the grave. As my guilt increased, I became more and more desperate. I threw off all fear of God and man, and plunged into the vortex of sin and folly. Then disease came upon me like an armed man. My enfeebled body soon sunk under its power, and I was summoned to the house appointed for all living. Oh! the agony I felt in the hour of my dissolution. My mind wandered back to the Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges of my early life. I seemed to revisit the place I had occupied in school; and to see your face and hear your voice; and then the solemn words *Heaven, Hell, Judgment, Eternity*, would steal over my memory, in the same tones in which you uttered them so many hundred times; and although now there was a horrible apprehension of their meaning, my heart seemed steeled to every good impression. It was in my very soul to curse you, for letting such precious seasons for my instruction in truth and holiness pass away so unprofitably; and I wished the day could be blotted out in which I first set my foot within that school.

"But the die is cast; my destiny is fixed—unchangeably fixed—eternally fixed. I sink under the dreadful wrath of an offended God, and a rejected Saviour!

"I know not where your abode is to be; but if I could dwell with you I would never cease to cry out against you—'Oh, teacher! teacher! how could you see me destroying my soul, and trifling with the brief and precious season of grace, and yet never once lay hold of me, and say—**CHILD OF THE DUST, ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE!** How could you see me making haste to death, and not, even once, warn me, intelligibly and earnestly, of my danger? Not, even once, seek me in my wanderings, and with all your strength try to bring me back to the ways of safety!'

"But I am beckoned away to the dark prison of despair. 'I go down, under a mountain of guilt, into the realms of endless wo; where is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Shall not my blood be required at your hands?'

Never, never did I behold, or imagine, such a mingled expression of horror and despair, as settled upon the countenance of that young man as he withdrew from the room; and such a look of reproach and upbraiding as he fixed on his teacher! It seemed enough to wither the stoutest courage.

So intensely were my feelings excited by the whole scene, that I had risen from my seat, and while advancing unconsciously towards the parties, I saw, in the distance, a care-worn figure, almost bowed down to the ground, in the place which the young man had just left. It was his mother!

Not a word was spoken on either side. She stood like a statue, with



her eye fixed on the former teacher of her beloved boy. He waved his hand to her to leave him; but there she stood, in silence, until the self-condemned and miserable man covered his face with his hands, and I thought he would sink into utter despair.

Around and behind her was a large company of young men and women, the associates of her son, who had been misguided and ruined by his influence. They were all prepared to charge the ruin of their souls, directly or indirectly, to the negligence and unfaithfulness of that same Sunday-school teacher; and to imprecate the curse of Heaven upon his head. Their countenances were expressive of the utmost malignity and desperation. And, to my utter concern and horror, I saw among them one of my own class, who had strayed from my care, and fallen into the company of the ungodly!

A deathly chill instantly crept over me. I trembled from head to foot. The door seemed to be open near me. I sprang towards it with all the energy that my sinking frame possessed. The effort awakened me. The first soft rays of light were beaming upon the horizon; the birds were abroad on the wing, filling the air with their sweetest music; and the grateful breath of morning soon invigorated my exhausted frame.

I went to the duties of life, though with a heavy heart. I prepared myself, as I never did before, for the duties of the succeeding Sabbath; and I have never met my class since that memorable night, without a vivid recollection of every circumstance of my dream.

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## HUMAN LIFE.

JOB xiv.

How few and evil are thy days,  
Man, of a woman born!  
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:  
—Forth like a flower at morn,  
The tender infant springs to light,  
Youth blossoms with the breeze,  
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;  
—Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such a one?  
Will God to judgment call  
A worm, for what a worm hath done  
Against the Lord of all?  
As fail the waters from the deep,  
As summer brooks run dry,  
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;  
Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,  
Till yonder arching sphere  
Shall with a roll of thunder break,  
And nature disappear.  
—O! hide me, till thy wrath be past,  
Thou, who canst kill or save;  
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast  
In my Redeemer's grave.



## OUR TREASURES AND OUR HEARTS.

BY J. V. E.

It is a principle implanted in our intellectual and moral constitution, that the affections more or less rule the intellect, as well as the intellect can regulate more or less the affections. This can be best explained by plain, practical illustrations.

If a true relation exist between a husband and wife, and one of them is absent for a space of time from the family, the mind of the remaining one will be more or less occupied with the image of the one absent. Every little inconvenience that is experienced in the family, in consequence of the absence of that parent, will intensify the thought in the minds of the remaining members, and with that their affections will be more warmly drawn out toward the absent one, so much so that the return will produce a peculiar sensation in the family.

So also if a dutiful child should be filled with a desire to visit a foreign land for the purpose of seeking a location for life, the minds of the parents will be almost constantly directed to that particular spot of earth, and with their affections thus drawn out, will observe every change in the circumstances of that place that would have a tendency to affect his health or prosperity. Many little things of his former history, which, without his absence, would have remained almost forgotten, will now be revived, and increase their love toward him. In consequence of this power which the heart and intellect have upon each other, a wandering prodigal son is often received with the open arms of a parent's love, who thinks it not too great a token of his affection, to kill a fatted calf for his entertainment.

This principle is illustrated also by the fact, that every man's business, profession, or practice, has a sanctifying or deleterious effect upon his mind and heart. The business man's mind being filled with thoughts pertaining to his occupation, will become more or less so much engrossed as to manifest a general unconcern about every other. His affections will often become so far regulated by his business, as that he believes himself altogether unadapted to any other pursuit. The sense of moral guilt, which in the eyes of others attaches, or should be felt by him, becomes more blunt as his mind grows intense in his business.

For instance, the merchant—without the least thought of being guilty of a violation of the eighth commandment—will not feel it his duty to point out to the purchaser the inferiority of the article offered. Whereas in other circumstances such deception, as we may call it, would be nothing less than an evidence of wilful dishonesty. Likewise the landlord, who exercises no discretion in selling liquor to the already intoxicated individual, appears to be altogether insensible to the moral guilt of the act of overloading the stomach, already paralysed and inflamed with alcohol. Also the physician, who, through indifference to the disease of the patient, allows it to become so deep-seated as to baffle all skill, is more or less unconscious of the wickedness of his conduct. The lawyer will engage himself to defend his dishonest and wicked client,



without thinking that he is guilty of rescuing a criminal from justice, or encouraging vice and immorality. So that it is an evident truth, that the intellect has power to rule the affections, and the affections power to direct the intellect.

Also godly and ungodly studies have their influence upon the mind and heart. If a person's heart has been sanctified or changed by the influence of the gospel, his mind will become more deeply interested in subjects that pertain to his own welfare and that of others. The more he studies God's word and his duties, the more will his heart become sanctified, his affections grow strong, his love increase, and his soul become transformed into the image of God. On the other hand if the heart is unsanctified, the mind will be directed to unholy subjects, and a corresponding influence will operate upon the soul. Likewise, if the mind is occupied with worldly thoughts, gathered from whatever source, although the heart is under the influence of grace, it cannot remain long so, if such worldly thoughts are not speedily transplanted by heavenly ones. So that it is a law of our nature to love what we think much about and to think much about what we love. For that reason Christ has said, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Now, young reader, do you believe this? Do you believe that sin in its various forms may in this way get hold of your affections before you are aware of it. Do you know that if you think much about the ball-room, the theatre, the card-table, the society of the profligate, obscene, licentious, profane and drunken, that, unless you are led to seek a remedy for those sins you may sooner or later find yourself in love with one or more of those positions, places or habits, and become so captivated that you will never be able to deliver yourself.

By visiting and thinking much about the gaieties and frivolities of the ball-room, its immoral influence will gradually lessen in your view, and finally you may think it not inconsistent for the christian to be found there oftener than in the house of God, although you once thought differently. Also the theatre may at first sight shock your pious feelings, but if you suppress them, and hush conscience, by your frequent visits to that place of vanity, you will not only go there without any compunctions of conscience yourself, but will even try to persuade others that it is not wicked. A few visits to gambling-rooms will perhaps also change the moral aspect of the place in the eyes of young men, so much so that they often change their minds very unexpectedly, and hesitate not to engage in the games. So also with respect to the society of the profligate, obscene, licentious, profane and drunken.

The habits of the profligate may, at first sight, surprise us; the language of the obscene may at first sound strangely; the conduct of the licentious may at first sight appear revolting; profanity may also be odious and drunkenness disgusting to those unaccustomed to them; but if we show any disposition to court such company and practices, they will soon be our treasures—they will soon gain our hearts, for "where our treasure is there will our hearts be also."

Lay not up in your hearts such treasures of earth, which will eat up your good principles like moth, corrupt your affections like rust, and steal your character like thieves; but lay up in your hearts the treasures of heaven, pointed to in the word of God.



## G O D I S L O V E .

BY JOSEPHUS.

How beautiful the idea! How consoling the thought, that He who is Omnipotent, in whom we "live, move and have our being," is love! How emphatically do all his works, his providences, and his dealings with his creatures, declare the truth that "God is Love." His works not only declare his glory, but his love. His love is above us and beneath us, around and about us, that it preserves us whithersoever we go. No affliction or chastisement can come upon us, but this soothing, healing balm of love accompanies it to bind up the wound and make all things work together for our good. The hand that raises the rod is love: yea, the rod is love itself, so that we have a longing desire to kiss it.

It is a noble trait that often shines so conspicuously even in man's depraved and sinful condition. Behold him! as he is often prompted from within by this heavenly characteristic, to render aid to the needy, comfort to the distressed, and to become a mutual partaker with others, of all their trials and afflictions; and often even to lay down and risk his life for the safety of those in danger. Therefore the Saviour said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is the utmost degree of man's love, beyond this it cannot go. Keep in mind, beloved reader, that God as love, laid down his life for his enemies. Is not such love unspeakable?

In man it makes friends of our enemies, so that they find themselves interested in each others welfare. It breaks the cord of selfishness, reconciles their differences, and buries all their animosity in the sea of oblivion, that they become one in life and in death. Yea, by it our own individuality is swallowed up, as it were, in another, that we weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice in the true sense of the term. This is also true of God's love. How does God love us? He loves us in our sins, even whilst we are his enemies, having no love for him. This love thus manifested towards us in our unfriendly relation towards God, contrived a way even to reconcile us as enemies to God, who is love. It became incarnate in Christ as Emmanuel, God with us. In him he is willing to forgive our enmity—reconcile the world unto himself—and for enmity give us friendship, happiness, glory and peace. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we"—who are rebels against him—"should be called" his sons and daughters. Yes, he now loves in Christ. In Christ his love is as strong as death, yea, stronger, for death had no terrors for his love, when the happiness and eternal welfare of his enemies depended upon the death of his only and well beloved Son. Yes, he drank the bitter dregs of the poisonous cup and died for his enemies—for you, beloved reader, for you. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us"—his enemies. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world,



that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

"O for such love, let rock and hills,  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak."

Beloved, if God so loved us, should we not love him in return? What could be more reasonable, when the profit will be ours? How suitable that every thing you read should spring from and be based upon that glorious truth, that "God is love." Think of it, and let it be the element in which you move, that it may tranquilize all the evil passions and affections of a depraved heart. Seek it, by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that it may be shed abroad in your heart, and that you may dwell in God, and God in you. Count all things else but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of such love that saves from hell and exalts to heaven. Yield yourself unto him, who loved you and is willing to wash you in his own blood, that you may be kings and priests unto God and his Father. Let your love be in deed and in truth.

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O! CARRY ME HOME TO DIE!

O! carry me back to my childhood's home,  
Where the ocean surges roar;  
Where its billows dash on a rock-bound coast,  
And moan forevermore.  
I'm pining away in a stranger's land,  
Beneath a stranger's eye—  
O, carry me home—O carry me home—  
O, carry me home to die!

I sigh in vain for my native hills;  
Their sweet and balmy air  
Would waft away, from my youthful brow,  
Each trace of gloomy care.  
I sigh to breathe on the air of home,  
To gaze on its starry sky;  
O, carry me home—O, carry me home—  
O, carry me home to die!

I long to see my mother again,  
And hear her sweetly say:  
"Come, weary dove! here is thy rest;  
Then fold thy wings away."  
'Twould ease my pain to hear her voice,  
When death had darken'd my eye;  
O, carry me home—O, carry me home—  
O, carry me home to die!

Then let me rest in a peaceful grave,  
Beside the loved and dead;  
For the quiet earth is the only place  
To rest this weary head.  
I would sweetly sleep, if you buried me there,  
Beneath New England's sky;  
O, carry me home—O, carry me home—  
O, carry me home to die!



## P A R A B L E S .

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

## III. — THE DOUBLE HOME.

Now listen, children, what I say concerning the double home of men.

Once on a glorious night in spring-time, a father and his son William, were walking together out beneath the open sky. For a long time they went silently and thoughtfully side by side. At length William said: How they move across the heavens the beautiful clouds, and there is ever one floating above the other, and between them the stars are twinkling and sparkling; they look and shine down on us—not so, father?

Yes, my dear William, they shine on us, and on all creatures and plants.

It always seems to me, father, as if they called to me, if I had once been with them: I would like to be up yonder again.

Would you, William? All men long to get there.

But I also wish to be with you, father; for when I am away from you I also long to be where you are.

Thus it is, my son. When you are in a strange house you long for your own home, for me and your mother, brothers and sisters; and when you look up beyond the stars, you long also to be there.

Yes, father, so it is: but why is this so?

This is on account of the DOUBLE HOME of men, William.

The double home, how is this, father?

It is thus, my child: We have a home yonder, higher than the stars; we have also a home on the earth. Behold! we wander here, and the earth is the place of our present abode; but high yonder there is also a father's house; there too we would love to walk abroad. There is the eternal home of man, and it is ever drawing his thoughts upward. Therefore, live piously and be good, and look often above you: for there too are brothers, and sisters, and father, and mother, and you, and we will all get there at last, to be with God who is our Father in Heaven, and with Jesus who prepared that home for us, and with the angels who dwell there. Be pious and good. Do you wish to be so?

Yes, said William, I wish to be pious, and he walked with his father home.

## IV. — EVIL COMPANY.

Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his sons and daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother to visit the frivolous Lucinda—"Father, you must think that we are very weak and childish,



since you are afraid that it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child!" said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and behold her tender white hand was black, and without thinking she touched her white dress and it was also blackened.

"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased, as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be careful enough when handling coals!"

"Yes, truly," said her father. "You see, my child, that the coal, even though it *did not burn you*, has nevertheless *blackened you*! So is the company of immoral persons.

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#### V.—THE ACCEPTED TIME.

An industrious farmer, who was careful to improve his lands, had one field which was thickly covered with coarse gravel stones. These he wished to have removed. The work of picking these stones he divided among his children.

He called them together and said: "Go now quickly to work, while you have time, and the weather is favorable."

They all went earnestly to work, each on his part, except Frank, who deferred his work and spent his time in all kinds of amusements with other boys. The rest finished their work before Frank had even begun with his.

"When," they asked him, "do you intend to pick the stones from your part of the field? See, we have finished our work, and you have not even commenced!"

"O," said Frank, "is not the year long, and summer is at the door. When summer has once fairly set in, I will do more in one day than you have done in a whole week."

As the sun rose higher in the heavens, and the air and the earth was made hot by its beams, he became weary; for the work was now too hard for him, and drops of sweat rolled from his face whenever he made an attempt to work, and he gave up through weariness. Then he said to himself: "I will wait until the cool autumn time comes; then this work will be easy to me, and I will finish it without difficulty.

Thus the summer passed, and the air became cool by the winds which began to blow from the north. Now Frank was determined to go earnestly to work. Scarcely, however, had he commenced when fierce showers of rain drove him frequently from the field, and he came wet to the house.

"These showers will soon cease," he said; "there will be many lovely days when once autumn with its rough storms is past, before the winter sets in."

Thus spake Frank—and winter drew on apace. As the sky grew clear, the storms ceased, and the sun shone clearly from the cloudless heaven, he hastened again to the field. But with what confusion did he



now perceive his error, and his folly, when it was too late. It was now impossible to pick the stones, for they were frozen fast to the earth! Sadly and filled with shame he was compelled to return to the house.

What thou doest, do quickly. You will regret every delay in doing necessary work. The present hour is yours; you know not whether a future one will be yours or not! How will you once in old age be ashamed and filled with sorrow when you see that the most lovely part of your life is past, and you have not used it to the proper purposes of life.

Not so your dying eyes will view,  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear  
When the decisive hour is near.

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#### L I T T L E   B Y   L I T T L E .

"Little by little," a child did say,  
As it past its time in quiet play;  
And straightway in my mind was wrought  
The germ of many a simple thought.  
"Little by little" the grass doth grow,  
Covering all the earth below;  
"Little by little" the root we see  
Climbing up to the full grown tree;  
"Little by little" the cloudlets form  
The thunder cloud of the mighty storm;  
"Little by little" the feathery snow  
Pileth up mountain heights below;  
"Little by little" the drops of rain  
Fall on mountain, vale and plain,  
Till the mad'ning torrents onward rush  
Like a strong war-horse with victory flush;  
"Little by little" the patient ant  
Layeth up food for her future want;  
"Little by little" the busy bee  
Sippeth up sweets from tree to tree,  
Till the tables of the rich man groan  
With the luscious fruit of the honey-comb;  
"Little by little" in God's great plan  
"The child is father of the man;"  
"Little by little" the darkness flies  
From the curtained folds of the Eastern skies,  
At the slow approach of the burning sun;  
"Little by little" freedom's won,  
And the might of error giveth way  
To the full glad light of the perfect day;  
"Little by little" the heart is warmed,  
"Little by little" friendship is formed;  
"Little by little" the seeds of grace  
Grow in the human heart apace,  
Till the angels sing with joy above  
O'er a soul made free by redeeming love;  
"Little by little" is my theme;  
"Little by little" ends the dream  
Which rose in my mind, on a summer's day,  
From the careless words of a child at play.



## SAMUEL ROGERS, THE POET.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS poet, so familiar to all lovers of elegant poetry, died lately in a golden old age. He was born at Newington Green, a village now included in London, in 1762, and was therefore at the time of his death, about 93 years old. What a period to be extended over by one human existence! What "pleasures of memory" must rise up before the mind of a good man toward the close of so long a life.

It is said that the desire of becoming a poet was first awakened in his bosom when only nine years old by the reading Beattie's *Minstrel*. When only fourteen years old he had a strong desire to have an interview with Dr. Johnson, and for this purpose he presented himself twice at the door of the great moralist. The first time Dr. Johnson was not at home; and the second time, "after ringing the bell, the heart of the young aspirant misgave him, and he retreated without waiting for the servant." This modesty and diffidence was a sure sign of his worth, if not of his talent.

Mr. Rogers seems to have lived quietly during the latter part of his life, enjoying a rich honor in the favor with which his poetry was received in England, and in America, and far as the English tongue is known.

There is a brief notice of his life in Dr. Akin's edition of the *British Poets*, which will be read with interest in connection with the notice of his death:

Samuel Rogers, one of the most elegant of the British poets, was the son of a banker, and himself follows that business in London, where he was born, about 1760. He received a learned education, which he completed by traveling through most of the countries of Europe, including France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, &c. He has been all his life master of an ample fortune, and not subject, therefore, to the common reverses of an author, in which character he first appeared in 1787, when he published a spirited *Ode to Superstition*, with other poems. These were succeeded, after an interval of five years, by the *Pleasures of Memory*; a work which at once established his fame as a first-rate poet. In 1798, he published his *Epistle to a Friend*, with other poems; and did not again come forward, as a poet, till 1814, when he added to a collected edition of his works, his somewhat irregular poem of the *Vision of Columbus*. In the same year came out his *Jaqueline*, a tale, in company with Lord Byron's *Lara*; and, in 1819, his *Human Life*. In 1822, was published his first part of *Italy*, which has since been completed, in three volumes, duodecimo; and of which, a recent edition has been given to the world, accompanied with numerous engravings. This poem is his last and greatest, but by no means his best, performance; though an eminent writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* calls it "perfect as a whole." There are certainly many very beautiful descriptive passages to be found in it; and it is totally free from metricalness: but we think the author has too often mistaken common-place for simplicity, to



render it of much value to his reputation, as a whole. It is as the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, that he will be chiefly known to posterity, though, at the same time, some of his minor poems are among the most pure and exquisite fragments of verse, which the poets of this age have produced. In society, few men are said to be more agreeable in manners and conversation than the venerable subject of our memoir; and his benevolence is said to be on a par with his taste and accomplishments. Lord Byron must have thought highly of his poetry, if he were sincere in saying, "We are all wrong excepting Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell."

We agree with the critic just quoted that his master-piece is the "*Pleasures of Memory*." This poem was written in 1792; and had been, therefore, at the poet's death, already some fifty-seven years a favorite with the literary world. There is a soft and soothing harmony in its style, and a mellow plaintive tenderness in its tone, and a purity and subdued cheerfulness in its sentiments, which has often made us happier, and we trust better. It is full of touching appeals to our better feelings. The luxury of doing good, which he so beautifully describes, was often felt by himself as he ministered to the poor, only on a larger scale than that recorded in these lines :

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;  
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!  
We led the bending beggar on his way,  
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver gray,  
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.  
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,  
And sighed to think that little was no more,  
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"  
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Being rich he was in a situation to indulge his benevolent taste. "His bounty soothed and relieved the death-bed of Sheridan," and was to the end of his life exerted to a large extent, annually, in behalf of suffering and unfriended talent.

It is difficult to quote specimens of beauty from this most delightful of poems—they are only paradises in a paradise. Here is one, the force of which many a roving youth has felt :

Th' adventurous boy, that asks his little share,  
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,  
Turns on the neighboring hill, once more to see  
The dear abode of peace and privacy;  
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,  
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,  
The village common spotted white with sheep,  
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;  
All rouse reflection's sadly pleasing train,  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

What pathos moves, like a sympathising spirit, in the following lines:

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,  
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale  
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;  
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,



The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!  
 But pause not then—beyond the western wave,  
 Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave!  
 Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,  
 And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, e'en here, with pleasures long resign'd,  
 Lo! Memory bursts the twilight of the mind.  
 Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,  
 When the rude scourge assumes its base control;  
 And o'er futurity's blank page diffuse  
 The full reflection of her vivid hues.  
 'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,  
 Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;  
 Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew  
 The simple transports that with freedom flew;  
 Catch the cool breeze that musky evening blows,  
 And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;  
 The oral tale of elder time rehearse,  
 And chant the rude, traditionary verse  
 With those, the loved companions of his youth,  
 When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

We cannot refrain from quoting the closing paragraphs of this charming poem. With what sublimity our minds and hearts are carried away to higher and holier regions than earth. We doubt whether a passage of its kind equal to it can be found in the whole range of the poets. Of memory, he says:

But is her magic only felt below?  
 Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow:  
 To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,  
 She yields delight but faintly imaged here:  
 All that till now their rapt researches knew;  
 Not call'd in slow succession to review,  
 But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,  
 At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,  
 And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;  
 Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,  
 Since first creation's choral anthem flow'd;  
 Each ready flight, at mercy's call divine,  
 To distant world's that undiscover'd shine;  
 Full on her tablet flings its living rays,  
 And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal friendship, soar;  
 No more to part, to mingle tears no more!  
 And, as the softening hand of time endears  
 The joys and sorrows of our infant years,  
 So there the soul, released from human strife,  
 Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;  
 Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers;  
 As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours!

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend  
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;  
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,  
 To hold sweet converse on the dusky green;  
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
 And heaven and nature open'd to their view!



Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees  
 A smiling circle emulous to please ;  
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

O thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share  
 From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;  
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know  
 The humble walks of happiness below ;  
 If thy blest nature now unites above  
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;  
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
 Devout, yet cheerful, active, yet resign'd ;  
 Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,  
 Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,  
 To meet the changes time and chance present,  
 With modest dignity and calm content.  
 When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,  
 Thy meek submission to thy God express'd ;  
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;  
 What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?  
 The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,  
 The still inspiring voice of innocence and truth !

Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine  
 From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !  
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
 And place and time are subject to thy sway !  
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone ;  
 The only pleasures we can call our own.  
 Lighter than air, hope's summer visions die,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;  
 If but a beam of sober reason play,  
 Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !  
 But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well spent hour ?  
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light ;  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
 Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

We know nothing of the poet's religious opinions. His poetry is *always* pure, moral, and elevating. No doubt the stream, whose banks are so green with life, and graced with the rich odors of ardent and cheerful hope, has its source "fast by the holy oracle." Peace to the ashes of the sweet poet ! His prayer is answered, where he asks that in the "future age" he may still

Dispense the treasures of exalted thought ;  
 To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,  
 And bid the tear of emulation start !  
 And when the poet sleeps in silent dust,  
 Still hold communion with the wise and just !

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**SELF-RESPECT.**—Those who would gain the respect of others must first respect themselves.



## THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

## NO. XVI.—THE ALMUG TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS tree is mentioned in the Bible among the wood which Hiram brought from Ophir for the building of Solomon's temple. 1 Kings 10: 11. It is mentioned in two other places; 2 Chron. 2: 8, and 9, 10, 11, where, by a transposition of the last three letters, it is called Algum tree. It was used for pillars in the temple, and also in the king's own house; besides they made harps and psaltries for the singers, of this wood.

What kind of tree is it? Here critics have differed. Some of the Rabbins say coral; others say ebony or pine. "Calmet is of opinion that by *almug*, or *algum*, or simply *gum*, taking *al* for an article, is to be understood an oily and gummy wood." But it has been well said that a wood abounding with resin would be very unfit for the uses to which this wood was applied, as for instance, musical instruments. Dr. Shaw supposes that it is the cypress-tree; but assigns no reason for this opinion except that the wood of this tree is still used in Italy and other places for violins, harpsichords, and other stringed instruments.

The German orientalists are no doubt right in considering it the same with the sandal tree. This is the opinion of Rosenmueller. This tree grows in India, and is the size of the walnut tree. It bears blossoms, the petals of which are formed like wings of the butterfly, and it bears a bean as long as the human finger, with two and three seeds in each. The trunk and the limbs are defended by strong, sharp thorns, and the leaves covered with down. The wood is delightfully fragrant, firm, hard and heavy. It is of a red color, but when exposed to the air it soon turns black. In India they carve images of their god Vishnu out of the wood of the sandal tree. On the occasion of the burial of some prominent personage whole piles of it are burnt to fill the air with pleasant incense. In Europe it is bruised, and thus used in fumigations. The fact that the wood of the sandal tree gives out its fragrance most richly when it is bruised, has given the Persian poet Saadi a beautiful illustration of forgiveness:

"The sandal tree perfumes when riven  
The axe that laid it low:  
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,  
Forgive and bless his foe!"

FULLER, truthfully says: He lives long that lives well; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost. Besides God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value.



## THE COAT OF JESUS AND THE CLOAK OF PAUL.

BY S. R. L. GAUSSEN.

WOULD THE APPARENT INSIGNIFICANCE OF CERTAIN DETAILS OF THE BIBLE JUSTIFY US  
IN SEPARATING THEM FROM THE INSPIRED PORTION?

“Does it comport with the dignity of inspiration to accompany the thought of the Apostle Paul, even into those vulgar details into which we see him descend in some of his letters? Would the Holy Spirit condescend to dictate to him those public salutations which terminate his epistles; or those medical counsels to Timothy concerning his stomach and his often infirmities; or those commissions with which he charges him, with regard to his parchments and a certain cloak which he had left at the house of Carpus at Troas, when he was leaving Asia?”

THE reader will suffer us to beseech him to be cautious of this objection when, holding the Bible in his hands, he happens not to recognize on the first perusal, the signs of God's hand in such or such a passage of the word. Let those imprudent hands not cast one verse of it out of the temple of the scriptures. They hold an eternal book, all of whose authors have said with St. Paul: “And I think that I too have the spirit of the Lord!” If then he does not yet see any thing divine in such or such a passage, the fault is in him and not in the passage. Let him rather say with Jacob: “Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.” Gen. 28: 16. This book can sustain the light of science; for it will bear that of the last day. The heavens and the earth shall pass; but none of its words shall fail, not even to the least letter. God declares to every one that heareth the words of this prophecy, that if any one shall take away from the words of this book, God will take away his part from the book of life. Rev. 22: 18, 19.

Let us examine more closely the alleged passages. St. Paul from the depths of his prison sends for his cloak. He has left it at the house of Carpus, in Troas, and he entreats Timothy to hasten to him before winter, and not forget to bring it to him. This domestic detail, so many thousand times objected against the inspiration of the Scriptures, from the days of the Anomians of whom St. Jerome speaks: this detail seems to you too trivial for an apostolic book, or at least too insignificant and too foreign from all practical utility, for the dignity of inspiration. Unhappy however, is he who does not perceive its pathetic grandeur.

Jesus Christ also, on the day of his death, spoke of his cloak and of his vesture. Would you have this passage taken away from the inspired volume? It was after a night of fatigue and anguish. They had led him about the streets of Jerusalem for seven successive hours, by the light of torches, from street to street, from tribunal to tribunal, buffeting him, covering him with a veil, striking his head with staves. The morrow's sun was not yet risen, before they had bound his bands with cords, to lead him again from the high priest's house to Pilate's Prætorium. There, lacerated with rods, bathed in his own blood, then delivered for the last punishment to ferocious soldiers, he had seen his garments all



stripped off, that they might clothe him in a scarlet robe, whilst they bowed the knee before him, placed the reed in his hands, and spit upon his face. Then, before laying his cross upon his bruised frame, they had replaced his garments upon his wounds, to lead him to Calvary; but, when they were about to proceed to the execution, they took them away for the third time; and it is then that, stripped of every thing, first his cloak, then his coat, then of even his under-dress, he must die naked upon the malefactor's gibbet, in the view of an immense multitude. Was there ever seen under heaven, a man, who has not found these details, touching, sublime, inimitable? And was one ever seen, who, from the account of this death, thought of retrenching as useless or too vulgar, the history of these garments which they divided among them—or of this cloak for which they cast lots? Has not infidelity itself said in speaking of that event, that the majesty of the Scriptures astonished it, that their simplicity spoke to its heart; that the death of Socrates was that of a sage, but Jesus Christ's, that of a God!—and if the divine inspiration was reserved for a mere portion of the holy books, would it not be for these very details? Would it not be for the history of that love, which, after having lived upon the earth poorer than the birds of the air and the foxes of the field, was willing to die still poorer, deprived of all, even to its cloak and its under-garments, and fastened naked to the malefactor's gibbet with the arms extended and nailed to the wood? Ah! be not solicitous for the Holy Spirit; he has not derogated from his own majesty; and so far from thinking that he was stooping too low in announcing these facts to the world, he has hastened to recount them to it; and that too, a thousand years in advance. At the period of the Trojan war he already was singing them upon the harp of David: "They have pierced my hands and my feet," said he, "they look and stare upon me, they part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture."

But it is the same Spirit who would show us St. Paul writing to Timothy, and requesting him to bring his cloak. Hear him; he too is stripped of every thing. In his youth, he was already eminent, a favorite of princes, admired of all; but now he has left every thing for Christ. It is now thirty years and more, that he has been poor, in labors more than the others; in wounds, more than they; in prison oftener: five times he had received of the Jews forty stripes, save one; thrice was he beaten with rods; once he was stoned; thrice he has suffered shipwreck; often in journeyings; in perils upon the sea, in perils in the city, in perils in the desert; in watchings oft, in hunger and in thirst, in cold and nakedness (we quote his own words.) Hear him now; behold him advanced in age; he is in his last prison; he is at Rome; he is expecting his sentence of death; he has fought the good fight; he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; but he is cold, winter is coming on, and he is poorly clad! Buried in a dungeon of the Mamertine prison, he is so much despised, that even all the Christians of Rome are ashamed of him, and that at his first appearing, no man was willing to befriend him. Yet, he had received, ten years before, while a prisoner at Rome, and loaded with chains, at least some money from the Philippians; who, knowing his sufferings, united together in their indigence, to send him some succor. But now, behold him forsaken; no one but St. Luke is with him; all have abandoned him; winter is approaching. He would



need a cloak; he has left his own, two hundred leagues off, at the house of Carpus in Troas; and no one in the cold prisons of Rome would lend him one. Has he not then left every thing, with joy, for Christ; and does he not suffer all things cheerfully for the elect's sake. We were ourselves at Rome, last year, in a hotel, on a rainy day, in the beginning of November. Chilled by the piercing dampness of the cold, evening air, we had a vivid conception of the holy apostle in the subterranean dungeons of the capitol, dictating the last of his letters, regretting the absence of his cloak, and entreating Timothy to bring it to him before the winter!

Who would then take from the inspired Epistles so striking and pathetic a feature? Does not the Holy Spirit carry you to the prison of Paul, to astonish you with this tender self-renunciation and this sublime poverty; just too, as he shewed you with your own eyes, his charity, some time before, when he made him write in his letter to the Philippians: "I weep in writing to you, because there are many among you, who mind earthly things, whose end is destruction?" Do you not seem to see him in his prison, loaded with chains, while he is writing, and tears are falling upon his parchment? And does it not seem to you that you behold that poor body, to-day miserably clothed, suffering and benumbed; to-morrow beheaded and dragged to the Tiber, in expectation of the day when the earth shall give up her dead, and the sea the dead which are in it; and when Christ shall transform our vile bodies, to make them like unto his own glorious body? And if these details are beautiful, think you they are not also useful? And if they are already useful to him who reads them as a simple historical truth, what will they not become to him who believes in their Theopneusty, and who says to himself: oh my soul, these words are written by Paul; but it is thy God who addresses them to thee? Who can tell the force and consolation, which, by their familiarity and naturalness, they have for eighteen centuries, conveyed into dungeons and huts! Who can count the poor and the martyrs, to whom such passages have given encouragement, example and joy? We just now remember, in Switzerland, the Pastor Juvet, to whom a coverlet was refused, twenty years ago, in the prisons of the Canton de Vaud. We remember that Jerome of Prague, shut up for three hundred and forty days in the dungeons of Constance, at the bottom of a dark and loathsome tower, and going out only to appear before his murderers. Nor have we forgotten the holy Bishop Hooper, quitting his dark and dismal dungeon, with wretched clothes and a borrowed cloak, to go to the scaffold, supported upon a staff, and bowed by the sciatica. Venerable brethren, happy martyrs; doubtless you then remembered your brother Paul, shut up in the prison of Rome, suffering from cold and nakedness, asking for his cloak! Ah! unfortunate he, who does not see the sublime humanity, the tender grandeur, the foreseeing and divine sympathy, the depth and the charm of such a mode of teaching! But still more unfortunate perhaps he, who declares it human, because he does not comprehend it. We would here quote the beautiful remarks of the respectable Haldane on this verse of St. Paul. "This passage, if you consider the place it occupies in this Epistle, and in the solemn farewells of Paul to his disciples, presents this Apostle to our view, in the situation most calculated to affect us. He has just been



before the Emperor ; he is about to finish his days by martyrdom ; his departure is at hand, the crown of the righteous is reserved for him ; behold him on the confines of two worlds ; in this which he is about to leave, ready to be beheaded, as a malefactor, by the orders of Nero ; in that which he is going to enter, crowned as a just man by the Lord of lords ; in this, abandoned of men ; in that, welcomed by angels ; in this, needing a poor cloak to cover him ; in that, covered with the righteousness of the saints ; clothed upon with his heavenly tabernacle of light and joy ; so that mortality is swallowed up of life."

Ah, rather than object to such a passage, thereby to deprive the Scriptures of their infallibility, we should there recognize that wisdom of God, which, so often by one single touch, has given us instructions, for which, without that, many pages would have been necessary. We should adore that tender condescension, which, stooping even to our weakness, is pleased, not only to reveal to us the highest thoughts of heaven in the simplest language of earth, but also to offer them to us under forms so living, so dramatic, so penetrating, often compressing them in order to render them more intelligible, within the narrow space of a single verse.

It is then thus that St. Paul, by these words thrown at hazard even into the last commission of a familiar letter, casts for us a rapid flood of light over his ministry, and discovers to us by a word, the entire life of an Apostle ; as a single flash of lightning in the evening, illuminates in an instant, all the tops of our Alps ; and as persons sometimes show you all their soul by a single look.

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#### SECRET DEVOTION.

I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed  
A penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my sins and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven :  
Such prospects of my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.



## FRAGRANT MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ And there were old remembrances of days,  
When, on the glittering dews of orient life,  
Shone sunshine hopes, unfailed, unperjured then ;  
And there were childish sports, and school-boy feats,  
And school-boy sports.  
And thousand recollections, gay and sweet,  
Which, as the old and venerable man  
Approached the grave, around him, smiling, flocked,  
And breathed new ardor through his ebbing veins,  
And touched his lips with endless eloquence,  
And cheered and much refreshed his withered heart.  
Indeed, each thing remembered, all but guilt,  
Was pleasant, and a constant source of joy.”

POLLOCK.

SOME say it is a good thing to be fondly attached to things that are old, and some say it is not. We do not wish at present directly to take either one side or the other in this war of ages. We try to cultivate charity and good nature. Still we confess that our feelings are somewhat decidedly with the old. We have read that our first parents did not do very well by chiming in too readily with the new. Then, too, it falls in with one of the commandments, to love at least our old fathers and mothers ; and, we suppose, the spirit of this law would favor a reasonable amount of respect and deference to our uncles and aunts, if not even the old people generally. Then we can conceive how, by “the law of development,” as they say in a certain school of thinking—this same feeling might extend to old houses, old churches, old graveyards, old tunes, old truths, old customs, and other old things “too tedious to mention.”

One way in which this kind of taste manifests itself with peculiar strength in us is in our love for old books. We do not mean old books in the widest sense, though we have somewhat of that taste also, but we have reference to *our own old books*—those which we have had longest about us. Hence we carefully keep all the books we have brought with us from our childhood—those that are thumb-ed in spite of the “thumb-paper,” and have their leaves turned down at the corners, in defiance of the “mark,” and the “rule of the master,” that this same thing “should not be done in school.” We have also our “English Reader,” and our first “Geography,” which so vastly enlightened us in regard to the size of the world, and the number and the queer manners of many of its inhabitants. We also still possess our old “cyphering book,” and our “first grammar ;” and then the other books in the line forward and up the ever-increasing steep of science, where at each new bound,

“ Hills peep o’er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.”

Unfortunately some of our old books are lost ! This is owing to the fact, which we have no doubt accords with the experience of many of



our readers, that we had not as much sense when we were younger than we modestly think we have now. Hence we were not as careful in preserving our old school books as we now wish we had been. In consequence of this our youthful folly, our writing book, in which we made our first "strokes and hooks" is gone forever! Alas, what a price we would give to look on its face again. There was the beautiful copy line of "the master" at the top of the page. With what wonder did we use to look at that specimen of astonishing skill. What boy dare entertain the hope of ever writing "like the master!" Then there comes the first line of "hooks and strokes." They are pretty well made; but why?—examine closely and you will see that they are drawn over pencil strokes made by "the master." You can count exactly how far this pencil copy goes; then commence the original ones, the crooked and uncertain lines of which show that "every beginning is hard," as it is in the proverb. After a few lines are written—we ought to say *marked*—"the master" comes round, makes a few smooth ones again, takes the hand of the boy and guides it in making a few more, and then with, "be careful," leaves the tyro to work his way into the mysteries of letter-making. Now see how his ambition is newly roused! See how he puts down his face close to the paper, and turns it sideways, and moves his mouth with the pen, against the positive instructions of "the master." In his earnestness to do it well he has forgotten himself. But alas! they get worse and worse. See! towards the bottom of the page—what are those? They look no more like the "hooks and strokes" of the copy than Hebrew looks like English. The progress to worse and worse is owing, in part, to the boy's discouragement, but partly also to the too early development of his private judgment; for, it is easily seen that, after he got half way down the page, he looked no more at the copy, but at his own lines which were nearer the line on which he was writing. Since our boyhood we have known many who committed far more serious follies by losing the true copy out of sight, and trying to imitate their own crooked imitations. As the boy forgot, or disobeyed, "the master's" rule directing him to "look at the copy," so these older children do not heed the saying of wisdom: "Those measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves, are not wise."

As we said before, our copy book is lost. These are only our recollections of it. What would we give to have it back! but this cannot be. Those blotted pages, over which many hours of childish anxiety and sorrow were spent have long since returned to their elemental dust. Peace to their ashes! or, as the learned say, "Requiescat in pace!"

The same fate which has overtaken our "copy-book, has also carried away our old "spelling-book."

"We ne'er shall see it more!"

We do not remember the author. That was a small matter to us in school days. Authors were to us a kind of imaginary beings, so far removed from the common walks of life, that we never expected to look upon the like, and consequently we concerned ourselves little about them. The contents of the book are, however, fresh in our memory. There were the spelling columns which commenced with "baker, brier, cider." Then, a little farther on, was "crucifix"—for several years we used to



get that far by the time school left out in the spring, beginning again at "baker" the next fall. At length, however, we reached the picture of "the old man, and the rude boy on his apple tree stealing apples." This was an advance, indeed! Now we could begin the next fall at "crucifix"—"baker" having been left far behind, for "the smaller scholars," who were "less advanced." From "crucifix" we could reach "the names"—passing the "country woman with her pail of milk," the "mice and the cats," the "farmer and the lawyer," the "two travelers and the bears," "Jack and the bird's nest," and all the intervening mysteries of learning. At length the "grammar" was reached—not Kirkham's, but the one in the spelling-book, beginning "Ale, malt liquor." "Ail, to be sick," and so on. To be able to "spell all the grammar," was the highest point to be reached this side of the "English Reader." This once accomplished, then farewell spelling-book. Farewell "smaller boys." Farewell "baker, crucifix, old man and rude boy." Farewell ye snuffling bears, and unfortunate Jack in hunt of the bird's nest! These little things were all left behind; and we looked back upon the "little fellows in the spelling-book" with the same feelings of general condescension as those college students entertain towards the preparatorian. To be "in the English Reader" had its effect upon a boy's standing generally. It was felt even at noon in "tossing up for ball." The importance conferred on this advance was duly appreciated in its bearing upon a boy's general talent.

But we have wandered slightly. This spelling book we say is lost, and sorry we are for it. What is worse, it is out of print, and out of use. Alas, for the times! or as the learned say, "O tempora, O mores!" If that precious book is now still to be seen any where outside of "memory's mellowing glass," it must be in some old chests, book-cases, or garrets. How gladly would we send *The Guardian* one year to any one who would send us a copy of that "dear book" as the Germans say, that it might have a place in our library as it has in our heart and memory. Let some friend try our sincerity.

Our story is not without its wisdom. We seriously believe that parents ought carefully to encourage their children to preserve the relics of their childhood, and school-days. Those are fragrant memories which hang around these fragments saved from the wrecks of time. They are golden links which bind the present, and the ever-nearing future, to the past. Thy aid in keeping alive the home-feeling; and will open to the heart in after life many little fountains of a purer joy than the present can give. The poet never said a truer word, than

Heaven lies about us in our infancy;

and every thing that, in after life, will carry us back to that golden time is worth preserving.

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LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT.—I have subdued the nations of the earth—is there no other world for me to conquer.—*Alexander the Great.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—*St. Paul.*



## NEVER DESPAIR.

DIODOTUS the Stoic was the preceptor of Cicero in Greek literature and geometry, and, as that great philosopher himself informs us, lived many years in his house after becoming blind, giving himself to philosophy more assiduously than ever, and even continuing to teach geometry; a thing, says Cicero, which one would think scarcely possible for a blind man to do, yet would he direct his pupils where every line was to be drawn just as exactly as if he had had the use of his eyes. This was nothing, however, to what Saunderson did, who directed his pupils how to draw figures not only which he did not see, but which he had never seen. DIDYMUS of Alexandria, who flourished in the fourth century, is known only as a theological writer; but we are informed by St. Jerome, who was his pupil, that although he lost his sight at five years of age, he distinguished himself at the school of Alexandria by his proficiency not merely in grammar, rhetoric, logic music, and arithmetic, but in the remaining two of the seven departments then conceived to constitute the whole field of human learning, geometry and astronomy, sciences of which remarks the narrator, it is scarcely conceivable how any knowledge should be obtained without the assistance of the eye. Didymus, like Saunderson, pursued his study by employing persons to read for him. One of his disciples, Palladius, remarks, that blindness, which is to others so terrible a misfortune, was the greatest of blessings to Didymus, inasmuch as, by removing from him all objects that would have distracted his attention, it left his faculties at much greater liberty than they otherwise would have been for the study of the sciences. Didymus, however, does not seem to have been himself altogether of this opinion, since we find it recorded that when St. Anthony, who, attracted by the report of his wonderful learning and sanctity, had come from the desert to pay him a visit, put to him the question, "Are you grieved that you are blind?" although it was repeated several times, Didymus could not be prevailed upon to return any other answer than that he "certainly was," greatly to the mortification of the saint, who was astonished that a wise man should lament the loss of a faculty which we only possess, as he chose to express it, in common with the gnats. The old Greek philosopher, Democritus, who is said by some authors to have actually put out his own eyes in order that he might the better fit himself for the study of philosophy, would have presented a spectacle more to the taste of Anthony.

NICASIUS DE VOERDA, or NICAISE OF VOURDE, taught the canon and civil law in the University of Cologne in the fifteenth century, and is said to have possessed extraordinary erudition both in literature and science, although he had been blind from his third year. He was wont to quote with great readiness the books of which he had acquired a knowledge only from having heard them read by others.

To these instances we may add that of the COUNT DE PAGAN, who was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and has been accounted the father of the modern science of fortification. Having entered the army at the early age of twelve, he lost his eye before he was seventeen, at the siege of Montauban. He still, however, pursued his profession with unabated ardor, and distinguished himself by many acts of brilliant courage.



## NOTES ON LITERATURE.

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THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND, by Thomas Babington Macauley. 4 vols. in one. Phila.: E. H. Butler & Co.

This work is so well known that we need not speak of its merits. It is to be had very cheap at Murray & Stoek's, Lancaster. This firm continues to keep up a most excellent assortment of standard works in all departments. Their stock of the publications of the American Tract Society and American Sunday School Union is especially large. Sabbath Schools can here supply themselves at city prices. We can commend also to ministers their stock of Theological books. Murray & Stoek make it a point to keep substantial books, dealing but little in the floating trash of the day.

A GLANCE AT PRIVATE LIBRARIES. By Luther Farnham. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1855.

In this little work of 79 pages we have a very great amount of valuable information on the subject of books and libraries. It must have required much patience and perseverance to bring to light, and embody in so pleasing a form, so many interesting facts. We are here informed that the ten private libraries in and near Boston having the largest number of books contain an aggregate of about 90,000 volumes. "There are, then, within ten miles of the State House private libraries of one thousand volumes and upwards each, that will count up from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand volumes." This is truly, as Mr. Farnham says, "a pretty good story for one little section of the country."

—THE MERCERSBURG QUARTERLY REVIEW for January is an excellent number. Its contents are—I. A Review of Dr. Boardman's Sermon on "The Christian Ministry no Priesthood," by Rev. H. Harbaugh. II. Sketches of a Traveler from Greece, by Prof. A. L. Koeppen. III. Faith and Reason, by Dr. Rauch. IV. Chief Justice Gibson, by Rev. J. Clark. V. Abelard, Abraham, and Adam. VI. Liturgical Contributions. VII. Short Notices.

—JOSEPH GRAY, author of about twenty works on astronomy and geography, well known to teachers, is so poor that an advertisement has been printed in the public papers in his behalf asking the generous to contribute to his relief. Such is the reward of those who labor for the highest interests of men. Such as show-monkeys make a good living. Shame!

—DR. BOMBERGER has begun the preparation of a Theological and Religious Encyclopedia on the basis of Herzog's great work. He has secured the assistance of a number of American divines. The work is to be published in monthly parts by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

—THE largest Reading-room in the world is now nearly completed, in the British Museum. It is circular, 140 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height. The tables will accommodate nearly 400 readers. The wrought-iron book cases will contain 102,000 volumes. The cost of the room will be about \$300,000.

—THE Paris papers announce the death, at an advanced age, of Baron de Bonnefoux, author of a "Life of Christopher Columbus," a "Nautical Dictionary," and several works on nautical Science. He was a retired captain in the navy, and was at one time Director of the French naval schools.

—THE first book printed in British America was the Psalms in Metre. Printed at Cambridge, 1640.

—THE newspapers record the death, at Lincoln, of Robert Bunyan, the last male descendant, in a direct line, from John Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress.

—THE oldest work in the Russian language was published in 863, and was a translation of the Four Gospels from the Greek.

—IT is said that if the English language be divided into one hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including French,) five would be Greek, and the remaining five from the other languages of the world.

—IT has been found on examining the Library of Daniel Webster just as he left it, that it contains not one infidel work.



# THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

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No. 3.

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## RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is but a short time, comparatively, since religious newspapers have sprung into existence. The idea of turning the weekly newspaper into the service of christianity was certainly a great one; and thousands of pious hearts hailed the advent of this new power for good. The scheme has succeeded beyond what a score of years could have entered into the dreams of the most enthusiastic. Every branch of the church has its organs in the shape of a weekly or monthly sheet. There are the Observers and the Missionaries, the Messengers and Standards, the Intelligencers and Witnesses, the Records and Advocates, the Daysprings and Watchmen, the Journals and Churchmen, and time would fail to tell all the rest. Besides, we have in the different larger denominations, an organ for every prominent phase of doctrine or school: old school and new school; old measures and new measures; high church, low church, and broad church; symbolic and anti-symbolic; Synodical, Conference, and Association organs, with their corresponding Independents.

It is easy, or rather it is not easy, to calculate the vast influence which these organs exert upon the wide range of American Christendom. They enter into hundreds of thousands of families. They are read by millions of immortal souls, in our immense cities, in the quiet country villages, in the still more rural communities, and in the cabins of the wonderful West. Who can measure or imagine the amount of thinking, feeling, and acting which they incite as they go forth week after week, like leaves before an autumn storm, and are caught up and eagerly read by the learned and unlearned, by parents and children, by saints and sinners!

What an amount of power, what a source of influence, do these religious papers hold! This influence, moreover, is in the hands of comparatively a few men. For though these papers are in many cases authorized organs of denominations; yet experience shows, and it lies in the nature of things, that the general mind of these denominations, especially in an official way, has but little direct control over these



papers. In many cases, therefore, they represent but little of the general christian sentiment. How shall the thousands, under whose authority they go forth, influence their weekly contents? They are in fact, in the end, the pictures of the minds of their editors. They control not only the editorial department—which is the soul of the paper, if it has any—but also the selections, and, in a way little limited, also the correspondence. Thus they hold the power, if they choose to employ it, of virtually silencing every spirit but their own. In this way the general mind which they fail to represent may be, and often is, kept at bay, while the vast remainder of the material which they reach, being negative or pliable, is molded instead of represented by the papers. This is the more easily done, owing to the strange practical delusion into which we unconsciously fall, which causes us to imagine that what appears in the organ of a church is in fact the sentiment of that church as a whole, and of all its readers. The voice of the editor is lost as an individual, and we listen to him as to the voice of his audience. Let any one put this kind of practical imposition to a personal test, and he will see how much he is unconsciously under its power. How naturally do we, for instance, read an ungracious sentiment embodied in the editorial of a church organ, issued by another denomination than our own, as though it were an unkindness or offense from the whole body which that organ professedly represents; and yet that same editorial may represent not a single mind in that church but that of the editor.

These observations may serve to show what an amount of power is thus actually in the hands of the editors of religious papers; and how the *animus* of these organs, in whole or in part, will be found at last identical with the animus of individual editors. True, it may be supposed that the editors are themselves often the mold of the denominations which have created the organs which they control—and there is to an extent room for this allowance—yet, after due weight is given to this restraint, there is still a wide freedom, and a momentous individual power, which enjoys unmolested range beyond.

It will at once be seen and admitted, that a power of such immense sweep should be conferred in the most deliberate, cautious, and prayerful spirit; and should be guarded with the greatest vigilance, jealousy, wisdom, and concern. There is scarcely any other appointment that should be made with greater solemnity, and under a deeper sense of vast interests involved. Qualifications are evidently demanded which are not to be found at random, but which are “few and far between.” Whether the church in general has been, and is now, adequately impressed on this momentous point, we confess is doubtful to our mind. We do not believe that the different branches of the church exercise that care over their organs which is demanded in view of the vast influence which they do and might exert.

We very much mistake the character and christian spirit of the American church if the religious press truly reflects the general religious mind. We fail entirely to interpret the undertones of our christian life, if there is not widely and deeply felt a mournful degeneracy in the tone, spirit, and substance of religious newspapers, and if there is not a general need, as well as a general desire, for a great reform. In giving utterance to these sentiments, we protest that we give our own individual



views. If we supposed this, we would not have written a line on the subject; on the contrary, we most confidently pronounce what we have no doubt is the silent voice of the general christian mind and heart, as it utters itself in many a thoughtful heart, and in many private circles.

What ought a religious newspaper to be? If we answer to ourselves this question, even in a most general way, we shall at once become painfully conscious of the reigning degeneracy and defect in regard to this point.

What ought a religious newspaper to be? What would we expect it to be if it were proposed for the first time to send one into our family? In one word, it ought to be a saint—a christian! Its life ought to be the warm life of a christian. Its spirit ought to be the holy spirit of a saint—like the spirit of John! Its love ought to be the serene character of a saint. Prayer, praise, thanksgiving, cheerful hope, affectionate instruction ought to breathe on its whole surface. The fruits of the spirit ought to hang in clusters in its columns. The graces of the spirit ought to garland every sentence and sentiment. It ought to lie on our table redolent with the fragrance, and radiant with the light, and rich with the love of heaven.

Have we drawn the portrait of a religious paper correctly? Plainly this, as nearly as it can be reached, ought to be its character. Is any approximation to this spirit realized in the religious press of the present time? We answer painfully, but without hesitation, we believe not. If it be asked in what manner this spirit is sinned against, we find no difficulty in giving answer in pointing out what all will feel to be most lamentable defections from this standard.

Shall we bear testimony on this point? Then we at present refer only to one feature: To the prominent secular spirit which reigns in many of them, and in all more or less. Secular not only in the way of general news, but even in the way of political news, amounting often to evident party proclivities—suppressing the one side and dilating on the other in the selection of items. Some even carry their sectional and party preference so far as to give to their paper a political *animus*. Thus the reader, who should be piously disposed by what he reads, has his mind averted, if not even excited, by these “items” selected from the secular press, and almost always penned under strong party prejudices. Secular news is taken up as it comes hastily and under excitement from some point in the Dailies, and before the slow Weekly reaches its readers, is contradicted by authenticated facts, showing that a particular coloring had been given to it for party purposes. The man now who takes up the religious paper of his church is already posted up on both sides, and consequently item after item in the “secular department” strikes a hot brand into his feelings. How shall it be avoided, does any one ask? It may be avoided by letting the whole business alone. What! shall religious papers contain no secular news? We answer they cannot contain *news* in the nature of the case. News, now-a-days, comes by dailies and tri-weeklies—yea, by morning and evening papers, not by weeklies. It is truly amusing to read, two weeks after it is all over, that “Sebastopol has been taken;” or to receive the “President’s Message” in due form, column after column, long after the county papers have sent it into every nook and corner of the townships.



There is therefore no call for secular news in a religious paper on the plea either of necessity or accommodation to the readers.

Suppose even it were desirable as a convenience, is it proper in this way to mix up the religious and secular. Is it not a kind of conformity and succumbing to the spirit and taste of the world? The secular is important, but only in its place; and there it ought to be kept. Why should Cæsar, to say nothing of the world, parade his temporal business in God's paper? Two articles of food may be very palatable and wholesome when eaten separately which would neither be for health or comfort when mixed.

How often, too, does this secular feature of religious papers take the form of positive diversion and fun. Jokes and repartee are not uncommon. Granting that there is "a time to laugh," that time is certainly not when one is endeavoring to edify his spirit in the reading of a religious newspaper. It is the same as bringing a harlequin into a solemn assembly. There is a place for wit, humor, and smart sayings, but not in a religious newspaper.

How often, again, is an amusing vein, and a whole chain of positive fun, made to animate an entire communication, even when it professes to treat on a subject solemn in itself. Thus sacred things are treated with lightness. So common is this that it is scarcely possible to pick up a paper at random without falling upon an article of this kind. In many cases wit endeavors to show off even by allusion to a particular quotation of some scripture passage. No one who is at all read in our current religious papers will fail instantly to justify this remark and acknowledge its force.

The same secular spirit to which we have alluded, runs also through the advertising columns. Certainly the advantages of a religious paper ought to have some important accordance with the spirit of the paper. How common, however, is it to find columns devoted to business interests that have no more connection with religion than has a millstone, or a box of pills. Who has not seen quack-medicine advertisements in religious papers that not only flourished all the humbugging boasts to catch the ear and inspire the wonder of the ignorant, but presented all the positive indelicacies and even vulgarities which are so common in the silly twaddle of quackdom. How edifying to children!

We find even that the common catch-penny impositions from our cities are encouraged by some of our religious papers; or at least such as may be the worst kind of impositions, for all the reader knows. Who does not know that thousands are allured into the hands of impostors through advertisements like the following, which we cut from the religious paper which is at the moment of writing nearest to us:

**AGENTS WANTED!! MAKE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN.—**

The subscribers desire to procure the undivided time of an Agent in every County in the United States. Efficient and capable men may make several dollars per day, without risk or humbuggery of any kind. Full particulars of the nature of the business will be given by addressing the subscribers, and forwarding ONE Post Office Stamp to prepay return postage.

\_\_\_\_\_ & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

They are little posted up in the ways of modern humbug who suppose that this mysterious advertisement will not be responded to by thou-



sands who want to "make money when they can." Suppose it is some business at which "several dollars per day" may be made, who knows that it is not some scheme to circulate the very *vilest corruption*! If it should be nothing at all, each letter *stamp* will put three cents into the hand of the advertisers. Small as the sum is, it will bring in enough to pay the advertising, and besides this, a boarding bill every week at least, which is an attainment not to be despised! If it is any thing that may live in the light, why does it put the veil of mystery over its face? Ought such doubtful schemes, of which darkness is the element, live in the bosom of a religious paper? This is designed only as a specimen of its kind.

Do these observations not justify the remark that our religious papers have degenerated under the influence of a secular spirit? This, however, as we believe, is the gentlest charge that can be made. We have much more grievous defects and evils to point out, which, on account of the length of our present article, we must defer till next month. Meanwhile let it be remembered that we speak only of religious papers in general, in regard to which we are confident our remarks will be received as neither uncharitable or unjust. Wherever there are individual exceptions, in whole or in part, to them we do not wish our strictures to apply,

Nor let it be thought that we undervalue religious papers. We have already spoken of the mighty influence which it is in their power to exert. We ask only for a reformation, not a destruction: and for the accomplishment of this end, if we wish one thing more than another, it is that our voice might go much farther than we have any hope that it will reach.

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### G O N E H O M E .

THOMAS JEFFERSON GROSS.—This excellent young man, for several years one of the assistant Teachers of the Allentown Seminary, on the 14th of February last departed this life at the early age of 20 years, 6 months and 18 days. It was touching to see the whole school, to the pupils of which he had greatly endeared himself, follow his remains to the Cemetery, bearing in their hands bunches of evergreen, which they cast into his grave—at once a mark of their affection, and an emblem of their hope in the blessed resurrection. What an example to the young! This youth was yet in the early morning of life, and yet, by his piety and his industry in the service of others, he bound many hearts to his, and his grave is illumined with love and hope.

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### M A N A N D W O M A N .

As unto the bow the cord is,  
 So unto the man is woman,  
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
 Useless each without the other.—SONG OF HIAWATHA.



## G O O D F R I D A Y .

FROM THE GERMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

GRADUALLY the sound of the church bells died away on the air. The multitude of devout worshippers flowed forth from the house of God, and quietly dispersed, and a deep, solemn stillness proclaimed that holy Good-Friday evening had come. Dark and heavy over the earth hung the clouded heaven, and the pulse of nature scarcely awakened from the sleep of winter, seemed again to pause in fear and earnest expectation.

Anxiously the careful Pastor's wife sought the airy balcony of the parsonage to view the rising storm in the West. Here she perceived Minona, her tender blooming daughter leaning upon the railing, gazing out into the dim distance. Her eyes were filled with tears!

"What saddens you thus, my beloved?" asked the kind-hearted mother, as she took the hand of her sorrowing child.

But Minona said, "only let me weep, beloved mother, till my tears shall moisten the earth which once drank the innocent blood of the holiest Love! See! I have meditated on the time when the Godhead was a pilgrim on earth in human form. I have thought on that time of infinite blessing when the Eternal manifested himself to the gaze of mortal eyes. Bowed in deepest prayer my spirit was absorbed in the greatness of the offering, the remembrance of which we this day renew, while we call to mind that divine art which no human mind can fathom or exhaust—and I shed blessed tears!"

Silently the mother pressed her child to her bosom, and Minona continued: "Let us, my dear mother, remain here yet a while longer. My spirit is full of sacred sorrow and longing; and here on this balcony it seems as if we were nearer heaven, where the Divine Saviour is, who has so infinitely loved us."

They sat by each other's side, and looked forth silently over the landscape. Closer and still more close the clouds drew together, and a sweltry breeze like that which precedes a thundergust moved the tops of the trees.

"What a gloomy stillness," began Minona. "So, perhaps, did the heavens mourn as they led the innocent One away to the heights of Golgotha!"

The horizon grew still darker. At length the somber canopy of clouds broke: flames of lightning spread over the gloomy firmament, and the thunder rolled in majesty through the vault of heaven. Minona, seized with holy awe, buried her face. "The Holy One is dying!" she sighed; "the rending heavens proclaim the hour of his death!"

The bursts of thunder grew still more terrible. The strife of the elements continued without rest along the firmament. At length the dark bosom of clouds opened; great drops fell to the earth; the angry heavens grew calm, and the thunder ceased. Peacefully echoed the evening bells through the dripping rain, like words of heavenly consolation that fall into the tears of sorrow.



"It is finished," exclaimed Minona, and she lifted her countenance in prayer to heaven. The cloud-arch was divided; the evening sun shone mildly out through the vista, and a sweet fragrance breathed over the earth, like the breath of spring.

"Do you see the heavenly light?" said the mother; "the night of the storm is past, and the blessed spring-time of earth is born!"

"Truth bursts forth triumphantly from the night of the grave, and sits upon its blazing throne!" exclaimed the joyfully revived Minona. "For us her eternal kingdom is won!"

"Amen!" said the pastor, who had come softly near, "Amen," and they caught each other's hands; and their hearts were as full of blessedness and joy as if they had just heard the greeting of the Saviour: Peace be with you!

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#### L O S S E S .

UPON the white sea-sand  
There sat a pilgrim band.  
Telling the losses that their lives had known,  
While evening waned away  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tides went on with weary moan.

One spoke, with quivering lip,  
Of a fair freighted ship,  
With all his household to the deep gone down;  
But one had wilder woe,  
For a fair face long ago  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were, who mourned their youth  
With a most loving truth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever green!  
And one upon the West  
Turned an eye that would not rest  
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
Some of proud honors told,  
Some spoke of friends that were their trust no more,  
And one of a green grave  
Beside a foreign wave  
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,  
There spoke among them one,  
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—  
"Sad losses have ye met,  
But mine is heavier yet,  
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,  
"For the living and the dead,  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea!  
But, however it came to thee,  
Thine, stranger, is life's heaviest loss!"



## SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

## NO. II.

The big shark opened wide his mouth,  
The small fish thought it wondrous fun:  
“Come in, dear children,” said the big shark,  
“And let us love and all be one!”

WE shall make progress in our subject, and at the same time still fruther illustrate its nature by attempting an outline sketch of the history of Humbug.

The first humbug of which we have any account in history was the swarm of Babel-builders in the plain of Shinar. Here was the *evil* purpose—here was the attempt to *trick* God—here was the humming *swarm* of poor deluded men.

The magicians of Egypt were humbugs. They imitated and counterfeited the true power. They deceived the people with sham wonders. They caused them to swarm around them to their own injury and destruction.

What a graphic specimen of humbug we have in Absalom. It is as if one of our modern political demagogues had sat for the picture. He wished to steal the hearts of the people in order to dethrone his father David, and sit as king in his place. Now mark how he proceeds: “Absalom prepared him chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him. And Absalom rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate: and it was so that when any man that had a controversy came to the king for judgment, then Absalom called unto him, and said, Of what city art thou? And he said, Thy servant is of one of the tribes of Israel. And Absalom said unto him, See, thy matters are good and right, but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee. Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice! And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him. And on this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the king for judgment: so Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.” O, the dear people! How despicable, mean, and ridiculous his fulsome flattery of the people. How deeply dark and devilish his conspiracy against his father’s honor and throne! He met his just fate. There dangles the humbug by the hair in the branches of the oak! Let all such as seek the office, instead of modestly waiting for the office to seek them, take warning! It will be a blessed thing for our country when our politics will have become more silent—when voters shall think more and swarm less.

In the time of our Saviour, humbug had a complete embodiment in the Pharisees. Mysterious and awe-inspiring! Complete tricksters; making prayers long for pretense! Blowing their trumpets to call at-



tention to their holiness; and advertising themselves on their broad phylacteries. Paying tithes even to the mint, and giving alms to the poor to inspire confidence, and thus causing the widows to make them the depositories of their dowries, and the guardians of their children, and then devouring the widow's house and the orphan's bread—closing always with prayer! Here is humbug in its highest and truest form. A true humbug must always call in the aid of religion—he must cover his impositions with the cloak of seeming right. Even Barnum tells us that he always carried his Bible with him.

We cannot follow down the history of the world—though its annals are rich in specimens. It may be sufficient to remark that they are generally of the type of the ones mentioned. The hoary ruins of the Past show how extensively a humbugged race has been engaged in Babel-building. The annals of history are filled with the sham exploits of cunning magicians, who, in the employ of the Pharaohs in power, blinded the people, and if they did not hinder, they delayed the time of the people's deliverance. In the dim picture of the Past, if not by the hair upon the oak, then by the neck upon a gibbet, is seen many an Absalom who kissed the dear people for the sake of his own power and pocket, till they found him out. And can any one fail to trace, in the history of all ages and all lands, the generation of the Pharisees, who,

“In holy phrase, transacted villanies  
That common sinners durst not meddle with.”

Those who have not sufficient humility to confess the faults and follies of their native land, must excuse us when we say ours is the classic land of Humbug. In the circumstance of its being a country of motley inhabitants, with few ties to bind them to each other's interests, is to be sought and seen one reason for the prevalence of the spirit of humbug. Then there is also the greatest amount of freedom enjoyed, opening the door for the great grab of cunning. To this must be added the great liberty and facility of newspaper advertising, enabling a *puck to hum* in the ears of millions in a very short time, from among which he cannot fail to call out a swarm to buzz around the wildest folly. Nor must we forget that American society and civilization, cut off in a way from the stream of the deep solemn past, and being in a sense an independent phenomenon, has as yet somewhat of a by-rote, light, rattling, and floating character. It is more active than earnest—more busy and bustling than sound and serious—its power is more *extensive* than *intensive*. It has the “do-duty” of the English, the variety and vivacity of the French; but not yet sufficiently the earnest inwardness of the Germans. Hence, as not in deep streams but in broad and shallow ones, we find innumerable funnel-like wire-suckers, so do we find the true power and glory of humbug, in that stage and state of civilization where the channel of history is not yet sufficiently deep to bring to us the steady treasures of the past—the well-tried wisdom of ages. The fact is, a nation resembles an individual: when it is a child, it is childish, whether that be the first or the second childhood. In a new country, therefore, or in one old and worn out, must we seek for the classic soil of humbug.

There is a philosophy in humbug which, however, is easily learned.



It is this: All men have *weak* sides. This humbug knows; and hence he approaches them—mark this—not for their good, but for his own. This gives rise to the great variety of character and profession which humbug assumes. Let us see:

There are many persons weak in body, and so humbug turns doctor. Let no one ask to have a history of his practice—a hundred almanacs and a thousand columns of newspapers, fail to tell all his wonderful cures, from the baldness of the head to the corn of the toe! “Be sure to take six bottles—look well to the signature.” “None genuine without my signature!”—and thousands believe it all.

Millions have been made, not only by those who manufacture, but also large and liberal dividends have gone to editors for advertising, and to retailers for retailing. Palaces have been built from the proceeds.

But are we justifiable in regarding these quack medicines as humbug? There are those who have tried them, and advocate them. Their very popularity seems to be proof that they are true. This seems plausible; and yet how general is the sentiment that they are a humbug. How then do we account for their popularity? We answer thus: You will find, by close observation, that nearly all who buy and try, do so as an *experiment*. Their feeling is, If it will do no good it can do no harm. The advertisements are so fair, the certificates so many, and the poor invalids’ pains have been so keen and so long! What is money compared with health. I will try it.

Now, suppose there are only five such in the circle of every post-village in the United States—that adds up already 100,000. But now the first bottle is used up; and the invalid feels slightly better, of which there can be no doubt. Hope has cheered him; the very idea of taking what even the remotest probability may regard as a certain cure, has a tendency to draw the brooding mind from the malady, and give to soul and body a degree of cheerfulness and vigor. Besides this, all these quack medicines act temporarily upon the stomach, and blood, and nerves, which, without touching a seated disease, gives a hopeful tone to the system. Thus prepared, he reads again, “Do not stop under five or six bottles.” It must have a fair trial. One dollar is gone; there is hope in my present feelings. He takes the six!—there multiply, and you have 600,000 bottles, and as many dollars. This, on the supposition that, on an average, there are but five such invalids in every five miles square!

Besides, in how many cases is this medicine taken just at the point where previous treatment, or perhaps the rallying power of nature, has laid the foundation for a favorable change, or an entire cure. Thus, how easy for the most candid to be deceived into the giving of a certificate, which will cause another circle to swarm around humbug.

That the disposition to make the experiment is, to a great extent, at the foundation of the success of these medicines is confirmed by the fact, that they always run their course in a few years. But it takes a time sufficiently long, till all have experimented, to fill the pockets of the quack. When the public once moves in a certain direction, it takes a good deal of time and reason to stop the current and exhaust the momentum.

Then this quack medicine is always pleasant to take; this is an item.



No restriction in diet—another item. 'Then the programme covers a host of diseases, among which every person in the least diseased will be sure to find his own; or, if he has none, he will find some *symptom* mentioned; and is it not also a *preventive*? This is even better than cure; "one bottle will do it! Delay is dangerous!" If it be asked how one medicine can cure so many diseases, it is all plain, "it purifies the blood!"

Then, too, these quack advertisements always appeal to the lowest prejudices of men, to the disparagement of regular physicians. These humbugs are always the friends of the patient, against the "*oppressions*" of their own physicians! This appeal is food to a very large class of prejudices. There is a disposition natural to undervalue and suspect what is near them, in favor of what is at a distance. "No prophet has honor in his own country." The bosom of strangers seems warmer and pleasanter by its flattery. They know what cord to touch to feed this feeling. "This medicine is purely a vegetable compound. It does not contain a grain of any kind of mineral poison. It is free from calomel and quinine!"

Considerations like these, we are firmly of opinion, will explain the success of any quack medicine without attributing to it any virtue beyond a soother of the throat, or a cleanser of the stomach.

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#### THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realms of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep, and surge sublime,  
And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a musical Isle up the river Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing!  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the tones with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—  
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;  
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,  
And the garments she used to wear

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,  
All the day of light till night—  
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight!



## THE LOST LITTLE GIRL.

BY SELDOM.

"It always makes me feel badly to hear that bell," said a mother one day as a ringer passed along the street with a hand-bell, swinging it up and down in rapid motion, to make the loudest noise.

"Your city noises," we replied, "are not very pleasant; but why do you dislike that above others?"

"Oh, that is the saddest of them all." We understood not till she went on to say: "That is the signal that a child is lost, and some poor mother's heart is torn with anxious grief."

Just then, the ringer, at the top of his voice, called out: "Lost! lost!—a little boy, three or four years old, named Willie; parents live at No——" and he turned the corner while the sentence died away amid the confused Babel-like din of the city's bustling throng.

So frequent are such scenes, they become so common to the unfeeling crowd, that few stop their hurry and inquire into the case. The sad and disconsolate parents, and the miserable lost one, have no place in the heart of selfish trade and number-one-minding gain. Children often get lost in large cities, in more respects than one. In the country the case is vastly different. A case is just called to mind, which will always have a place in our memory.

In the fall of 1850, we were living in a mountainous district of one of the southern States. The usual quiet of our village was broken one morning in October, at day-break, by the ringing of the church bells; and the astonished sleepers were awakened from their slumbers only to be filled with consternation and alarm at being aroused in so unusual a manner. Gaping wonder was soon told that *a little girl, six years old, was lost in the mountain!* This case was as follows:

The children of a worthy farmer had gone the previous day into the mountain for chestnuts. The little girl was sent by the rest to find the wagon, no great distance off, but got bewildered and took the wrong direction, and so was lost. Immediate search was made by her brothers, which continued till night without success. With anxious hearts they then suspended their vain efforts, and sent off one to tell the sad news to the parents at home.

As soon as the melancholy state of the case was known, the father and family servants, together with some of the nearest neighbors, set out with lanterns for the mountain. The whole night was spent in fruitless search and hallooings. Still the fate of the child was unknown. The chill frost, lone terror of a benighted small child, wild beasts, and a thousand imagined horrors—and the child! oh, who knew its anguish, and the harrowing fears of the parents! Certain death would be easier borne.

Heart-rending and distressing as these facts were to the towns-people, when they were alarmed by the ringing bells, yet what were they to the suffering parental heart! Earnest solicitude for the fate of the child,



and deep heartfelt sympathy for the sorrowing parents was manifest in the expression of every countenance. Some swallowed a hasty breakfast, and others without any, soon started for the High Knob, near to which the little wanderer had last been seen.

On horseback or on foot, the merchant, mechanic, minister, teacher, farmer, all joined earnestly "to seek and to save that which was lost." Brighter Indian summer morning never dawned upon the world, but it was a sad day there. By eight o'clock two hundred persons were in the mountain, scouring it for miles around. Every ravine, glen and nook was thoroughly explored. After some hours the companies under their leaders one by one came straggling in, wearied and disheartened, to the place appointed at the Knob. Their looks plainly enough told their ill success. A general council was held. Give it up in despair, was advocated by some whose ardor and sympathy died away as their strength had wasted.

I never can forget that group of men. A few seemed to take the matter lightly. But nearly all looked as if in earnest. All the speaking that was done was eloquent. The minister urged them to renew the search. One man there was, I well remember him—his name was Moore—a simple mountaineer, whose eye may never see his name in print, and if he does, may not know what it is unless it be told him—he had withal a noble heart—he had been out all the night and morning, "but would never give the hunt up till the little gal was found." His earnest plea inspired new strength and hope.

Dejected there, the brothers of the little lost one stood, and self-condemned for having let her stray, seemed to plead with imploring eyes to "try once more to bring our sister home; oh, try again!"

Yonder, from the thicket, came the father of the lost child—a large and noble-looking man but yesterday. How that night of anxious care and toil has changed him! Haggard in looks, and with his stalwart frame bending as it were under the weight of his grief, he stood before the company, still grasping in his left hand the lantern he had used in the dark night, now gone from the world but not from his heart.

"Men!" said he, "let us take one look more!" To that simple, eloquent stirring, irresistible appeal, all hearts earnestly responded, "we will!" New companies were formed and the search again commenced. Sad and desponding hearts longed for a joyful issue. Hark! that signal: yes! it is the blowing horn—THE CHILD WAS FOUND! Soon, from mouth to mouth, was caught the sound—*alive?* and the reply was given along the extended lines, *yes, alive!*

Then did the "welkin ring." Instantly there arose a simultaneous burst of joyful shouting, blowing of horns and firing of guns. The long reverberations echoed among the hill-tops and far down into the vallies. A party of us on horseback brought the child down to the main road, while all the others were gathering to a common point nearer the town. A distance of five miles from where the child left her brothers, over a mountain path, through laurel thicket, the little wanderer's feet were directed by kind Providence to a habitation in the forest—where kind-hearted people found her at night-fall by the barking of the dogs, which had driven her into the woods again—and "took her in."

I saw the overjoyed father press his lost, and now found child, to his



heart. The joyful news was sent to the mother—the procession was formed, and in triumphant shouts entered the village, paraded the streets, and then dismissed with cheers, while the little one was carried to her home and waiting mother, a short distance from the town. The rest of the day was spent in thanksgiving.

Our western frontier settlers could tell many a similar story. It has its moral.

If one little girl was worth so much effort, why are multitudes that are in danger of being lost, never cared for? How many are lost, in the country and in the cities! If the body, and this life cause such anxiety, why are the souls and the life to come neglected? Oh, what infinite difference in their value and importance!

If a whole town and country can be aroused to search for a child, why can they not be brought to act for the salvation of their own and others? When first efforts fail, why not try once more! Refuse to eat and sleep till the object is gained. Why not be in earnest, as those men were? How far one can stray in a short time!

Who can feel like a parent for a lost child? So our heavenly Father feels for us. If others would give up, He does not—His love fails not.

Oh, that the lost ones might hear the voices, and see the lights that are in the mountains in search of them! Then might angels and men in triumph rejoice that the lost are found, and the dead are alive!

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## J O Y .

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Seek not the joy that warbleth,  
 Like an airy sportive song;  
 The joy that lightly danceth  
 Like the laughing rill along:  
 But seek the joy that swelleth  
 Like the organ's gravest notes;  
 That like a river rolleth,  
 Which heaviest burdens floats.

Not joy that post-haste rideth  
 Along like latest news;  
 It but a moment shineth,  
 Like morning's transient dews:  
 The deep heart never feeleth,  
 Nor owns its passing power;  
 But seek the joy that calmeth,  
 Like evening's thoughtful hour.

Seek not the joy that flasheth  
 Like a crazy meteor light  
 Along the dark empyrean  
 In the solemn dead of night;  
 But seek the joy that kindleth  
 Like morning's glowing sky;  
 That lights the dreary earth beneath—  
 The glorious heaven on high.



## E A S T E R   H Y M N I N G S .

FROM THE GERMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

WELCOME, blessed day! The Saviour, who had lain in the grave, has risen from the dead. The angels beheld him gloriously rise.

He lived a life of severest suffering. He died a death of deepest agony. Then he rested in the grave. Then he perfumed the resting-place of the saints. Then he opened the gate to our Father's house.

O beautiful day. From the night of the grave came forth he who is the life of all beings. He enters upon his eternal princely inheritance, as the heir of all things. Yet still he remains our brother.

Blessing on you, ye reviving fields and gardens. On you I behold the traces of the resurrection power. Every flower that comes forth from the bosom of winter is His—is from Him, and blooms for Him. To-day is my revived and reviving heart glad in Him.

How is my spirit rejoiced to see again my dear Lord who has come forth from the tomb. I will spread palm-branches in his way, as once did Salem's children. He shall move in triumph before me; and my own heart shall feel his victories in new life and joy. He does not, it is true, ride before me as he did before the multitude down the side of Olivet; and I cannot honor him in the same way as they did, yet I see him by faith, exalted to a far higher seat; and I withdraw to-day from the joy of the world, to meditate upon my victorious and exalted Lord. Instead of palm-branches, I lay my heart as an offering at his feet. Receive it, O Saviour, and make it ever more like thine own.

As an Easter gift bestow upon me a pure heart, full of love and peace. Lead me through this life quietly, if it may be; and if not, walk thou on the waves that toss me, and speak thou to the storms that beat upon me.

There yet shall dawn upon me a more lovely Easter day than this! One that shall so bless my heart as not to leave a single wo behind. Through death and the resurrection I shall reach that glorious day—a morning without clouds, a day that will know no setting sun.

Then I shall see thee, my Saviour, in the gladsome groves of Heaven; and all whom I have known and loved on earth, that have also loved thee, shall be gathered around me. Let there be none lost! In thy kingdom alone there is eternal peace; and as thou art exalted, draw us all after thee.

As I look towards thy holy heaven to-day, my heart is enlarged with hope, and grows tender with love. Deep in my spirit I hear a voice, sweet as thine, which seems to say: My peace I leave with you! Hail! glorious Easter. Hail! my risen Lord!

## H U M A N   L I F E .

How short is human life! The very breath  
Which frames my word, accelerates my death.

—HANNAH MOORE.



## HOW TO BECOME EDUCATED.

BY J. V. E.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear persons complain of their ignorance. This complaint, although common, is not always made by those only who can scarcely read, write and cypher. The reason why such persons do not in general complain in this way, is because it requires some learning to make us acquainted with our ignorance. It is most frequently made by those who have advanced somewhat in the rudiments. Their eyes have been partly opened to the value of knowledge, and hence they have a longing after more. This is natural: the intellectual vision increases in proportion as the mind becomes active and enlightened. With the increase of such vision, new objects for contemplation are observed, and new branches of the stream of wisdom and truth are discovered, which increases their desire for their exploration. So in the pursuit of one science or art we are brought into contact with another, and as we advance, with still another. All truth, science and art, make up one grand whole truth. The entering into one rivulet of the stream of wisdom, will, if pursued, lead to the fountain head of all wisdom. Hence if we have pushed our inquiries so far as to see faintly what is not yet understood by us, we are in a happy position for advancing farther.

Perhaps there is some young reader of *The Guardian* who has ardent desires for knowledge, and faint glimpses of the light, but how to become educated better is the perplexing question. To such we propose to lend some aid. Will you follow me young friend, sincerely, when I promise to assist you in surmounting the difficulties you imagine stand in your pathway and prevent you from becoming educated. You have the desire, but not the means and opportunity, you think, and hence need not cherish those ardent desires for wisdom which are doomed, as you suppose, to disappointment sooner or later. Only cherish that hope in your breast of becoming wise, and you will yet be able to rejoice in its realization. What are the obstacles in your way of becoming educated? Do you say:

1. You are too poor—you cannot spare the time to study. It is true some persons are apparently in more favorable circumstances than others for the realization of their hopes. Poverty, in some respects, is an almost insurmountable obstacle. But we believe it is much oftener a blessing than a curse. It is a stimulant to industry, which is one of the first qualities necessary in the student. All that makes a person eminent in science and art, is the result of toil. Wisdom is not a gift of nature. Mental labor makes the man of learning, and not birth. Any thing that prompts to this should be looked upon as an especial blessing. Suppose Luther had been the son of very wealthy parents is it very probable that he would have become the resolute, iron-willed reformer? Suppose that Calvin had been raised in ease and affluence, would he have become so eminent in the cause of Christ? Suppose that Bunyan had been the son of a king or nobleman, would his labors have so much cheered the



hearts of Christ's pilgrims? We believe not. Their circumstances urged them to industry. They saw no escape from fulfilling the command, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Having thus a basis formed by necessity for becoming useful, the Lord influenced them in the direction where He wanted their services. Thus God often places persons in limited circumstances to make them industrious, and accustom them to habits of toil, that He may make them useful. An idle, lazy person God does not make eminent. Many eminent and worthy persons in Church and State are such, in part, just because poverty drove them to labor. Believe me, young friend, if you plead your poverty as an excuse for not making effort to become learned, you are making that as an excuse which God designs as a reason to urge you on.

You also say you cannot spare the time for study. I suppose you think if you could have the opportunity to sit down day after day, with your books in your hand, your situation would be the most favorable one for becoming learned. Let me tell you, you are mistaken. It is not always those that spend the most uninterrupted time with books that know the most. The body needs exercise to give life and action to the mind. The mind is a living organism, and not a blank sheet upon which impressions are made. The more strength it gains, by virtue of the health of the body, the more capable it will be of active reflection and thought. Consequently, if bodily exercise is connected with mental labor, the latter can be endured much better and with greater success. So that it is the very best thing for us if our time is equally divided in this way.

To become educated, it is not necessary that a person be always engaged in reading books. He needs much time for the mind to work and act upon what it has gathered through books, observation and practice. The mind, like the stomach, must have time to digest what it has received. Those persons who exercise their mind most in this way are likely to become the most learned. For this reason we should always try to understand rather than learn by rote. By thus exercising the mind we will be able to add some original ideas to the general stock of literature, and not only be the mere echo of others. Have you not time for this? It is easy to take up one or two branches of science at a time, and spend a few hours each day, which every person can command if he will, and thus secure intellectual food for digestion, when at work or business. In this way you cannot fail to become more or less learned. But few persons who have the desire are prevented for want of time from educating themselves. If the time that is spent in idleness, nonsense and wickedness was devoted to study there would be few ignorant people. Many a man has made himself eminent in this way. The leisure time wasted by the majority of people would make up, in a score of years, a sufficient amount to study all the branches taught in our colleges. It is not the want of time, but the want of activity, determination, and effort that prevents most persons from the blessings of an education. Let any young man or lady try the experiment for one or two years, and they will be surprised at the amount of wisdom they will come to possess. The humble writer of this article gathered much of his limited knowledge by making good use of his leisure hours and evenings, and reflecting on it while at secular work.



Do you say, secondly, that because you cannot go to high school or college you cannot become educated? The advantage of a college course, it is true, is a great help. It is to be regretted that so many active, zealous and worthy young men are deprived of the privilege. But that should not be held as a reason for neglecting study. The facilities for educating the mind have become so great, that it might be said that the only difference in the advantages of the college student and the private one is that of the living teacher, in addition to the books, in the case of the former. However great the value of the living teacher as a help, his assistance is not so great that it is altogether impossible to become learned without it. In fact he is often a real injury, especially to lazy students, as his explanations are often depended on as an excuse for diligent study. If we are compelled to climb the mount of science we will become the better nerved for succeeding efforts. The more difficult the path, the greater effort will be required, and with every unassisted triumph we gain new courage. Herein lies the advantage of unaided efforts. Every man is self-made, whether in or out of college; but those who are thus made by unassisted study are often the most resolute, determined and unconquerable scholars.

“They attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;”  
believing hopefully—

“That nothing’s so hard but search will find it out.”

Our advice to every young reader of *The Guardian* is: study hopefully, study prayerfully, whether in or out of college. Study with determination, and you will without doubt become educated.

Do you say, thirdly, that you have not the natural genius to make a man of learning? If you conceive this to be your best reason for not endeavoring to educate yourself, you are mistaken. Are you sane?—have you common sense? Then you are naturally prepared for a course of study. That is the principal basis necessary for an education. The difference of men in intellectual qualifications is caused more by their difference in industry than in natural endowments. Show me an idle and careless young man, and I care not how superior his talents, he will never make much until a change takes place in his habits. Tell me a man’s habits of study, and I will judge better of his qualifications than by hearing a phrenological description of the faculties of his mind. There is nothing we believe that deceives young men more in this respect than the notion that, unless they have a *big head*, they can never become learned. I tell you, young friends, if you have a desire for an education, go to work. Leave the measurement of brains to others, and work! work! work! That’s the secret.

“Richard Burke being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother, Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, ‘I have been wondering how Edmund has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember, when we were at play, *he was always at work.*’ The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Do not trust to genius, young man, if you would rise, but work! work! work!”



## UNPRINTED LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ I trace the tale  
To the dim point where records fail.”

THERE is a great deal of literature that floats for ages, unwritten and unprinted, in the memories of the people. Sometimes it is, in this form, the possession of whole nations. This is the way in which the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Kalewala* of the Finns, the poems of Ossian, and the most ancient epics and popular songs of many other nations have been preserved for centuries, till they were embodied at last in the recorded literature of these nations. The art of printing has done away with much of this kind of traditionary wisdom; not perhaps without some injury to the popular memory, which is growing too good-naturedly content to leave knowledge to rest undisturbed in books.

Still this traditionary mode of preserving literature has not been entirely done away. There are yet many quiet vallies and neighborhoods where the venerable spirit is not entirely lost; and, in a quiet and modest way, there is still much useful knowledge preserved orally, and in manuscript, which does not aspire to a place among printed wisdom. It is worthy of remark, too, that without any ambition to be known in the world, much of it has really obtained a wider circulation than thousands of huge volumes of learning to which the types have lent their aid. This fact may stand to the praise of modesty, and as a reproof to literary ambition.

In attempting to bring to light some of this unpublished literature, we do not sin against the humble spirit by which it has been produced, seeing that the authors of it are long since beyond the reach of praise. Besides, we have numerous instances in which admiring and grateful disciples, having gathered the thoughts of their teachers and published them posthumously, to the great profit of the world. Thus are men's thoughts, which they themselves modestly withheld from the public, happily preserved in the archives of science. A like work, in an humble way, would we here perform.

We cannot, of course, go over the entire field in one brief article. There are to be found in the sphere of letter-writing alone sentiments and poetical gems, never published, not drawn from books, but orally learned and preserved—enough to fill many pages. There is not, for instance, a passage of sentimental love in Moore, or of heroic love in Byron, that has so often been made the bearer of good tidings from one heart to another, as the familiar traditionary couplet—

“ My pen is bad, my ink is pale,  
My love for you shall never fail.”

To record in print these scraps of literature, belonging to the sacred inner circle, would be an act too much like the sacrilege of that wicked



king who stole the holy vessels from the temple and carried them to Babylon to be profaned in the revelries of that dissipated court, for us to venture further. We will follow another vein, from which may be drawn equally rich treasures. We refer to the classic quotations current in school days, as the same live in many memories, and are found recorded on the blank leaves of school books.

We are of opinion that these sentiments, when properly arranged, do truly exhibit not only the intellectual, but also the moral and religious history of the scholar's mind and heart: even in the same way, and by the same philosophy, as the history of a nation's poetry shows its development. Most popular with the youngest boys, and as a revelation of the earliest feeling, is the following:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,  
For fear the gallows may be your end."

Here is the stern heroic—the spirit of the brave moral epic. In the words "my honest friend," there is a recognition of that primitive faith and truthfulness which characterizes the patriarchal period. It reveals the natural reliableness of the age preceding that degeneracy from honest principles which comes in later through luxury, and is covered by the vain show of a false refinement. The warning, "steal not this book," shows a dawning sense, in the minds of the "smaller scholars," of the danger which this moral degeneracy brings with it, as it already manifests itself in the spirit and habits of the "larger boys," whose innocence, in their state of advancement, is in peril. Even thus, and by a like law of evil, are the honest bonds of faith in patriarchal life broken by the marauding spirit which comes in at a later period.

That this couplet belongs to a primitive period of boyhood is also forcibly indicated by its prominent appeal to the principle of "fear." Also by the terrible character of the punishment threatened:

"For fear the gallows may be your end!"

This stern penalty indicates a period of high moral principle—a spirit of supreme respect for right. It belongs to a time when law is recognized, by an uncorrupted faith, as truly a "terror to evil doers." The abatement, or the entire doing away with stern penalties, belongs to an age already run out into weak sentimentalism—an age that, under a false cultivation, loves to prate about the dignity of human nature, and that begins with the bravery of Self, to advocate progress, which is not based on the old foundations, but progress which would break away from them—progress committed to the guidance of mere natural wisdom and its vain imaginations. How often have the "large boys" laughed at the earnest record of the smaller ones: "For fear the gallows may be your end!" They have treated it as a mere scare-crow! They are old enough to know better than to be frightened by fears and terrors. The "gallows," they think, may be talked of among semi-barbarians; but the progress of refined philanthropy does away with such things! Is not this the very language of boys of a larger growth, under the power of moral degeneracy which they call progress.

That the probable thief is called "honest friend" is significant. He is not yet a thief, but is only in that position where he may properly be



warned against becoming one. Why then should he not be called a "friend" and an "honest" one too. It shows the writer to be uncorrupted himself; for only the guilty will at once suspect others of guilt. Here is innocence regarding the one who takes up the book innocent as himself; and as an innocent, honest friend warns him against wounding and defiling his conscience and entering the road to ruin by the theft of a school book.

There is also a deep philosophy indicated by applying these words honest friend to the reader. It is believed that by a deep and sure law of human nature children are apt to become what they are harshly charged with being. The child that is rudely denounced and scolded in its own hearing as stupid and stubborn is likely to become such. Such rough denunciations cow and crush the spirit; and the child passively yields to be what others are ever telling it that it really is. It is said that persons have actually taken diseases which others represented them as being in danger of, or which they were told had commenced in their system. It is known that the imagination has a powerful influence over the whole person, soul and body. We greatly admire the truly christian philosophy of the expression "my honest friend!" Even the civil law teaches us to regard a man as innocent till he is proved guilty. Shall the christian spirit be less charitable?

The fearful prophecy in the lines quoted cannot be too solemnly weighed and taken to heart. How often has the "gallows been the end" of such as began in a much smaller way than "stealing a book?" Read the confessions which have been made under the gallows, and you will have sufficient proof of this. The stream of evil, like the stream of good, has always a small beginning. The little boy or girl that is a thief in school, is on the broad way of being a thief afterwards. How often, too, and how directly always, does the attempt to steal lead to murder; and murder leads to the gallows. Have not more than one half of those that are hung for murder; murdered to steal and rob. Let not this childish prophecy and warning be lightly regarded. There is, in fact, as in the decalogue, an intimate connection between "thou shalt steal" and "thou shalt not kill."

We are not of those who think that this childish record on the blank leaves of school books has served no purpose. We bear testimony that our memory still retains and hums over the echo of impressions made by it upon our infant mind. We believe there are whole poems which have far less impressed the mind of the world. Experience has taught us things pertaining to a general defection from old-fashioned honesty which lead us to believe that it would be well for every one who wishes to keep his library from being scattered, still to write in each of his books:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend."

It might prove a useful monitor to many an "honest friend" who borrows books and forgets to return them.

We must not forget to mention, that though the form of the couplet on which we have been commenting is beyond doubt the oldest, and therefore the true reading, yet there is another version of it not without considerable antiquity and merit. It runs thus:

"Steal not this book for fear of shame,  
For in it stands the owner's name."



The critical reader will at once see that this is a more modern reading—the fruit of an attempted improvement. But alas! what a coming down! It reminds one of the improvement once suggested by a certain spiritual chorister, to be made in one of Watts' Psalms, so as to read:

“O, may my heart be tuned within,  
Like David's sacred violin.”

Examine the improved reading again, and you will recognize at once that it is the creation of a suspicious and degenerate spirit. See the effeminate and washy morality which underlies it. See the self-complacent dignity and courteous indulgence to which it aspires. See how it appeals only to a sense of honor—honor of human nature. No penalty to the thief except the loss of self-respect—“for fear of shame!” No higher fear is brought to confront the thief than “the owner's name!” Here is no reverence for law except the law of self-respect in the thief, and the law of honor which “the owner's name” is to uphold. Such morality is at once put to the rout by the question: Suppose the probable thief has neither fear of shame nor sense of honor? Which thing, moreover, is very likely to be found in the case of any one seriously in danger of becoming a thief.

This last version has evidently been the work of the “larger boys.” We believe an examination will prove that it is generally found in the English Readers, Primary Arithmetics, Geographies and Grammars. It belongs to that age when a certain class of manly boys would feel it to be a “shame” not to fight if “honor” should require it. The word “owner,” shows the dawn of personal importance. The boy is not wholly dependent upon a parent's indulgence for small change. He has some skill in trading; and has discovered independent sources of revenue in apples, calamus, rabbit-skins, and such like. He flourishes a four-bladed knife instead of a plain barlow; wears a coat “out of the store” instead of home-made; and perhaps even carries a watch! When these things are considered, it is easy to see that “the *owner's* name” carries some dignity and terror with it, to the keeping of which a book may safely be entrusted! Why should such a lad speak of “the gallows,” when his own “name” inspires all the fear needed in the case. What a want of personal honor would it imply, should such bravery call in the aid of a penalty beyond itself, and thus stand upon a level with “the smaller boys.”

Not wishing to be tedious, we must stop here for the present. We will be glad if our earnest young readers will learn more from this article than is written. We hope that it does not only awaken some pleasant memories, but that it contains also some philosophy, and several suggestions in ethics. We, moreover, ask the privilege of continuing the subject next month.

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THE DIFFERENCE.—“Never bury hatchet! Scalp, fight! fight, scalp!” was the last command of a dying heathen sachem to his tribe.

“Tell sinners, ‘Repent;’ tell Christians, ‘Love the brethren,’” was the last message of a poor old dying Christian Indian to his people.



## THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

## NO. XVII.—THE SHITTIM TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The loved and lone Acacia tree.—MOORE.

SHITTIM, sittem, or sittah wood is frequently mentioned in the books of Moses; and also once by the prophet Isaiah, 41, 19. It is the wood of which the sacred vessels, used in the services of the tabernacle, were made, and also the pillars and doors. It is thus one of the most honored, as it is also one of the most interesting trees of the Bible.

Orientalists generally agree that this tree is the same as that which is now known in the East as the black ACACIA, from which our gum arabic is obtained. "The seventy interpreters, says Paxton, generally render it by the term incorruptible. Theodotian, and after him the Vulgate, translate it by Spina, a thorn. The shittim-wood, says Jerome, resembles the white thorn in its color and leaves, but not in its size; for the tree is so large, that it affords very long planks. Hasselquist also says it grows in Upper Egypt, to the size of a large tree. The wood is hard, tough, smooth, without knots, and extremely beautiful. This kind of wood grows only in the deserts of Arabia; but in no other part of the Roman empire. In another place he remarks, it is of an admirable beauty, solidity, strength, and smoothness. It is thought he means the black acacia, the only tree found in the deserts of Arabia. This plant is so hard and solid, as to become almost incorruptible. Its wood has the color of the Lotus tree; and so large, that it furnishes plank twelve cubits long. It is very thorny, and even its bark is covered with very sharp thorns; and hence it had the Hebrew name *shata*, to decline or turn to and fro, from making animals decline or turn aside by the sharpness of its spines. The interpretation now given, seems to be confirmed by the following remark of Dr. Shaw: "The acacia being by much the largest and the most common tree of these deserts, we have some reason to conjecture, that the shittim-wood, of which the several utensils of the tabernacle were made, was the wood of the acacia. This tree abounds with flowers of a globular figure, and of an excellent smell; which is another proof of its being the sittah tree of the scriptures, which, in the prophecies of Isaiah, is joined with the myrtle and other sweet-smelling plants.' Besides, we have no reason to conclude, that the people of Israel possessed any species of wood for making the utensils of the tabernacle, but what they could procure in the desert; but the desert produces none in the quantity required, except the acacia. In one place they found seventy-two palm trees: but the sacred writer distinguishes them by their vulgar name; therefore they could not be the same tree; nor is the palm, which is a soft spongy wood, at all fit for the purpose—for the nature of the utensils, as the ark of the testimony and the mercy-seat, required wood of a fibre the hardest, the most beautiful and



durable which could be found, had it been in their power to make a choice; and these are the very characters of the acacia. To these important qualities may be added, the fragrant odor emitted by this wood, which to Orientals who delight in rich perfumes, must have been a powerful recommendation. But if the acacia was perfectly suited to the purpose of Moses, and if the desert produces no other, as Dr. Shaw declares, the shittim-wood mentioned in the scriptures must be the acacia of the natural historian."

The Arabians call the acacias in the Holy Land, *sunt*. This, we are told by German scholars, is the old Egyptian pronunciation of the Hebrew name shittah, and designates that species of the acacia which does not yield much gum. That part of the valley of Jordan, in which lies the town Shittah, is now known as acacia plain, and called by the Arabs *wadi el sunt*. This seems to be adequate proof that the shittim of scripture is the oriental acacia tree. See also ROBINSON, vol. ii, p. 349.

This beautiful tree is said often to be found quite alone in the midst of the Arabian desert. It must be cheering to the traveler's eye as it rises before him in green and blooming beauty where no other green tree is near. It is on this fact that the touching song is based :

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;  
But oh ! the choice, what heart can doubt,  
Of tents with love or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope  
The silvery-footed antelope  
As gracefully and gaily springs  
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—the Arab maid will be  
The lov'd and lone acacia tree,  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With the light sound thy loneliness.

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THE MEMORY OF SAINTED INFANTS.—The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less when the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.



## HOME AND MARRIAGE.

BY WILLIAM ADAMS.

WHEREVER man appears there society appears, simultaneously as it were, and coeval with his existence. Man *as made* was one, it is true, at first, but afterwards, when "the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone," from his flesh and bones was made a partner for him. And since then, man *as born* has always come into society—he has been born into it. And this society made up of a pair, a man and a woman living together—a husband and a wife. This pair, with their offspring, constitute the family. Their dwelling is called home.

Hence result a multitude of relations of persons—of husband to wife—of wife to husband—of parents to children—of children to parents—of brothers to sisters—of sisters to brothers. All these manifestly are relations between persons in society, and that society composed of these persons is the family.

And again, owing to the nature of man, which is a nature in space and time, this society, the family, has a *place of inhabitation*, a dwelling to itself exclusive, in which only the one family dwells, or ought naturally to dwell, the home: and the society therein is, as it were, set apart from the rest of the world by visible and tangible limits; defined by them to be, although composed of many members and many relations naturally, still *one only*. One by exclusion of others from without; one by union of interests and feelings and mutual aid within; one by authority and by love. A oneness of organization with manifoldness of members and relations and affections. There is authority there, in the authority of the father. And there also naturally exists the unity of love, represented in all its possible relations, and flowing, as it were, from one fountain, the mother.

We come now to examine into the nature of this society, and the affections that are in the heart towards it.

And first, the question is, Whence comes it? How was it organized? Whence its laws? This I conceive a question worth noting, but not worth examining. I see the man that was made by the hand of God, by him brought into society—but all men that *are born*, born into a family. The family, I see, by the most ancient of histories—the Bible—to have been instituted of God. I then, as a plain matter of fact, take it for granted that it was so: that for *one man* and *one woman* to live together as husband and wife all their days, that this was the original institution. That those who lived otherwise were not they who *lived as at first*, but they who *broke off* and *diverged from the original institution*. Heathens may say—

"First men crawled out from the earth, a brute and dumb class of animals, fighting with fists and nails for acorns and wild fruits, then with cudgels, and with arms which necessity invented. Then their rude cries they gradually formed into articulate language; and lawgivers came, who taught them marriage and instructed them in law."



This is the heathen view entirely. The christian is, that marriage was the original state, and language a divine gift, and law a thing natural to man from his own reason and from the nature of society and of God; and that if men were found in a state such as above described, it was because they had sunk voluntarily into it.

But to resume: Men, asked any questions with regard to the family when they are possessed with this Heathen notion, will answer, the law makes it so; taking it for granted unwittingly that the law could make it otherwise.

But with regard to marriage, does not the law enact it? Does it not inflict penalties upon those who shall transgress this enactment? and thereby first cast the family into a precise and definite shape, and then by its action to retain it?

Granting that it does all this—all this will not be *to constitute it*, but only to *protect, guarantee, and define* it, by the consent and legislative power of the nation. If the thing be "*right*," then legislation sanctioning it is good; but if it be not "*right*," then no legislation can make it so.

The foundation, then, of the family and its law, I seek in the nature of man and of society, and in the express law of God. These are they that make and constitute the law of marriage and the law of the family; and human legislation is good so far as it expresses and reflects these.

But when human legislation upon any point opposes these, and says that it shall not be so, but otherwise, then human legislation fails. Mohammed permitted and enacted polygamy—and Nature starts up and says, "Nay, it shall not be: polygamy, the allotment of many wives to one man, cannot be the law of a nation, for only one woman throughout a nation shall be born for one man." And thence throughout the nation that *human law* is wholly inoperative as a law—that is, as an universal rule of life; and the only effect is tolerated licentiousness among the rich and great, and a decay of principle among the poor, and a decrease of happiness and prosperity in the nation.

If law be according to the nature and being of man and according to the law of God, then it is right, and sanctions that which is right; but if it be not "*right*," "*ruled*," that is, according to the eternal measure of immutable and unchangeable morality, then it is not so good. The will of God externally—the nature of man internally—as interpreted by the universal reason in society—these are the measures of all human legislation. And these always and for ever agree.

Having so digressed, we shall, for a while leave the legal consideration of "Marriage," the "Family," and the "Home," and go to the ethical consideration, that which examines not its laws under legislation, but its foundations in the nature of man, and in the law of God.

Now with regard to nature, we find the feelings of the oneness and exclusiveness of the marriage so prevalent among men from the beginning, that it gave rise to many pretty and interesting fables. "The soul of man and woman," says one ancient Greek fable, "was originally one; it was then divided by Jove into two portions, half to one body, and half to the other; and hence the one soul, with instinctive patience, seeks its lost half, and will wander over the world for it, and, if united with it, shall be happy, if not, miserable."



Behold a theory which at one blow accounts for all traveling and emigration, as well as all happiness and unhappiness of the marriage tie, and yet expressing sufficiently the sense the author of it had of the spiritual harmony of marriage.

“Behold,” say the Cabalists—those Jewish retailers of absurd philosophy and foolish wisdom—“man was originally one, both soul and body, the ‘Ish Kadmon,’ or primitive created being, and then God separated them, and man fell!” a most absurd and ridiculous notion, and yet showing the sense these strange philosophers had of the intimate relation of unity which the masculine character bears to the feminine.

Strange fables, these, and yet bearing witness to the natural fact of unity brought about and realized by the marriage tie.

In fact, through all time antecedent to Christ, the fables of all nations, extravagant as they may be, still bear witness to the feeling and persuasions of a union the most intimate between the parties, a union of body, soul, and spirit as effectual as if they had actually become *one body, one soul, one spirit*. And this persuasion and universal sentiment assumes manifold forms, some amusing and ridiculous, and some interesting and even sublime, according to the nature and temper of the narrators.

And in philosophic earnestness and truth, when we examine the nature of man and woman, we shall find that one is, as it were, the complement and counterpart of the other, that which renders it perfect; so that in the natural quest to feel and determine what would be the perfection of humanity, we should have to combine and unite the various attributes and qualities of both minds, the masculine and the feminine, and would find that all qualities of the one nature would, as it were, combine with and perfect those of the other.

For instance, the intellect of man, being intellect, is still a very different thing in nature from the intellect of woman, but so different as to correspond to and complete it. And when we come to imagine the height and perfection of intellect, not barely great intellect, but the utmost degree and topmost summit of all greatness of mental power, then we naturally fall into a combination of both. We unite the tenderness, the grace, the delicacy of the female intellect, with the boldness, and strength, and robustness of the masculine mind; and we find this combination actually to exist in Shakspeare, Dante, Homer, in the men of the highest reach always, but not in men of second-rate powers.

And when we look at these faces of the loftiest genius, then shall we see the tenderness of the female countenance uniting itself with the strength of the masculine; as may easily be seen in the portrait of Dante, of Shakspeare, or even of Milton.

In the same way, if we take the whole nature—the conscience, the reason, the affections, the will, the understanding—in the case of all these, they are the same in both sexes; but in one there is a certain quality we call “masculine,” and in the other, a quality we call “feminine,” and one is supplementary, as it were, to the other, completes and perfects it. No wonder then that this constitutional adaptedness, this natural agreement of two different natures towards unity of end, should be explained by such extravagant philosophies, existent as that harmony is in all faculties of the whole being.

But the sense of harmony in two towards one purpose, or rather



towards oneness of life, is manifested exceedingly in the ordinations and definitions of legislators. "Nuptiæ sive matrimonium," says the Roman law, "est viri et mulieris conjunctio individuum vitæ consuetudinem constituens." "Marriage is the union of man and woman, constituting a united habitual course of life, *never to be separated*;" and again the same Roman law defines it to be a "Partnership of the whole life—a mutual sharing in all rights, human and divine."

But much as the Roman law acknowledges this natural unity; or rather tendency and adaptedness for unity of life, much further the English Common Law goes, for it actually considers, for all legal purposes, man and wife to be "*one person*."

To quote a modern writer: "The English law goes further, and considers the husband and wife as one person. As the lawyers state it, The very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated and consolidated in that of her husband, under whose wing, protection, and cover, she performs every thing, and is, therefore, in our law-French, called *feme coverte*, and her condition during her marriage is called her *coverture*."

"Hence a man cannot grant any thing to his wife by a legal act, or enter into a covenant with her, for this would be to covenant with himself. The husband is bound by law to provide his wife with the necessities of life; if she incur debts for such things, he is obliged to pay them. Even if the debts of the wife have been incurred before marriage, the husband is bound to discharge them, for he has espoused her and her circumstances together. If she suffers an injury, she applies for redress in her husband's name, as well as her own. If any one has a claim upon her, the suit must be directed against her husband also. In criminal prosecutions, indeed, the wife may be indicted and prosecuted separately, for the union is only a civil union. But even in such cases, husband and wife are not allowed to be evidence for or against each other, 'justly,' say the lawyers, 'because it is impossible their testimony should be impartial;' but principally because of the union of person. For being thus one person, if they were admitted witnesses for each other, they would contradict one maxim of law: 'No one can be a witness in his own cause;' and if against each other, they would contradict another maxim: 'No one is bound to accuse himself.'"

This is the doctrine of that English Common Law, which its ablest advocates have pronounced the "perfection of reason," and which, undoubtedly, from the oldest Saxon times, has been the free element in the constitution of England. This dogma, therefore, that civilly the effect of marriage is the union of the two into one person, is the decision of the Common Law; a decision, we fear not to say, that nearer expresses the truth than any other. For, as we have shown, the natural feeling of the human heart, expressed in many fables, many philosophies, and many legal enactments, is such that it confesses a union of the closest and most intimate kind between the husband and the wife—a union so closely drawn and intimate, that by no other words can we clearly express the fulness of it, than by those of the Anglo-Saxon law—"these two individuals make one person."

So, when we come to the scriptures, we find the same doctrine most plainly held forth. The doctrine that these, being two individuals, "are



one flesh," one humanity—that is, one, not only in union of interest, will, sympathies, and affections, for this is a figurative oneness, but one as no other oneness is: so one, that by Christ's law nothing but death can disunite them; one, so that the unbelieving husband or wife is sanctified by the believer; one, as Christ and his church are one; one "in a mystery"—that is to say, the fact is *to us* impossible and incomprehensible as a *fact*, yet, as being revealed to us by the word of God, is true; while the means whereby it is so, the grounds, the consequences of it, these lie far beyond us, deep hidden in the limitless power and the inscrutable wisdom of the eternal God. This, as may be seen from the words of St. Paul and of our Lord Jesus, is the true doctrine of the scripture and the church concerning the marriage union:

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as *unto the Lord*. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the Saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be subject to their own husbands in every thing. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. *So ought men to love their wives as their own body. For he that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church; for we are members of his body, his flesh, and his bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall become one flesh. This is a great mystery; and this I apply to Christ and the church.*" Eph. 5: 22.

This is the plain doctrine of scripture; a doctrine that says that, in the very being and constitution of man by his creation, there is a mystery in reference to marriage.

A mystery, in the Scripture language, is "a thing declared to us as a fact, and therefore to be received upon the evidence of Almighty God, and yet the reasons and causes of which are hidden from us." So is "the Incarnation," the fact that God was born of a woman and assumed flesh—this is a "mystery," a fact declared and shown, and for which, on natural grounds, the grounds of mere reason, we cannot account.

Thus marriage is a "Mystery," and the Mystery is, that as "Christ and the Church" are actually one, so should the husband and wife be one—that as we, having mortal bodies here upon earth, are united with his Spiritual and Immortal Humanity upon the throne, and are thus one with him, so should two, the Man and the Woman, being two, *become and be one flesh*.

And hence *that*, as the Church obeys Christ, so should the wife obey the husband: not through compulsion, but through love; and so should the husband love the wife, as Christ loved the church, because this is the natural consequence of his position, and because "she is his flesh, and no one hateth his own flesh."

Here is the mystery. The apostle takes it for granted that they are *actually and really one*, and argues therefrom *as it is so*; but the reason of the union that makes it so he does not declare—only that *it is*.



## ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE PARENTAL CHARACTER.

BY RICHARD CECIL.

THE influence of the parental character on children is not to be calculated. Every thing around has an influence on us. Indeed, the influence of things is so great, that, by familiarity with them, they insensibly urge on us principles and feelings which we before abhorred. I knew a man who took in a democratical paper, only to laugh at it. But at length, he had read the same things again and again, so often, that he began to think there must be some truth in them, and that men and measures were really such as they were so often said to be. A drop of water seems to have no influence on the stone; but will, in the end, wear its way through. If there be therefore such a mighty influence in every thing around, the parental influence must be great indeed.

Consistency is the great character, in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much temper; but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood and allowed for as reason opens. The child will see and reflect on his parent's intention: and this will have great influence on his mind. This influence may, indeed, be afterwards counteracted: but that only proves that contrary currents may arise, and carry the child another way. Old Adam may be too strong for young Melancthon.

The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible. The child feels his parent's authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parent's weight and influence. Here are data—fixed, fixed data. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps; but it is impossible.

Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel: but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them: like embers we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see "The Minor." He could laugh heartily at mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me, it was none: it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man: it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way.



I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day, in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing.

It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience; and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view—planning and acting with that world before us—this gains at length, such a hold on them, that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterward imbibe, there are few children who, at night—in their chamber—in the dark—in a storm of thunder—will not feel. They cannot cheat like other men. They cannot sin like other men. They recollect that **ETERNITY**, which stands in their way. It rises up before them, like the ghost of Banquo to Macbeth. It goads them: it thunders in their ears. After all, they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed on to return to God without delay: “I **MUST** be religious, one time or other. That is clear. I cannot get rid of this thing. Well! I will begin at such a time. I will finish such a scheme, and then!”

The opinions—the spirit—the conversation—the manners of the parent, influence the child. Whatever sort of a man he is, such in a great degree, will be the child; unless constitution or accident give him another turn. If the parent is a fantastic man—if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who married such an one, and who married such an one—if he is a sensualist, a low wretch—his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man—his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping, hard, miserly man—such will be his children. This I speak of as **GENERALLY** the case. It may happen, that the parent’s disposition may have no ground to work on in that of the child. It may happen, that the child may be driven into disgust: the miser, for instance, often implants disgust, and his son becomes a spendthrift.

After all, in some cases, perhaps, every thing seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet he casts his bread upon the waters. And, perhaps, after he has been in his grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.

Besides, parental influence must be great because God has said that it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating. God has said that his character shall have influence.

And this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete **SELFIST**. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their “family”—and their “family”—they “must provide for their family.” Their family has no place in their **REAL REGARD**. They push for themselves. But God says—“No! You think your children shall be so and so. But they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you.” The most common of all human complaints is—Parents groaning under the vices of their children! This is all the effect of parental influence.

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**TRUE HAPPINESS.**—The greatest happiness a man can enjoy is in doing a good act.



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NOTES ON LITERATURE.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN CALVIN, the great Reformer. Translated from the German of Paul Henry, D. D., Minister and Seminary-Inspector in Berlin, by Henry Stebbing, D. D., F. R. S., in two volumes. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

This is a full and complete life of one who is, in a wide sense, a representative man. The book is rightly called "Life and Times," for it unfolds to us in nearly one thousand pages the general workings of the Reformation life during more than the first half of the 15th century. This was necessary in order to portray fully the life of the Reformer whose influence was so mighty a factor in the history of the times. Though there have been lives of Calvin before this, yet the theological public is agreed that this is the only work at all adequate to the theme. It is learned, thorough, and drawn from the best sources. The author inspires you with confidence on every page. Its great excellence is its sober dignified tone. It is not dramatical, in the style of De Aubigne, making characters frisk lightly before you, but a picture of earnest men with an earnest age as its background. Dr. Henry brings out the mind of Calvin, not only as it appears in his public acts, but also as it lies in his written works. How much of the true and most earnest life of a man like Calvin, after all, is found preserved as the soul of what he has written. This is frequently overlooked by biographers. There is much brought out in this volume which, if candidly read, will modify the views and feelings of many in regard to Calvin's peculiar theological views; especially in regard to his relation to the melancholy case of Servetus. What gives this indication more force to the reader's mind is the fact that Dr. Henry gives evidence abundantly, as he passes along, that he has not taken up Calvin as a hero, but with a steady hand records his faults as well as his virtues. We earnestly commend this Life of Calvin to all who seek true information in regard to this man of history. His deep and strong sacramental spirit, however difficult, perhaps impossible, it may be to reconcile it with his views concerning the divine decrees, is much needed at the present day as a check to Reformers of the Reformation. The Carters', of whose list of theological publications we have frequently spoke in praise, have done a good work in bringing out this excellent Life of Calvin.

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ORIGIN AND ANIMUS OF THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH: A Discourse. By Rev. Geo. B. Russell, A. M., Pittsburg, Pa. Chambersburg: M. Kieffer & Co. 1856.

This treatise may be safely recommended to such as seek correct information in regard to the history and doctrinal spirit of the German Reformed Church. The sketch is necessarily brief, yet it is comprehensive, and breathes a spirit of openness and candor. Mr. Russell handles the pen well; and shows, moreover, in this discourse, that he has studied the deeper elements of modern church history with earnestness and care.

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A COLLECTION OF THIRTY THOUSAND NAMES OF GERMAN, SWISS, DUTCH, FRENCH, PORTUGUESE AND OTHER IMMIGRANTS IN PENNSYLVANIA; Chronologically arranged from 1727 to 1776. By I. Daniel Rupp. Harrisburg. 1856.

This work is to be issued in monthly numbers till completed at \$1 for the whole work, if paid in advance. A copy will be sent gratis to any one sending \$10 with ten subscribers. Mr. Rupp deserves much praise for this work of patience. It will place in the hands of subscribers the means of tracing their ancestors, which must prove a great satisfaction to all who have not, under a false training, grown indifferent to their own earthly origin. We are among those who believe that any who care not about their earthly origin, care also as little as to anything higher. We are much mistaken if this work will not be much sought for.



# THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

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VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1856.

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## INJURIOUS LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

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BY WM. C. SCOTT.  
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THERE is a classification of literature which consists of what are termed *works of pleasure and amusement—entertaining but innocent*. Their claim of innocence may, perhaps, be conceded to this extent, that they avoid making a direct assault on any one of the social virtues; but, while yielding this concession, we are compelled to object to faults of another kind, as chargeable on this class of literature. A grand moral error, inseparable from such works, is an undue prominence given to pleasure as an object of pursuit. Connected with this error is another, viz., a fatal mistake as to what constitutes true pleasure. That there is an innocent diversion of mind, no one but a morose ascetic will for a moment deny. But this diversion should be to the mind what relaxation is to the body, an occasional relief from the more severe labors of life. But, if life itself is converted into a holiday; if the mind has no higher aim than pleasure, and the body no other employment than the gratification of its senses, then nature itself, in maintaining such an unnatural system of life, is forced to the necessity of obtaining variety and zest in its enjoyment by adopting artificial, stimulating and destructive ingredients, and pursuing a career of dissipation and profligacy, disastrous alike to the health of the body and the happiness of the mind. Man was not placed in this world merely to be diverted: and he who makes diversion his only aim in life, sacrifices both his duty and his happiness. Pleasure, when innocent, is always subordinate to duty; and he who holds duty supreme, takes the only course to secure real and permanent pleasure.

Here, then, is the grand defect of the class of writers under consideration. They make pleasure the great end of life; and they fail to discriminate between true and false pleasure. They take for granted that pleasure is the chief good—the “one thing needful;” and they do not pause to inquire how it stands related to other interests, or to ask even if there be any interest apart from this. Nor do they deem it incumbent on them to ascertain what qualities are necessary to constitute true



pleasure. This is not their office. They do not aspire to be teachers and guides, that they may instruct mankind what paths to choose and what to avoid. They aim only to be entertaining and amusing companions, to divert the tedium of the journey. It is not their part to correct the tastes and tendencies of the age. They must consult the popular taste, and fall in with the fashionable current, in order to render themselves as agreeable and pleasant as possible. They are well aware, too, what kind of entertainment the public taste demands. They know that in this reading age, most men read, not to be instructed and edified, but to be amused and diverted—that they desire to find in books not a sound, rational, and above all, not a religious entertainment; but wit, humor, novelty and a gay variety of painted scenes and images, passing like a comic panorama before the eye. In furnishing a supply for this public demand, they ply their colors to paint amusing caricatures of truth and nature. If they are admonished that there are other and higher interests, which are sacrificed by this indiscriminate and exclusive devotion to mere amusement; that it is indulged to the neglect of moral duty, and at the expense of rational happiness—inasmuch as it excludes that serious reflection which is indispensable to the knowledge of our duty, and maintains a frivolity of spirit, which is inconsistent with the experience of happiness, they will profess to be unable to discriminate in such subtle casuistry—they will say that a benevolent Creator doubtless designed that man should find enjoyment in life, and that any form of pleasure would be more agreeable to his will than habits of gloom and moping melancholy.

“ ‘Tis tell such men, that pleasure all their bent,  
And laughter all their work is life misspent;  
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,  
Then mirth is sin and we should always cry;  
To find the medium asks some share of wit,  
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.”

With them pleasure is everything or nothing. A proper medium, a due proportion, and a subordinate relation to other interests, are conditions which they cannot conceive in their application to this subject. They see only the two extremes of incessant gaiety and unalleviated gloom; and the whole world to them is divided into but two classes, the devotees of pleasure and the victims of sorrow.

But what are the sources of this vaunted pleasure? Buoyancy of animal spirits, successive scenes of festive mirth, and a uniform frivolity of mind easily diverted and averse to habits of serious thought. This is the sum of all its attributes. How unworthy the character of a rational being! How incapable of satisfying the thirst of an immortal spirit! How entirely opposed to the attainment of that pure and permanent pleasure which christianity proffers to our acceptance! The one awakens the soul to the right exercise of its rational and moral powers, opens its vision on the surrounding scene, enables it to triumph over the evils of life, and draws its light and animation from an unfailing source. The other suspends the powers of the soul, blinds the mind to the inevitable realities of life, assumes a gay delusion which hides the features of truth, and a levity of spirit which shakes off the impressions of duty. The one is an ever-flowing stream, springing from perennial



fountains, sparkling here and there in many a sportive eddy, but still rolling on, spreading fertility and beauty in its course, and growing broader and deeper as it flows on forever. The other is an artificial reservoir, confined in its position, fed by temporary supplies, liable at any moment to escape by a sudden rupture of its embankment; or, if retained, it is only to grow putrid from stagnation, and exhale in deadly vapors under a blasting sun.

Now, these two systems of pleasure are obviously opposed to each other in their very nature. The very habits of mind and traits of character, which these amusing writers encourage and confirm, involve a permanent hostility to that entire scheme of happiness which is founded on rational and christian principles.

Nor is it merely a passive enmity of nature by which this vain system of pleasure stands opposed to christianity. It breaks forth in direct and aggressive hostility. Destitute of resources within itself, it makes predatory incursions on the sacred territory of truth, and converts the most awful solemnities of religion into subjects of mockery and sport. One of the most common instruments employed by these writers is *ridicule*—a weapon most effective in the defence of prejudice, whatever may be its pretended value as a test of truth. This is a mere pretence, however, without a shadow of reason for its support; for it can be maintained only on the supposition that the blind prejudices of the multitude and the reigning fashions of the hour are in every instance identical with truth. For where lies the sense of ridicule? Not in opposition to abstract truth, but in opposition to the existing current of popular sympathy. This imparts oddity to an event, and absurdity to an opinion. This gives authority to a sneer, and a currency to a laugh. What, then, are the conditions of ridicule? Power of fancy to represent an object in a grotesque position; an arrogance of spirit which dares to despise it; and a coincidence of public sentiment which sustains the act and echoes the laugh. Again, to what feeling does ridicule make its appeal, but a feeling of shame? And what occasions shame, but a regard to public sentiment? Then, to make existing public sentiment a test of truth, would render truth a mere chameleon. Instead of being immutable in its nature, it would change its color and form with every change of location. For not only in dress and diet, but in conduct and character, that which is the extreme of absurdity in one community is the sublime of dignity in another.

Such is the nature of the instrument chiefly used by writers of amusement.

They deal extensively in *caricature*. And where do they generally find their materials? What class of subjects do they select for the exercise of their ridicule? Errors that are popular? Vices that are fashionable? The various forms of cant and hypocrisy that prevail in the more polite and polished circles of society? Folly and guilt in any of the high places of the world? Ah, no; *that* would be rather too *serious* an affair! There is influence—patronage—power to affect popularity in such quarters. The founders of fashion, the oracles of taste, the connoisseurs of refinement preside in these departments. The laugh might be turned against us. It would be more prudent to let them alone. So reason these polite authors. They turn to the



christian church, and select the peculiarity of christian character, as the most suitable subjects for satire. Here they find fair game and an open field. Here caricature may paint its distortions, and waggers may twirl its grimace and its attitudes, not only with impunity to themselves, but to the infinite amusement of those gay and polished circles, whose propitious smile is so essential to literary reputation.

Let any one revert in memory to the list of works of fiction which he has read, and then ask himself how many of the specimens of christian character introduced in such works have been faithful likenesses; and how many have been disgusting caricatures. And he will, perhaps, be surprised at the result. The christian name is represented as concealing under a mask of outward devotion, a character of malignity, or worldliness, or sensuality; and even when the outward profession is not made the veil of hypocrisy, it is openly associated with a character of fierce fanaticism, or contracted bigotry, or superstitious credulity, or ignorant stupidity. If a priest or parson be introduced, he is either some dark scheming scoundrel, or some effeminate fop of fashion, or some rubicund and roystering boon companion of the bottle, the card table and the fox chase; or some fanatical stickler for creeds and dogmas; or some devout ignoramus, whose piety, though sincere, excites pity instead of respect. Now, we admit that there are exceptions to this description; but they are so rare, as to be only exceptions to a general rule. The christian name is generally associated with some psalm-singing, sour-visaged, sanctimonious pretender to piety, with a jargon of religious cant, whose character exhibits most unlovely and distorted features, and whose life displays the most vile and contemptible conduct; while men of the world who make no pretension to piety, are set off in contrast with every noble and generous trait of character, and all high-minded and honorable actions of life.

Now, it is true, it may be replied to all this, that such unworthy characters have existed in the christian church; and the apology of Burns for his satires on religion, may be adopted:

“To stigmatize false friends of thine  
Can ne’er defame thee.”

But, we ask, why are evil examples so *generally* introduced, and worthy ones so *rarely*? Is there any *caveat* or any intimation implied or expressed, that these examples were intended to represent only “false friends” and insincere pretenders to piety? Is there any thing in the *manner* in which they are introduced, to show that it was designed “to stigmatize” *them*, in order to relieve religion from the odium of their example? Or rather, does not the whole spirit of the performance indicate the deliberate purpose to injure the cause of religion by means of their example? At all events, whether intended or not, the practical result of such representations is to bring christian piety into contempt—to identify the sincere devotion of an honest heart, and the straightforward consistency of christian principle, with superstitious cant and sanctimonious hypocrisy; and to induce irreligious men to feel contented and secure in their neglect of the whole subject of religion.

But in many instances, such writers go even beyond the point of ridiculing the christian name and profession. They make the solemn



doctrines of christianity subjects of caricature and profane burlesque. They do this by expressing the truth in the cant phrase of vulgar ignorance, so as to clothe it in an aspect of absurdity, or by associating the truth with some low allusion or ludicrous image; or by extending the limits of the truth to some extreme of evident extravagance, or blending it in association with foreign and opposite ideas; little thinking that this absurd, distorted, fantastic image, which they have conjured up as a phantom of human superstition, is nevertheless but a caricature of a divine reality, which, in a different form, is revealed in direct terms again and again, in that Book which, many of them at least, acknowledge to be the Word of God.

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### BOOKS BEFORE PRINTING.

WHAT people did without books, or what is the same thing to the mass of people, without printed books, becomes a greater subject of wonder every year, as these beguilers of our leisure hours become more and more numerous. A writer on this subject in *Chambers' Journal* gives us some curious items on the condition of literature prior to the use of printing. What would the Bishop of Durham, mentioned in the following extract, have said, if he had been told that the day would come when clergymen would read fewer books than many classes of laymen; yet that is probably the case now—unless they happen to be editors as well as clergymen—from the very circumstance that the books they do read require so much time and thought.

An old writer, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, who, in 1344, wrote a Latin treatise on the "love of books," avowedly prepared it solely for the clergy, and seems to have treated the notion of there being any other class of readers with a magnificent contempt. "Laymen," says he, "to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong-side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." It is presumable that he would not have said this if laymen had then been at all in the habit of reading. It is indeed a fact that many of the clergy, and men of the monastic orders, were very imperfect readers; and, according to the good bishop's views of their qualifications, some of them were hardly more fit to be entrusted with books than the despised and unlettered laity. In the treatise alluded to, his lordship is not sparing of his reproach in regard to the frequent misuse of books which came under his notice. He reprobates the unwashed hands, the dirty nails, the greasy elbows leaning upon the volume, the munching of fruit and cheese over the open leaves, which were the marks of careless and idle readers. With a solemn reverence for a book, at which we may now smile, but for which we can hardly help respecting him, he says: "Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with propitious haste, nor thrown aside after the inspection without being duly closed"—an admonition still worthy of attention in certain quarters, though of course its observance is not of so much consequence as it was in the fourteenth century, before the invention of printing.



## SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

## NO. III.

Do you ask me whence these follies,  
 Whence these stories of imposture,  
 Whence these silly tricks of Humbug?  
 I should answer, I should tell you  
 From the downy chins of young men,  
 From the naked lips of fast men,  
 From the tender brains of sick swains,  
 From the hearts of verdant lovers.

—NOT FROM HIAWATHA.

WE have seen, in the last article, how Humbug proposes to cure the body, and what a money-making business it proves itself to be. His wonderful mission, however, is not confined to the bodily ills of human life. Some patients have weak minds as well as weak bodies, and Dr. Humbug is ready to serve them. In this business he also notices the weak side and enters there.

Here is a poor inebriate whose will, by the long habit of drinking, has become too weak to control his appetite and passion for strong drink. He has often wept over his misery. What shall he do? He feels himself to be a poor slave. He would do or give any thing in his power to be released from the fiend that torments him. He has signed the pledge, but under the strong passion and temptation he has broken it again. What shall he do! At this juncture Humbug falls into his way in the shape of the following advertisement, which has been published in thousands of copies over the land:

“A REMEDY FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The Doctor has in his possession a remedy which effectually destroys all taste for liquor, and prevents a person from acquiring the habit of drinking. In the many thousand cases for which he has used this article, he has the pleasure to say, in not one single case has it ever failed. In towns where it has been used, temperance societies have dissolved and taverns been shut, simply because no one wanted a drink after using this Remedy. He supplied the Remedy to a celebrated temperance lecturer of this place, and he has written to the Doctor that he has made more permanent converts to the cause of temperance in one week than he has done all his life by preaching or example; because, after using this Remedy, all taste for liquor is completely destroyed; and after taking this Remedy, a person who had been in the habit of drinking would as soon think of drinking soapsuds and water as liquor. The discovery of this important Remedy is the greatest addition science has ever had. The effect is instantaneous.”

You ask, Will any one respond to this, and be deceived thereby? You suppose that the trickery of it is too plain to allow it to be dangerous. But you must remember how sorely the poor drunkard is sometimes pressed by his woes; and how anxious a poor wife is to have her husband restored to his family. We assure you, innocent reader, that to such long hopeless hearts, the least ray of hope that falls before them



encourages them to try the remedy. The very fact that Humbug can afford to advertise this pretended cure so largely proves that it calls forth many applications. But we can furnish the reader with positive facts in the case. When the police in Philadelphia some time ago arrested one of these impostors, and seized his letters, they found, among thousands of others, one from a poor washer-woman residing near West Chester, Pa., who had sent him \$20, saved out of her hard earnings, praying him to send the remedy that her husband might be cured of drunkenness!

This is one way in which Humbug feeds his pockets by taking advantage of human weakness; but it is not the only way. There are every where to be found young gentlemen whom nature has either neglected, or on whose face it has not displayed its luxuriance of hair as largely as desired. There are few villages and country places where there is not one or several who think that a Spanish look is all that is needed to complete their importance and their happiness. With what inward joy do such swelling youth read in *The New York Tribune*, of January 27, 1855, as follows:

**W**HISKERS and MUSTACHES produced in six weeks by GRAHAM'S ONGUENT. It will not stain or injure the skin. \$1 per bottle. Sent to any part of the country. ———, No. —, Nassau-st.

Do any believe it? Yes; hundreds of simple souls have secretly sent on their \$1, and then in faith and hope anointed their downy chins and upper lips! These wonderful appendages to a man "produced in six weeks"—without "staining the skin"—"sent to any part of the country"—and only "\$1 per bottle." What is one dollar spent in manure for such a soil. Young America never gave a dollar more cheerfully. He feels inwardly glad that he lives in the 19th century and has even heard of "Graham's Onguement."

There are also many to be found among the rising generation, and some among the generation advanced beyond rising years, whose heads and hearts, as well as their chins, are softer than they ought to be. Humbug is ready for them. Such read with joy in the *Lancaster Independent Whig*, of February, 1855:

**P**ERSONAL.—"MAGNETIC LOVE POWDER!" THIS ELECTRICAL Powder will make young Men love young Women, and will also make young Women love young Men. It will make man and wife love each other, and all your enemies as friends. Price 50 cents a package, or three for \$1. This Powder has never failed, nor never will, if used according to my directions. All orders must be pre-paid, and the Powders will be sent by return of mail. Address, ———, Pine Grove, Pa.

Behold, even in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania is this wisdom known. Remember, "all orders must be *pre-paid*." Let it not be supposed that this kind of imposition is located only in country places. The following nonsense is also published in a widely circulated Almanac issued from Philadelphia. It is subjoined to a picture of a bride leaning upon the arm of the happy man who won her by the Powders:

"The Magic effects of Dr. ———'s Magic Love Powders are made apparent in the above cut. The courtship, of which the above is a true copy, had been lingering for seven years, and probably would have continued for seven years more



if had not been for the aid of Dr. ———. His advice was solicited, and he sent one package of his Love Powders, and the result was a happy and speedy union of the above couple. The Doctor has used his Love Powder in more than twenty thousand cases, and has never known it to fail of producing the happiest result; he can send them to you to any part of the world, in letter so securely that the most curious cannot be aware of the contents of the letter. When you write you will please sign your name in a clear style, give the name of your post office, or county, town, and name of the State, and you cannot fail to get the happiest return you have ever had in your life for the small sum of money expended. These Powders are applicable to all sexes and conditions, and will make any person marry you that you wish. All that you have to do is to get one package of Dr. ———'s Love Powder, and you can put such a spell on them that they are no longer free agents."

He must know little of human nature who does not believe that there are thousands of ignorant souls who answer to such advertisements. Persons of whom you would not dream in connection with such folly have bought and fed the "powders"—which was no doubt a little buckwheat meal, or something of the kind, sent nicely put up with directions for "50 cents a package, or three for \$1." In the same seizure of letters in Philadelphia, to which we have already referred, letters brought to light the fact that a wealthy lady in Reading, Pa., sent \$40 to have the Doctor turn the feelings of a certain gentleman towards her. Another lady of Reading, attached to the same "nice man," without knowing what had been done, wrote, about the same time, to have the Dr. turn his feelings toward her. He wrote back that her "letter came only one day too late!"—he had already fixed this man's love on the other lady; but for \$50 he would change it back again, and turn it to her! Do you believe it?—the \$50 were sent, as the correspondence shows. This young man must have endured singular convulsions in being thus jerked hither and thither in his heart affairs, in so short a time. It is to be hoped that this beautiful man got safely over it.

This dealing with soft heads being a good business, in the money way, it is not to be wondered at that different schemes should be plied. Thus a Dr. Humbug, of New York, sends the whole secret in a book for only \$1. This is better—every one can then make his or her own "powders:"

"MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER.

A BOOK OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY PAGES, 32MO.

Printed on fine paper, and beautifully illustrated. By Prof. ———.

Prof. ———, of New York, formerly of Sweden, where he has been the means of bringing about thousands of happy marriages, will send to any address, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, post-paid, plain directions, to enable Ladies or Gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as they may desire. The process is so simple, but so captivating, that all may be married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position; and last, though not least, it can be arranged with the utmost ease and delicacy.

N. B.—This is no humbug, but one of the greatest sciences the world ever produced, which thousands of ladies and gentlemen in the city of New York can attest to. No one will ever regret the price paid for such an invaluable secret, which is contained in a book of one hundred and sixty pages, with all the necessary directions. Bills of any specie-paying bank in the United States or Canada received at par. All that is necessary for you to do is to write a letter in as few words as possible, and inclose the money. PROF. ———, New York."

The same paper, and the most widely circulating journal in this country, contains two other advertisements similar to this. The one



offers the book for 12½ cents. Wonderfully cheap, but "all letters must be *post-paid*." This extensive advertising in papers where terms are high, shows that the business is extensively encouraged. Poor human nature. How easy is it for humbuggery to impose on thousands who have been brought up in ignorance, and especially whose religious education has been neglected. What a fearful darkness and stupidity must becloud the mind of any one who can be deceived by such impositions.

If, however, there are some who are fortunate enough to have personal attractions sufficient to win a suitor without resort to "powders," and have merely a curiosity to know what their future husband or wife looks like, they also can be accommodated by Humbug. Hear how a woman beckons to the verdant in the land, through the columns of *The New York Herald*:

**MATRIMONIAL.**—**MADemoiselle EMILE VILLETTE**, Professor of Autography (or reading of character by a person's hand writing) and a spiritual writing medium, will, upon the receipt of 25 cents, (or equivalent in postage stamps) and a specimen of hand-writing, send to any person a full delineation of their character, affairs of the heart, success, destiny, &c.; also a description of the one they love or will marry. Address, post-paid, Emile Villette, Broadway P. O. Those residing out of the city can safely transmit through the mail. All communications answered one week after their receipt."

All this is certainly silly enough; and it is enough to make one ashamed of his kind to think that such wicked impositions are practiced, and that there are so many beings, with human faces, who can be caught by such chaff. But half is not told. If a weak-headed man's troubles lie in another direction Dr. Humbug is ready for him. Let him read the following testimonials:

**DEBTS OF LONG STANDING COLLECTED BY THE POWER OF GEOMANCY.**—It was my good fortune to have an interview with the Astrologer, ———, respecting many persons who owed me money, who were able to pay me, yet had not the disposition. But, by consulting with this gentleman, I have recovered many bills that I had forgotten, and in two months received more money than I ever did in the same time since I have been in business. I would advise all to call, who wish a speedy collection of doubtful accounts, and try his magic, for I am sure they never will regret it. LEWIS RUSHEART.

Ho, ye whose books are full of bad debts, try "the power of Geomancy!" Send on the money and the Doctor will give them "the disposition." Where are the soft heads that pay the cost of this advertisement? Somebody pays it, rest assured, and besides this also a handsome dividend into the Doctor's pocket.

The following exhibits a fruitful source of profit to Humbug:

**RECOVERY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.**—In November, 1849, I had a watch stolen from me, and was advised to call on Dr. ———, the Astrologer, in Locust street, Philadelphia. In a few days, by following his advice, I recovered my watch. I also confess that Dr. ——— stopped me from drinking liquor. In six weeks he effected a cure; and I have not used or desired strong drink since. I believe he can cure the worst cases of drunkenness.

ROBERT MCINTIRE, White Marsh, Montgomery Co., Pa.

We have in our possession a letter, in the hand-writing of the lady herself, applying for the power of discovering the thief and securing a return of the property stolen. The hand-writing, as well as the com-



position, shows that the lady has considerable intelligence, showing that this kind of folly is not confined to the ignorant. This letter was among those already referred to as seized by the police of Philadelphia, and fell into our hands through Mr. Geist, of the Lancaster Saturday Evening Express, who had in his possession a large number of these letters, and who published them in an able expose of this kind of imposition. Here is the letter and the reply :

“HOLIDAYSBURG, December 2, 1850.

DEAR SIR: Your letter was received with much pleasure. Mother still thinks that you can bring it back. The girl that was blamed for taking it has gone to Pittsburg. Mother dreamed the other night that the money was in a house in town, and this girl stole it and gave it to the other girl to keep for her. Also, that some one had gave mother power to get it. So that must be you. Every one laughed when she told them that she was a going to send money to you, for you could bring the stolen money back. But she believed so firmly in you, that she did not listen to them. Do you think it is in town? Do please try and get it. Yours, respectfully, \_\_\_\_\_.”

Here is the ignorant scoundrel's reply, verbatim :

“phil'a December 3 '50

I have notice your Remarks ; the money is in your Town ; and your mother will Get them back but in som cases, it takes Longer time than in others.

Res'y \_\_\_\_\_.”

This very impostor, as was ascertained by official inquiry, in the space of a few years, cleared at this business the enormous sum of FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, after paying immense sums besides for advertising. At the time of his capture by the authorities of Philadelphia, he had \$15,000 deposited in one bank. When his letters fell into the hands of the officers, and The Sunday Globe began to publish them as an expose of his impositions, he called on the editors and offered them \$1000 if they would let him alone. They nobly refused. By the authorities and the public papers he was at last driven from Philadelphia; and yet, in the face of this exposure, he settled down afterwards in New York, Boston, Baltimore, and lastly in Cincinnati, and did a large business—riding out in his splendid carriage, and enjoying himself in the highest style, a very king in the “Paradise of fools” which he had gathered around him.

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#### A SACRED MELODY

Be thou, O God, by night, by day,  
 My guide, my guard from sin;  
 My life, my trust, my light divine,  
 To keep me pure within.  
 Pure as the air, when day's first light  
 A cloudless sky illumines,  
 And active as the lark that soars  
 Till heaven shines round its plumes.  
 So may my soul upon the wings  
 Of faith unwearied rise,  
 Till at the gate of heaven it sings  
 Midst light from Paradise.



## THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

## NO. XVIII.—THE OAK.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Oak has been a sacred tree among many nations. The Greeks, Romans, Germans, Gauls, and Britons, all held it in the greatest veneration. The Druids celebrated their sacred rites under oaks. It is such a noble tree that Cowper could well say,

“It seems idolatry with some excuse,  
When our forefather Druids in their oaks  
Imagined sanctity.”

“We have reason to think,” says one, “that this veneration was brought from the East; and that the Druids did no more than transfer the sentiments their progenitors had received in oriental countries. It would appear that the patriarch Abraham resided under an oak, or a grove of oaks, which our translators render the plains of Mamre; and that he planted a grove of this tree. Gen. 21, 23. In fact, since in hot countries nothing is more desirable, or more refreshing, than the shade of a tree, we may easily suppose the inhabitants would resort for their enjoyment to

“Where’er the oak’s thick branches spread  
A deeper, darker shade.”

Oaks, and groves of oaks, were esteemed proper places for religious services. Altars were set up under them: Josh. 24, 26; and probably in the East, as well as in the West, appointments to meet at conspicuous oaks were made, and many affairs transacted, or treated of, under their shade, as we read in Homer, Theocritus, and other poets. The heathen made idols of oak. Is. 44, 14. The oracle of Dodona stood in a grove of oaks, which was sacred to Jupiter. Celebrated in the scriptures are the “Oaks of Bashan.” Is. 2, 13; Zach. 11, 2; Ezek. 27, 6. Orientalists tell us that this is a peculiar kind of oak. The leaves are smaller and the acorns larger than those on our oaks. The acorns and nut-galls of this tree are an important article of exportation in Syria.

The Hebrew word, *ALLON*—oak—is sometimes translated *plain* in our English bible. Thus in Judges 10, 37: “The plain of Meonenim,” is in Luther’s translation “The Magic Oak;” supposed to be called the magic or wizard oak, because it was the spot where Jacob had hid the gods of his wives. Gen. 35, 4. So also in 1 Sam. 10, 3: “the plain of Tabor,” is in German “the oak of Tabor.” As these trees lived to a great age they naturally became celebrated as the representatives of the localities in which they stood. It was under an oak that Joshua held solemn assemblies of the people, and there also he erected the stone of testimony to remind the Jews of their covenant with God. Joshua 24, 26. Deborah, Rebekah’s nurse, was buried under an oak. Gen.



35, 8. The angel of the Lord that appeared to Gideon sat under an oak. Judges 6, 2. Prophets were also wont to sit under this tree. 1 Kings 13, 14. Abimelech was made king "by the plain (oak) of the pillar that was in Shechem." Judges 9, 6.

Besides its great age, there is a solemn grandeur about the oak that inspires in us feelings of respect. A friend of ours is wont to take his hat off when he meets a majestic oak. He learned it from the fifth commandment, the spirit of which he piously thinks extends to aged trees. We respect him the more on this account.

What astonishes us most of all when we look thoughtfully at a large oak is, that such a thing of a hundred "mighty arms" should come forth from a small acorn. Verily, if it should spring up at once into such dimensions it would be a miracle, and we should praise the great God because of it! Is it not just as wonderful—and more so—that it should have become what it is through long centuries of slow, silent growth, encountering the frost of many winters and the rage of a thousand hurricanes and storms. Yes it is a miracle to the thoughtful.

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,  
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay  
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined  
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down  
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs  
And all thy embryo vastness at a gulph.  
But God thy growth decreed; autumnal rains  
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil,  
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer,  
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared,  
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,  
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

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### A SHADOW FROM THE HEAT.

How oppressive is the weather! Our blood boils, our lips are parched, our heads ache. We pant for rest, how sweet to recline under some cooling shade! "Thou hast been a shadow from the heat," says the prophet Isaiah to the God of Israel. And what kind of a shadow is He? We read in the scripture of the shadow of a cloud, of the shadow of a tree, of the shadow of a rock, of the shadow of a tabernacle from the heat. The shadow of a cloud in harvest is grateful; but it passes quickly by. The shadow of a tree under which we sit down is grateful, but it covers only a small space, and the rays often pierce through the boughs. The shadow of a great rock is dense and cool, but it befriends only a little way. The shelter which the soul finds in God is far more than they all together. In the shadow of the tabernacle is a cool and refreshing resting-place. No burning heats are there; no storms of wicked passions are there; no parching drougths are there; no harm of any kind can come there. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." "He that dwelleth in the sacred place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Will you not come and dwell under this broad and blessed shadow?



## UNPUBLISHED LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE reader will please call to mind one thing which we said last month in regard to "scraps of unpublished literature" found on the blank leaves of school books. This, namely: "We are of opinion that these sentiments, when properly arranged, do truly exhibit not only the intellectual, but also the moral and religious history of the scholar's mind and heart: even in the same way, and by the same philosophy as the history of a nation's poetry shows its development." So we now repeat.

We brought our history of unpublished school-boy literature up to the first efforts of the "larger boys." We now proceed to the examination of a specimen which exhibits a certain one-sided development common to boys at a certain period in boyhood:

Bobby Brown, his hand and pen,  
He will be good, but dear knows when.

We do not at all like the spirit of these lines. We are sorry that it is so common with boys of a certain age to write them in their school-books. The thoughtful reader will at once recognise in them a certain peculiar bravo spirit which is not at all beautiful in children. We do not like to see him write down his own name, in nick-name style. It is a bad sign when a boy, or a man, receives a nick-name. He ought to avoid giving occasion for it; and if some weakness or wickedness in him draws it upon him he ought to mourn over it in deepest shame. It is a NICK-name. The word *nick*, the reader no doubt knows, means in some languages, "the devil"—an evil spirit. A nick-name is a *devil*-name: that is, a name given by some evil-disposed person, and generally occasioned by some evil trait in the one who receives it, of which it is the mark. It ought to be regarded with earnest disapprobation; and it pains us to see the boy adopt it, and record it with his own hand.

You say, perhaps, "Bobby" cannot be properly regarded as a nick-name, because it evidently comes from Robert. Yes, you know it to be so derived; but pray, could you tell it from the words themselves. It is purely a nick-name; and there is no law of language by which it can be derived from Robert. We are sorry to see this boy adopt his nick-name; it sinks him in our estimation.

You think it strange that we should so strongly censure this feature in the couplet. But hear us. The boy received a name in his baptism, Robert. That is his *christian* name. Before that he had only one name, and that was the name of his parents, the name in the flesh, the name in nature; but when he was *christened* he received another name, the name in grace. Every time he or others call him by his christian name, it is to remind him of the new relation he now sustains to Christ of which the name is the symbol and mark. This christian name is Robert; but see now the boy prefers his nick-name, his devil-name to his true christian name. He calls himself by this evil name, which is as much as to say



he does not wish to be regarded as a christian, but names himself after the evil spirit.

Are we not right in disliking, yea in being horrified at the spirit of the boy who can so deny his christian name. Say we not truly that no greater insult can be offered any one than to give him a nick-name. It is indeed to insult and mock his baptism, and deny to him a title to the highest and most honorable name which a mortal can bear.

We say, then, that the boy whose taste falls in with this couplet is developing in an unlovely direction. If he does not change he may yet turn out to be, what is familiarly known as a rowdy. The elements of this character are evidently working in him. We already picture him to ourselves as somewhat rude in his manners and rough in his words. He may not yet fight or swear, but he begins to be uncourteous in some of his intercourse with other boys, and his words begin to show a great deal of the bold sauce-box. His eye and his cheek begin to lose that beautiful modesty which all good people love so much to see in children. He begins to delight in a slouching hat, and a swaggering air. He even sometimes answers rudely when his mother gives him tender and good advice. This, and more too, we expect to find in a boy who has so far lost his christian self-respect as to hear and even write with pleasure his nick-name. Again, we say, we are sorry to see this spirit growing in the boy.

What is thus implied in the first line of the couplet, is fully brought out in the second. See how irreverently he speaks :

He will be good, but dear knows when.

In this line he even makes light of piety. It is only too true, what he here implies, that he is not now good. He acknowledges this, not humbly and sadly, as he ought to do; but lightly and carelessly. It seems to be the same as if he had said, "he will be good, but cares not when!"

The boy, moreover, seems to have lost the feeling of his true relation to piety or being good. He looks upon it as something to come to him in the future. He forgets his vantage ground as he was placed upon it in the covenant in which he received his christian name. He forgets that he is to grow *in* grace, and vaguely expects some time or other to grow *into* it. God, through his christian name, says to him: You are mine by the covenant of grace, depart not from me. But he virtually says: I am not now God's, but I may become such in the future. Here is the very same spirit of frivolous unbelief and impiety which caused him to prefer his nick-name to his christian name.

Look closely to the words: "He will be good." They contain a seed of serious evil. They are spoken in the spirit of presumption. They imply that his becoming good depends upon his own will—upon what he will choose to do in the future, rather than what has been done for him already. He does not seem to feel and acknowledge gracious influences before and behind him, upon which he is to fall back for strength, and hope, and safety, but in bravo style proposes to dash into his future history on the strength of his own will and resources.

These lines belong evidently to that period which may be called full boyhood. There is not in them, either the innocent simplicity of the earlier, nor yet the earnest consideration of the later stage. They belong



to that period which in ordinary cases of human development lies between ten and fourteen years. A most critical period of boyhood! A time when the mind and heart are receiving a bias which may, and which often does, determine the whole course of after life.

I think I hear one of the young readers of *The Guardian* say: "That is my age—I am in that period." Well, then be careful. Let me give you, my boy, a couplet for your school-book, which I will make myself, and which I have no doubt your mother will say is better than the other. Thus:

Robert Brown, his hand and pen,  
May I be good, like all good men.

What think you of that, my boy? It reads smoothly, it rhymes well, and contains good sense. To begin to be a good man, is to begin to be a good boy. The poet has thus truly said—

"The child is father to the man."

You study well what that strange line means. When you once get the true and full idea which it contains, then you will agree with me that the best thing you can do, my noble boy, is to think a great deal of Jesus who also was once a boy, to learn prayers and hymns about him, and long to be so gentle, innocent, as you know he was. Do not think, even if you are twelve years of age, that you are too big to say that beautiful little prayer:

"Blessed Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look on me a little child,  
Pity my simplicity  
And make a pious boy of me."

Here we must stop for this time, asking again the privilege of carrying on our history of unpublished literature next month.

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## LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS IN ROSES.

To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, an abundance of rose leaves were shaken out upon the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meal times, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused violets and roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities, that a number of them being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times, they reclined upon cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubics thick on the floor as the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about this flowery platform.



## THE FIRM RESOLVE.

BY GINOSKO.

THIS hour my better years "begin their date,"  
 "New era" in my life.—

This crumbling dust, a day of balmy health  
 No more shall know: soon the purple tide of life—  
 So feeble now—shall cease its ebbing flow.

—But my heart,  
 Mysterious chamber of contending spirits!—  
 Miniature world of wondrous greatness!—  
 Shall better grow, as it feebly casts its  
 Treasure forth, and strives, yet vainly strives, to fill  
 The sinking rills of life.

A change—  
 Decided, firm, unfaltering withal,  
 Not unobserved, nor wanting comment from  
 Lips that speak no guile, shall mark my future course.

So long by passion tossed at will, and often  
 Wrecked among the frowning shoals of life's  
 Tempestuous sea: no longer I with folded arms  
 Shall stand and gaze and wonder, while the wrathful  
 Waves their foaming brows, in fearful tumult,  
 Hurl against the biding rocks.

With resolution strong,  
 And energy of soul unfelt before,  
 I'll calmly take the arm of Him whose smile is life;  
 He'll safely guide this weak, unskilful hand  
 To wage successful war against my foes.

Enrobed with armor from on high,  
 I shall, by aid of him from whom my weapon comes,  
 My selfish heart subdue, and break the subtle  
 Tempter's power, and win at last a home among  
 The ever-blessed throng.

## THE JUST MAN.

THEY are not just because they do no wrong,  
 But he who will not wrong me when he may—  
 He is truly just. I praise not them  
 Who in their petty dealings pilfer not;  
 But he whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,  
 When he might plunder and defy surprise:  
 His be the praise, who looking down with scorn  
 On the false judgment of the partial herd,  
 Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares  
 To BE, not to be THOUGHT, an honest man.



## ABUSE OF GENIUS.

BY J. V. E.

By the word genius we understand, in general, a man endowed with uncommon vigor of mind—and in particular, that peculiar structure of mind given by nature to an individual which qualifies him for a particular study, employment, or course of life. Any individual who exhibits an uncommon aptitude of mind or wit in any employment, or upon any subject, is called a genius. But it is generally used with reference to a person's wit, skill, and aptitude in the arts and sciences, and also in mechanics.

One person may be a genius in history, another in art, another in science, another in mechanics, another in trade, and so on. There are many persons who, perhaps, are but little known to the popular world, and yet are real geniuses. They have been raised and they move in rather secluded neighborhoods, pinched perhaps also by poverty, and hence have not come in contact with a stimulus to action or thought, and are consequently out of the reach of circumstances for the cultivation and display of their extraordinary talents. Doubtless for the want of proper circumstances and stimulus, many a bright and noble mind has been left to exercise its powers on unworthy subjects and in uncongenial toils.

A genius mostly reveals himself to the world by his originality. He bursts forth in the scientific or mechanical world unexpected, like a wandering meteor, that startles men of skill and talent. Or he rises, slow and sure, by the power of thought, from the quiet glen, to stand with kings and the honorable. Such are the results of genius when properly directed.

The genius of Franklin drew from the angry tempests, harmlessly, the subtle fluid which bursts forth in the thunderbolt. The genius of Fitch and Fulton enables us to plough the mighty deep at a rate unknown to the world before. The skill of genius has led us into the secret of sending news at lightning speed. It has given us machinery to spin our wool and cotton, to weave our cloth and linsey, to sew our garments, to seed our grain, to reap our harvests, to hull our wheat and shell our corn, to prepare our flour, to traverse the land at almost flying speed, to mount with the eagle into the first heaven, and to do many other wonderful things and works. Indeed every facility we have gained above our ancestors was not the work of dull, stupid minds, but the labor of geniuses—that is, by geniuses not made alone by nature, but made such by deep thought, constant labor, and unconquerable determination.

Superior power and skill of mind has also written our histories, and thus presents before our minds, in panoramic view, the various events of men and nations. It has also perfected science, beautified the fine arts, and rendered mechanical skill more successful and valuable. It has set



on foot great schemes of political, social, moral and religious reform; and has caused the light of civilization and peace to shine to distant and forsaken lands.

But it is to be regretted that eminent abilities have not always been directed to worthy and profitable pursuits. While the genius of man has blessed the world, the abuse of that genius, on the other hand, has been the source of many curses to man. An able writer, in allusion to one of these forms of perverted talent, says: "I am the more disposed to dwell a little upon this subject, because I am persuaded that it is not sufficiently attended to—nay, that in ninety-nine instances out of one hundred, it is not attended to at all: that works of imagination are perused for the sake of the wit which they display; which wit not only reconciles us to but endears to us opinions and feelings and habits at war with wisdom and morality, to say nothing of religion. In short, that we admire the polish, the temper of the sword, and the dexterity with which it is wielded, though it is the property of a lunatic or a bravo; though it is brandished in the face of wisdom and virtue, and at every wheel threatens to inflict a wound that will disfigure some feature, or lop off some member, or with masterly adroitness aims a death-thrust at the heart!"

Again he says: "I know not a more pitiable object than the man who, standing upon the pigmy eminence of his own self-importance, looks around upon the species with an eye that never throws a beam of satisfaction on the prospect, but visits with a scowl whatever it lights upon." This was said with reference to one who stood high on the intellectual eminence of the Old World, but is just as applicable to men of high intellectual training and wit in this country. How many who are endowed with a high order of talent by their Creator, delight only in using them as a scourge instead of a blessing to society? They have genius, but they abuse it; they have learning, but they sacrifice it upon unholy altars; they have wit and skill, but they have consecrated them to the god of this world. What a pity. Think, dear reader, for a moment, of the abuse of genius in the case of Lord Byron, Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine, and others! Think of the prolific source of human error which has obtruded itself upon our attention through the learning and abused genius of these men. And think, lastly, of the streams of moral poison that flow in the world, whose fountains were the polluted hearts and unsanctified talents of such gifted men, then you can form a faint idea of the curse of abused genius. Had these men been men of integrity and piety, as they were men of talent and learning, nations and individuals might well have rejoiced over their existence, who now groan and mourn because they lived. They might have stood as high on the mount of God and human honor as Baxter, Bunyan, the Reformers, and others, had it not been for abused genius.

Young reader, are you marked out by the Almighty as one from whom the world may expect much on account of your superior order of mind? Are you looking forward anxiously to the day when you will make your mark in the world, be it on a large or a small scale? If so, we beseech you to not suffer yourself to be modeled after the fashion of men that have abused their skill, sacrificed to unlawful ends their talents, and have written with poisoned pens and spoken with wicked tongues.



## JESUS THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS AND OF ALL HEARTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON one occasion, when Simon and some others found Jesus in a solitary place praying, they said to him, "All men seek for thee." In so saying they uttered a far deeper and broader truth than they intended. All men do seek for Christ: we do not mean that they do it consciously, and in the true way; they seek something of which they feel a deep need, and which can be found alone in Him. All the seekings of men are impelled by that eternal restlessness of want which can only be satisfied in Christ. Unconsciously, all men seek for Christ.

Men seek wealth, pressed by an inward want which hopes to satisfy itself in this way: but the true riches are in Christ—in Him alone is this desire satisfied. Out of Him it only ever increases! Men seek happiness; but He alone is its fountain. Away from Him, every cup emptied only increases the thirst.

Men seek knowledge; but in Him alone dwells all the fulness of wisdom: away from Him all knowledge is a lie, that disappoints at the last.

Man is restless; he feels that he wants something which he has not, and which will quiet his spirit: he goes seeking he knows not what—he is diverted and allured by various promises which meet him by the way; he tries them and finds them wanting, and goes to seek farther. Now ask such seekers, what do you seek? One will answer truth, knowledge. Another will say, I seek a key to the mystery of my own spirit—the ideal of my desires—rest and peace for my heart—the goal of those longings which consume me. Thus each one will give a different answer, which is however in its ground the same; and each spirit will be seeking in a different way, and in a different direction, that which will answer to its wants and longings. This can only be found in Jesus. Him all hearts unconsciously seek. Such restless hearts may be properly addressed, as Paul addressed the idolators at Athens, "Jesus, whom you ignorantly seek, Him declare I unto you."

This unconscious seeking after Jesus, as the only rest and home of the ever restless heart, has in all ages been strong in the bosom of heathenism. Long before Christ came in the flesh did the sighs and groans of helpless and exhausted humanity gather themselves up in a kind of unconscious hope and prophecy of some coming help. Though they knew not Christ, yet their wants cried after one; and hence, truly, is Jesus called "the desire of all nations." Here in the desires of heathenism we have the first and faintest dawn of the advent of Christ.

The prophet, in speaking of Christ as the desire of all nations, recognizes the fact that humanity, before Christ appeared, and even among those to whom He had not even been announced and promised, felt the need of just such a Saviour as He is, and unconsciously longed for Him, and desired Him.

To this thought we invite attention in this article: Jesus, the true



object of the unconscious hopes and longings of heathenism ; Jesus, the true rest and satisfaction of all hearts. The thought is beautifully expressed : Jesus, "the desire of all nations." They did not, of course, *know* him. He was not proclaimed to them, as He was to the Jews, by prophets. He was not urged upon their attention by an outward revelation.

That which they longed for was the projection of their own wants—the incarnation of their own desire. Their IDEAL was not born from above, but He was born from beneath : a helper created out of their own need ; but still the dark type of the true.

He was the desire of the nations. What is the cause of desire ? A sense of want. This want begat the desire, and this desire created for itself an object, and then longed after it.

God gave over the heathen to themselves. Their progress in their own way, was a progress toward ruin. They sunk deeper and still deeper into misery, until the disease itself, out of stern necessity, thought of the need of a remedy. The remedy must answer to the disease ; the wo suggests the want ; and thus the wants of the Pagan heart became a true prophet, telling what was needed. Jesus is needed!—every wo in the heart asks for him. He is thus the desire of all nations, though they know him not.

The blind man sees not Jesus ; his wants press him ; he turns his blind eye-balls in the right direction and cries : "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me." So does the heathen seek what he sees not—Jesus!

It is a remarkable fact, that natural disease, in extreme cases, when skill has done its utmost, sometimes points out its own remedy with wonderful correctness. The system craves just what will meet its wants—the pressure and pain of the disease designates its cure. It is so spiritually. The *desire* of the nations is just what the nations need. The hollow want knows what it needs to fill it—Jesus.

There is, therefore, in heathenism a revelation *in* human nature, as there was in Judaism one *to* it. If we look into heathenism we find, in its wants and woes, in its strivings and struggles, a dark unconscious foreshadowing of the main and central elements involved in Christ's mission into the world. We learn from its desires, what our wretched nature needs. In the desire of all nations we find Jesus our Saviour. We hear the same voice out of the pagan gloom, fainter and feebler, it is true, that was once heard in the wilderness of Judea, cry : "Prepare ye the way of the Lord ;" and, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

We find that the heathen always had some dark sense of sin in themselves. To this they traced their misery, and the misery of the race. This is evident from the uneasiness of their consciences, which led them to mortify and afflict themselves in the hope of obtaining rest and peace.

Sin is the violation of a law *in* man's nature. When they sinned, violence was done to this inward law, and the effect was felt in its consequent misery, even though the nature of sin was not understood. Thus being "a law to themselves," they had also the sense of sin in themselves ; and this sense of sin being painful, they desired to be freed from it—and so they desired Jesus.

The heathen always felt that the sin and misery, of which they were



conscious, was the result of some fall in their nature. They knew, or dreamed, that it had not been always so. They knew, or dreamed, of a golden age long past—a higher, happier condition, long since lost and left behind. In their deepest misery—and this thought of light made their gloom deeper and darker—they never lost sight of traditionary glimmerings from a bright morning-land of joyful innocence and painless peace. They had fallen, and they deeply felt their fall.

As they knew of a better state, from which they had fallen, so they dreamed also of a better state to which they longed to be restored. As there was a golden age in the past, so there was also one glimmering in the distant future. If they had not the hope, or the knowledge, they had at least the *desire* of redemption. Hence they had their temples, their sacred persons, their sacrifices, and their worship. By these helps they sought what they had not—Jesus.

Thus, with light behind them—lost forever! with light before them—which they could only desire, but dare not even hope for; and with anguish, doubts, fears, within, and gloom around, no wonder they desired, though vaguely, darkly, and with painful uncertainty, that some restorer might appear! No wonder that their desire gave birth to some pleasant dreams, in which they for a moment forgot their misery, and saw as a passing shadow, the “*desire of all nations*,” in the distant future, and with Him the return of the golden age.

We do not say, of course, that there was any saving substance in paganism. It is from man, fallen man, and not from God. It grows up out of the natural, and does not come down out of the supernatural. It is the mere shadow moving on the earth of the eagle that soars above. It could only reveal want and woe. It could only increase the sense of misery, not relieve it. It could only awaken desire, but neither direct nor satisfy it. It could not even complete that desire by cultivating it into a true hope. It had no promises—no positive revelations, and consequently no hope. It was the mere cry of nature, that was cheered by no response.

Christ was, therefore, not even the *hope* of nations. Hope is the fruit of faith, not of want; and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard. They had no evidence that what they needed and darkly desired, existed for them, or would come to them. In this respect they were not only infinitely behind the Jews, but did not stand on the same ground, or move in the same path. Though their desires cried after just such help as was promised to the Jews, yet they were “without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.”

This desire of the heathen could not improve itself. No inquiry, no wisdom, no seeking could help them. This desire was truest, the more purely it remained mere desire. The sighs of the pagan heart were nearer the truth than the inquiries of their minds.

The more and the longer they reasoned the farther they came to be from the truth. The progress of heathenism was always downward. The oldest is the purest and best. From the worship of the heavenly bodies—of incarnations from heaven down, as in the Eastern world, and deifications from the earth up, as in the Western, they descended to



“images made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things.” The more they reasoned—the more they endeavored to improve their religion by the results and conclusions of science, the more they corrupted the comparative purity of ancient traditions, and misled and deceived their own spontaneous desires. It is a remarkable and exceedingly significant fact, that in the politest ages of Greece and Rome they were both most foolish and most skeptical in regard to religion and the future life. Their hearts sighed and desired, but their minds doubted and denied.

How sad the condition of heathenism! How moving are their helpless, unconscious, infant cries, for help and hope. How ought the church to pray that God would shake all nations, that its idols may totter to the ground; and that He, who is the desire of all nations may come, the light in their gloom, the satisfaction of their wants, and their Saviour from despair and death!

What a strong evidence is here furnished of the truth of christianity. We are aware that out of this very subject it has been attempted to form weapons against Christ. Enemies of christianity have endeavored to show, from the sighs and desires of all nations after that which christianity offers as a revelation from heaven, that it is only the fruit of pagan suggestions, a compound of all religions—a cunning device, which has taken up the imaginations and dreams of human nature and cunningly palmed them upon the judgments of men as a revelation from heaven.

The representations now given, do not only fully repel these assaults, but wonderfully confirm the truth of the system which they assail. Christianity does not grow out of wants, sighs and suggestions of paganism; but it comes from heaven to satisfy those wants, and quiet and allay those sighs; and its truth is witnessed by its exact adaptedness to meet what nature calls for and unconsciously seeks.

There is now no stronger argument to be used with sinners, and enemies to christianity, than to show them the helplessness of heathenism as the highest effort of mere nature; and, at the same time, to point them to christianity, as furnishing full satisfaction to the longings of the human heart, and the wants of the race. To show them that Jesus is “the desire of all nations”—the joyful response from heaven to the earnest cries from the depths beneath—the peace of human restlessness—the balm of human woe!

We tell infidels and sinners, who dwell in the midst of the present glorious results of christianity, and from this point of view disparage it, that their opposition is ungrateful and unfair. Shall a child, brought up in the bosom of a good family, turn round and despise the care which has preserved and moulded it, and say *it* was not needed. Just so little is it fair for a skeptic, whose very light and mercies have their source in the christianity which was before him, and is around him, to say it is not needed! He needs it even in this position; but were it not around him he would need it more.

Not where the christian religion prevails, and where, like the sun from heaven, it shines upon and enlightens even those dark pools of corruption and sin which send up their stench in its face—not here must we judge of the christian religion! No, no. We point to pure hea-



thenism, as the only place where nature has ever had a fair trial—as the only place where it may be fairly seen what nature, left to itself, can do. Its hopeless cries in the gloom are the true voice of nature. Its desires point out the true wants of the heart. Its need is the true need of the race!

This is the mighty argument which the great Apostle uses in Romans. Nature is helpless! See heathenism, he cries: Behold how it has exhausted its resources, and how with its devotees it lies in its own misery and revels in its own shame.

We see from this representation that the religion of Jesus is just what sinners need. As He is the desire of all nations, so He is the true desire of all hearts. As He is what the heathen needed, so He is what all need. Deep in the hearts of sinners, now around us, there is this same unconscious desire and want, struggling and sighing.

In the case of the heathen, there may have been a traditionary light shining upon their spirits, which stirred them; but chiefly these wants were a projection of their own nature. So the deep earnest concern, which gnaws like a restless worm in the hearts of unregenerate men, may be, to some extent, the result of their connection outwardly with christianity: but in a deep sense also is it the cry of their own nature, lifting an imploring voice out of the deeps, which will not be silent till it rests in sweet reconciliation upon the bosom of Him who alone can calm the restless heart as He once did the storm-tossed Galilee.

Sinners themselves constantly betray that this restless want and wo is consuming their peace, and stirring their desires.

Why do men see to dissipate their own serious thoughts; avoid those places and means which confront them with the sad truth of their own spiritual helplessness and misery; regard the approaches of grace as fiend-enemies to their peace, come to torment them before their time; cry out of the very depths and darkness to which sin has chased them, to every ray from heaven that falls on their gloom: "Depart out of our coasts!" Ah, like Adam in the garden, their own hidings from the Lord, before ever His voice is heard, betray that they have sinned, and would hide in their misery.

Why do others resort to theoretic infidelity? Why seek earnestly by science to baptize a lie, and consecrate it as their comforter? Why do some even seek rest in the dreadful and dreary hope of personal annihilation at death? Why thus choose as a refuge and rest for an uneasy heart the strangling of the spirit that cries within them?

Why do others still fall upon the idea of universalism—rejecting Jesus as their Saviour, and yet hoping in him as the Saviour of *all*—flying to the general mercy of God, and repelling the very incarnation of that mercy, putting God against Christ, and trusting to a salvation which does not save them, and by which they are not willing to be saved; acting like a condemned criminal, who should refuse to hear the messenger who comes with authority to pardon, and say, "I trust in the general goodness of him who holds the pardoning power!" Why this hope of absurdities?—why this mad, maniac grasp at an empty consolation? Why but to quiet the harrowing fears of the heart, unblest and unsaved?

And others still: Why do they, remaining in their sin, promise them-



selves a future acceptance of the offers of Christ?—deferring—what they feel to be just what they need?

O, in all these ways do they betray a restless heart. They mislead the yearning of their spirits. These are the efforts of the blind, stumbling in a way they know not, to seek Christ—and rest!

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## PROPHECIES.

BY NELLY RAY.

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THE cold North winds in wildness drift  
The snow in loose fantastic heaps,  
Which th' kisses of the setting sun  
In wine-red radiance steep.

Just such deep burning crimson gleams  
Will flush the lint-white crocus buds,  
(Ere all the snow-wreaths melt away,)  
When over all the spring warmth floods.

Lightly and quietly they'll weave  
Pale fairy rings, all through the moss;  
Some from the gray rock's heart will spring,  
Some, dim, wet, ferny dells emboss.

From out the west the red light dies;  
Night closes o'er the waste of snow,  
And, gathering forces from their realms,  
The cold North winds still louder blow.

The wild, grand music surges by,  
As though a mighty harp did stand  
'Twixt heaven and earth, with rich-toned strings,  
Swept by a great soul-bidden hand.

From out the bosom of the south,  
Breathings will come, as soft as sighs,  
Fanning the slopes, where violets  
Open in bliss their dew-wet eyes.

The unchained murmurous streams will flow  
Under the budding vines and trees;  
And in the purple clover meads,  
Will gather swarms of yellow bees.

Dream—dream while winter's drifts of snow  
Glint under winter's fiery stars,  
Of Spring's sweet blooms, as lone hearts dream  
When fragrance floats through prison bars.

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## MAN'S FALL.

(From Lalla Rookh.)

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,  
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—  
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"



## LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

BY R.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON was born at Plattsburg, in the State of New York, on the 27th of September, 1808. Her father was a lover of science, and her mother a woman of great refinement of feeling. At a very early age her genius became manifest, and was carefully and judiciously fostered by maternal love. Possessing a soul of exquisite sensibility, she ardently devoted her newly awakened powers to the pursuit of knowledge, and, before other children are conscious of mental existence, had drunk largely and deeply from the sacred fount of Poesie. Pure, heaven-born thoughts, springing into life from her virgin intellect, were long allowed to flow forth in silence and in secret, for such was her extreme modesty, that even to her mother they were unknown for years. Not only did she possess such an angel-like spirit, "such a shrinking from the incense of praise," although sanctified by love, and such an elegant and truly classic taste, but her affections were of the highest order. She loved her friends with a tenderness rarely equaled, and her attachment to them bore more resemblance to that of the blest above, than anything to be found on earth. But what sets the seal of perfection upon her character is, that early the fire of true religion was kindled upon the vestal altar of her heart, and continued to burn brighter and brighter, undimmed and unquenched, until she was translated to a holier and a happier clime. Short and brilliant was her career; for this damp, cold, cheerless world could not long contain a spirit so ethereal. She died on the 27th of August, 1825, just a month before her seventeenth birth-day. The clay tabernacle had been gradually dissolving by the fires of genius within, and she might well have said with the most gifted poetess of the age—

"And who will think when the strain is sung  
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,  
That life-drops, from the minstrel rung,  
Have gushed with every word?  
None, none!"

To show in what esteem our author's productions are held, we will quote a passage from her life as contained in the *American Biography*, which every one who has the least relish for the beautiful ought to peruse. "The genius of Lucretia Davidson has had the meed of far more authoritative praise than ours. The following tribute is from the *London Quarterly Review*—a source whence praise of American productions is as rare as springs in the desert. The notice is by Mr. Southey, and is written with the earnest feeling that characterizes that author, as generous as he is discriminating: 'In these poems [*Amir Klan, &c.*,] there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patron, and the friends, and the parents of the deceased could have formed.'"



As a specimen of her abilities, take the following extract from a poem on "Spring:"

"As I knelt by the sepulchre, dreary and lone,  
Lay the beautiful form in its temple of stone;  
I looked for its coming—the warm wind passed by—  
I looked for its coming on earth and on high.

The young leaves gleamed brightly around the cold spot;  
I looked for the spirit, yet still it came not,  
Shall the flower of the valley burst forth to the light,  
And man in his beauty be buried in night?

A voice on the waters—a voice in the sky,  
A voice from beneath, and a voice from on high,  
Proclaims that he shall not; the Spring, in her light,  
Shall waken the spirit from darkness and night."

These were singular speculations for a beautiful girl of sixteen. Were there not spirits ministering to her from that world to which she was hastening?

The purity, excellence and simplicity of her poetry disarms criticism. None read it but to praise.

Miss Davidson is, and will ever continue to be, as long as beauty and taste are appreciated, a bright star in our literary hemisphere.

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## HOMELY WOMEN.

WE like homely women. We have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous ugly, for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognize in women, they are the more to be pitied than admired; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women. We never saw one who was not modest, unassuming and sweet tempered, and have seldom come across one who was not virtuous and had not a good heart. Made aware in early life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts; and in the hope of supplying attractions which a capricious nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of the person, and give to the mind those accomplishments which the world so rarely appreciates in women, but which are more lasting, and in the eyes of men of sense more highly prized than personal beauty. See them in the street, at home, or in church, and they are always the same, and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate, but is the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion, emotions of admiration instead of feelings of sensual regard. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes, and happy husbands, and we never see one but we thank heaven that it has kindly created women of sense as well as beauty, for it is indeed seldom a female is found possessing both.



## THE ALPS.

"Look on the white Alps round!  
If yet they gird a land  
Where freedom's voice and steps are found."

HEMANS.

THE mind of man is so constituted that it unconsciously imbibes from the objects of nature, with which it is familiar, a portion of their character. Hence we find that the dwellers in mountains generally possess souls as noble as that of the eagle, which soars on wide sweeping wing far above the highest summits of the ice-capped peaks—energetic as the wild-dashing torrent, fearless as the chamois, bounding from the dizzy brink of one precipice to that of another; and in all their characteristics grand, lofty, and sublime. Hence, these giant monuments of creation have ever been the refuge of the oppressed, and the nurses of tyrant-quellers. Witness Suli, and thou, Republic of San Marino! perched on thy rock-built citadel, which, amidst the thousand desolations and changes that have swept over Italy, hast remained, during fourteen centuries, firm and unmoved; whilst Genoa, with all her wealth and splendor—Venice, the queen of cities, sitting upon the waters—and even proud Rome, whose mandates made the nations tremble, are numbered with Tyre, Carthage, and Babylon, the glory of Assyria! The voice of Liberty has cried from the fastnesses of Caledonia, where has been her home from time immemorial; it has called from the crags of Asturias, the heights of Tyrol, and may now be heard rolling in thunder from the jagged cliffs of Caucasus; but no where has it declared to the world her hatred of despotism in such emphatic terms as from amid the everlasting Alps. There never has been a time in which the bold spirits were wanting to stand upon their summits and say, "We are free, and who can chain us?" Although leaguered by the mail-clad busts of many a victorious chief, still have its peasants and its shepherds, in the true dignity of human nature, uttered defiance to their enemies, and fought like heroes in defence of their hamlet-hearths, their wives, and their beloved children. Every age has seen them struggling with their titled foes, and in every age the echo of the mountain horn has roused their lion hearts to battle; yet never was there a more glorious triumph than that accomplished by William Tell and his immortal comrades. Albert of Austria, the proud and cruel, had poured down upon her his numerous legions of bearded ruffians, who possessed themselves of every stronghold, and were rejoicing over the conquest of a country hitherto deemed unconquerable, when the resistless storm-cloud, which had been silently gathering above, burst in wild fury, and swept them like chaff before it, to the utter dismay and confusion of their haughty sovereign. The Switzers, sent forth and encouraged by their wives, whose bosoms throbbed with feelings the most heroic and patriotic, felt for what they fought, and Morgarten stands to this day, and will forever stand, an imperishable mountain pillar to tell the deeds of valor wrought by champions of liberty. Since then, the most powerful monarchs of Europe have repeatedly endeavored to subjugate the cantons of Switzerland; but as long as the Alps remain as the bulwarks of freedom, the Helvetians will be Helvetians still.

J.



## HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

WE have always regarded stealing the fruits of a man's brain the meanest kind of theft. It is not only mean but also wicked; for the scriptures command us to give honor to those to whom honor belongs. Accordingly we are thankful to Mr. Plumly for setting us right, and we cheerfully set our readers right on the same subject. We were led wrong by others. We saw the exceeding beauty of the poem which we selected, and consequently gave it in *The Guardian*. We now give the letter and poem as corrected, and are sure they will both be read with interest. The beauties of the poem will strike any reader at once; but they lie not all on the surface. Like a true friend "they bear acquaintance."

EDITOR *GUARDIAN*.

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 10, 1856.

DEAR SIR: In the February number of *The Guardian* appeared a poem with the title, "*Lines by Milton in his old age*," by which, I perceive, you have been led into the prevailing error respecting the authorship of these lines. They were written by Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd Howell—then Miss Lloyd, of this city—about five years ago, and published here. Their extraordinary beauty and fitness attracted much attention to them, and subsequently they were re-published in England, without credit, as is usual with English periodicals, especially if the matter be American; and in frequent republishing them they were announced as having been found among the "first of Milton's posthumous works."

The *Home Journal*, and various papers here, copied them with the above statement from the English journals, and the trip over the sea had thus given to the poem the name and fame of Milton.

I wrote to Mr. Morris of the *Home Journal*, who at once corrected the error, adding "that one who *could* write so as to be taken for Milton on his own soil, should be satisfied with the world's criticism."

Mrs. Howell is a Quakeress, a native of this city—who writes *too* little—of high abilities and ample culture, just now stricken by great sorrow in the loss by death of her husband.

Feeling quite assured that you would prefer to be right as to the authorship, I have taken the liberty to write you, and to send the copy *corrected*. Very respectfully,

B. RUSH PLUMLY.

Rev. H. HARBAUGH, Editor of *The Guardian*, Lancaster.

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Lines ON MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

I am old and blind!  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;  
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;  
I murmur not that I no longer see;  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme, to thee!



O merciful One!  
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;  
When friends pass by, my weaknesses shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown—  
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;  
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—  
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand  
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now;  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,  
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime  
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime  
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.

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A NIGHT THOUGHT.

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BY THOMAS MOORE.

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How oft a cloud with envious veil,  
Obscures yon bashful light,  
Which seems so modestly to steal  
Along the waste of night.

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs,  
Obscure with malice keen,  
Some timid heart, which only longs  
To live and die unseen.



## THE DEAD BIRD.

FROM the great universe of living things, one little life has ceased. By the wayside, just ere the light of morning woke the whole grove to singing, my bird fell from its accustomed perch upon the lofty tree, and, with a gentle fluttering of its wing, and a gush that thrilled all its frame, closed its weary eyes and moved not again. And the shock that passed through it I felt also in myself, for it was very dear to me.

I stood by the dusty wayside silent, that I might find a consolation in the world.

And many passed by us, the dead bird and its silent watcher, as the light of morning broke, but they saw it not, nor aught, it seemed to me, that I must ever see.

Suddenly one stood by us, other than the rest, his eyes were great blue eyes swimming in light—over his pale forehead masses of brown hair hung waving—his cheek flushed as he looked upon it, and I listened as utterance came to his lips—I heard only musical endings and blendings, words without consolation; when he ceased speaking, he went on with the others, yet a little aloof.

Then came, I saw not whence, a little child, like him in its light blue eyes, like him in their delicate expressings—the sunlight lay upon its forehead like a glory, golden hair fell adown its snowy arms like wings; the child took up the tiny bird and looked on it but a moment, its hands trembled, great tears stood in its eyes, it was lost in grief. But then, even when its grief was deepest—a grief that seemed kindred with my own—a purple and golden-winged butterfly flitted over us: the bird dropped suddenly from the child's hand, and with a wild cry of delight and long prolonged very echoings of joy, pursuer and pursued were gone amid the flowery meads, I saw not whither.

Then with slow steps and eyes reverently looking toward the morning heaven, a grave meek man came near, and gazed on the bird—I heard words measured and slow—"the sparrow falleth not without his notice—blessed be God,"—then holding alway a cruciform symbol, he stood looking upward through the passing clouds.

Came again from out the multitude one having in his hand cunningly devised instruments and stood beside the former, taking up the bird, while I looked mournfully upon it, but might say no word; he cut about its eyes, dissevered its wings and laid bare each vein and muscle; then looking in saw to his seeing every font of life, and scornfully unto the former uttered his words—"so moveth this, and that—and so the creature lives—thus, this and that decays, it ceases to exist—cease then thy dreams of God thou superstitious man;" then to him the other made reply, and they wrangling passed away together and were lost to sight—but their wrangling words, I did not cease to hear.

Others filled their places, some wild and crazed, some cold and careless—laughter and weeping, aimless and measureless.

Then another came, unlike all the rest, distorted with excess of human glory—a forehead loomed out over all the face—the eyes were introverted—passing by he stooped and grasped the bird as it had been stone or bird or any other thing, and solemnly said words—"This is God,"—



then letting fall the bird as carelessly as he had raised it, went his way. Then I would hear no more, wearied with hearing only—I threw myself upon the ground and laid there long—centuries long.

And the great crowd passed on, and the bright wings of the bird were soiled in the dust, and its form was destroyed altogether and lost to sight under the feet of the ever gathering multitude. Then I listened, seeing it was no more that some sweet song of the bird might come to my ear from afar. I heard naught but wailing and wild laughter, harshly intermingled with the ever fading sounds of joy—voices of the living and dying without end—till I grew wearied even unto death, shrieking into the cold earth, “what I have loved is lost to me forever,” and again, lost to myself, in sorrow crying ever into the echoless earth, “the glory of a living thing has ceased to be.”

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### GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

TRUST not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not be dependent upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents, by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy pop-injays who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject as we do, and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, “such a young lady has married a fortune,” we always tremble for her prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often become a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers and examining the cut of their coat, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have trades and can depend upon themselves: see if they have that which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft delicate hand—the splendid form and fine appearance of young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations occupy your thoughts.

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### JOYS OF YOUTH—HOW FLEETING.

WHISP’RING, heard by wakeful maids,  
To whom the night star guides us,  
Stolen walks through moonlit shades,  
With those we love beside us;  
Hearts beating at meeting,  
Tears starting, at parting,  
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades,  
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting.



## NOTES ON LITERATURE.

GLIMPSES OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS. By Rev. Octavian Winslow, D. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. pp. 273.

We have here eight interesting chapters, the substance of which was originally delivered in sermons by the author on a visit to Scotland. Their publication was earnestly solicited by many pious persons who heard them. The reader will find in this volume much fresh and devout thought, expressed with much force and unction. The subjects are evidently chosen with a view to direct practical results, and we are not surprised that those who heard the discourses delivered had a desire to read them.

WHO ARE THE BLESSED? Or, Meditations on the Beatitudes. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. pp. 197.

This book comes to us without a name. The author who has modestly remained incognito, might safely have owned this production before the public. These Meditations, as the author informs us in the preface, were at first presented to the people of his charge from the pulpit, "and he now commits them to the world, with the hope and prayer, that they may not only revive pleasant and profitable reflections in the mind of those who have heard them before, but that they may be instrumental in doing some good in the hands of others." The book shows earnest research and thought, and is animated by a sound christian spirit. Both these works are gotten up in Lindsay & Blakiston's usual good style.

NEW RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.—We have lately been greeted by "The Moravian," a spirited weekly sheet published under the auspices of the Unitas Fratrum, and is issued from Philadelphia; also by "The Missionary," devoted to the interests of the Lutheran church, lately enlarged and now issued weekly, instead of monthly as before, at Pittsburg. Both these papers have an important mission before them.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has just succeeded in obtaining for its library a rare and valuable book, printed in Low Dutch, and published in Regensburg in 1772. It contains specimens of paper from almost every species of fibrous material, and even animal substances, and has accounts of the experiments made in their manufacture. The following materials were employed, and specimens are given in the book: wasps' nests, sawdust, shavings, moss, sea-weed, hop and grape vines, mulberries, aloes, leaves, nettles, seeds, ground moss, straw, cabbage-stems, asbestos, wool, grass, thistle stems, seed wool of thistles, turf or peat, silk plant, fir wood, Indian corn, pine-apples, potatoes, shingles, beans, poplar wood, beech wood, willow, sugar-cane, leaves of horse-chestnuts, tulips, linden, &c., &c. This book is well worth inspection by those interested in paper-making, as well as the scientific investigator.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LABORS.—From 1517 to 1526, the first ten years of the Reformation, the number of his publications was 300: from 1527 to 1535, the second decade, the number was 232, and from 1537 to 1546, the year of his death, the number was 183. His first book was published in November, 1517, and he died in February, 1546—an interval of 29 years and four months. In this time he published 715 volumes—an average of more than 25 a year.

AUTOGRAPHS.—James T. Fields, the Boston publisher and author, has presented to the Mercantile Library Association of that city a series of autograph letters of all the Presidents of the United States, handsomely framed in the order of their seniority in office. Among them is a letter by John Adams, dated Philadelphia, April 8th, 1777, addressed to his son, John Quincy Adams, who was then nine years of age.



# THE GUARDIAN:

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## FAMILY REUNION.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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“Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,  
I'll be a God to thee;  
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they  
Shall be a seed to me.”

It is pleasant for the children of a family, after years and distance had separated them, to return to the home of childhood, to revisit their aged parents if they are still living—if dead, their graves—and to look again upon all the blest scenes which were familiar to them in earlier life. It is still more pleasant for them all to return at the same time, bringing their children with them, and thus to have all the branches of the aged vine gathered around the parent stem in joyful reunion. How delightful thus to return to the spot whence we went out, after thirty, forty, fifty years have passed, to talk of varied experiences, to recount the history of the family—to rejoice with all the living, and quietly to think of all that are dead.

It was our delightful privilege lately to be present at such a reunion of the BAUSMAN family, the homestead of which is near Lancaster, Pa. We were present, not as a member of the family, but as Pastor; and so interesting was the occasion, and so deeply were we impressed with the feeling that great social and religious good must flow from such reunions, that we desire to give some account of it to our readers. We earnestly hope it may suggest to many families to do likewise.

Before we speak of the festival, we must give some account of the family itself, as the facts were elicited, in connection with this reunion, from the venerable patriarch of the family, who is still living, and whose youth was on that day renewed, as the eagle's, while he moved in the midst of his assembled generations.

Father Bausman was born in 1780, in Freilaubersheim, in the Palatinate, Germany. This village is situated on the west side of the Rhine, a country noted for the fertility of its soil, and the beauty of its scenery. His parents were Henry and Barbara Bausman. At the early age of



thirteen he lost his father. He had one brother and two sisters. The enormities of the French Revolution, towards the close of the last century, and the execution of Louis XIV., occasioned a war between France and Prussia, whose bloody theater was the country around his native village. The province was made the scene of a succession of battles, and underwent all the pillage and plunder which followed in its train. Large numbers of French soldiers were quartered upon the village repeatedly, some families being literally crowded with soldiers, whom they were compelled to board, and bear their insults without a murmur. Whenever the French were defeated and compelled to make a speedy retreat, they would rush upon them from house to house, forcing them to give them money and liquor, and often committing the most cruel outrages. At one time the French fell upon the village in this manner, cruelly extorting gifts, whereupon Mr. Bausman and his brother took their infirm mother and speedily bore her over the wall in the back yard with the aid of a ladder, so as to get her beyond the reach of the cruelty of the French. Finally Prussia ceded part of the Palatinate to the French. Whereupon a regiment of French soldiers marched from village to village, demanding that the oath of allegiance be taken, raising poles surmounted with the French flag, and calling upon the inhabitants to shout *vive le Francais*. Mr. Bausman was led out with the herd, but no army could compel him to shout prosperity to the Godless foes of his fatherland. At length, however, he saw that he would be forced into the French army: having a dislike to a soldier's life in general, and a still greater dislike to fight for the enemies of his nation, he procured his passport and sailed for America in the spring of 1802, before the French authorities were aware of his intention. At that time Napoleon Bonaparte was in the ascendant. When he had been five years in this country, he received a letter stating that he had been drawn for the army, and if he did not return forthwith all his property would be confiscated. He refused to obey. The fall of Napoleon, however, left him in possession of his property. The army for which he was drawn was the one that made the ill-fated expedition to Russia. Of all his comrades that served, not one returned! Three years after his arrival in this country he was married, in 1805, to Elizabeth Peters, who died in 1851, in a good old age. Over half a century has passed since this patriarch came alone over the water a young man. He has lived to see around him eight children and twenty-five grandchildren, in all thirty-three—only the mother and one son are dead.

The heads of this family have from their youth been regular and consistent members of the church, and God has not been forgetful of his covenant in which he includes parent and children. Of this we were forcibly reminded on this day of happy reunion, when the delightful fact presented itself, that among all the children, and the children's wives and husbands, *there was not one that was not a member of the church!* How many families can rejoice in the same fact. Alas! how are families divided. Must we not fear that there will be comparatively few undivided families at the judgment of the great day!

But, the reader asks, what was done at this reunion, and expects a more particular account. He shall be gratified. Before ten o'clock in the morning the carriages and buggies were already arriving. There



were greetings and welcomings, and inquirings, and joy from the least to the greatest, and from the oldest to the youngest. The forenoon was spent in a general mingling of all, from room to room, inside and outside of the house; the children meanwhile ringing their unrestrained joy around. As the sun rose nearer to its noon, it became every moment more certain that the bodily comforts of the happy company were not to be overlooked. That was no day for fasting; and consequently at the good old orthodox hour of twelve, the company was seated around long and loaded tables. Grace was solemnly said, for it had been said there for more than fifty years, and it was no time now to turn heathen and forget the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift.

After dinner a few hours were again spent in the most delightful social intercourse. At about three o'clock the whole company collected in the entry and the largest room adjoining, all the children being seated in rows with the venerable patriarch at the head. Religious exercises were then commenced with a hymn in German, beginning thus :

“ Bis hieher hat mich Gott gebacht  
Durch Seine grose Gute ;  
Bis hieher hat er Tag und Nacht  
Bewahrt Hertz und Gemuthe.  
Bis hieher hat er mich geleit,  
Bis hieher hat er mich erfreut,  
Bis hieher mir geholfen.”

After the hymn was sung the Pastor read the promise and covenant made by God to Abraham. Gen. 17: 1-10. Also the account of Jacob's lonely journey, his sleep in the wilderness, his glorious vision of the mystic ladder, God's promises to him, and his own vow of new consecration. Gen. 28: 10-22. Closing with David's joyful thanksgiving, in the one hundred and third Psalm. This was followed by a familiar address in which were remembered the changes of the past as exhibited in the history of the family, God's goodness, faithfulness and love, and the happy influence which christianity excites upon families, life and love, and joy. Then, all kneeling down in prayer, we praised God for his goodness in the past, and implored His protection and guidance for the future, closing with the Apostle's creed and the Lord's Prayer. After prayer all joined again in singing the beautiful German hymn, beginning—

“ Bin ich eins deiner Kinderschaar,  
O Gott, in deinem Reich,  
So sind mir Leiden und Gefahr  
Und Gluck der Erden gleich.”

After the singing, it was interesting to see the countenances of the little folks, as the venerable patriarch passed from one to the other, dropping a gold dollar into the hand of each one of his grand-children, as a memorial gift. Not merely on this account, but from the impressions made upon their young hearts by the interesting occasion itself, will they remember this joyful day to the last hour of life. After the gifts were distributed, the children were handsomely addressed by the Rev. J. W. Hoffmeier, who was also present on the occasion; and the benediction closed the religious services of this hour—exercises charac-



terized by deepest devotion, and mingled with many tears of sacred joy and love.

What a blessed power—so we mused in our own mind, on the way home at the close of this happy day—what a blessed power is christianity in family life. How it perpetuates its glorious fruits—how it makes parents and children better and happier—how it turns the hearts of parents towards their children, and the hearts of children towards their parents! How dreadful is the thought of a family in which there is no higher power than mere natural affection, pure as it may seem in the eyes of mortals! How awful the thought of a family without a God. How blessed are the words of gracious promise to the families of the Lord. “The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children’s children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.”

We cannot forbear making a few reflections from the history of this family reunion.

I. How impressively does it show us the solemn importance of personal piety. The venerable father of this family over fifty years ago, came as a young man and as a stranger from a distant land. Suppose now he had commenced life here, as many young men do, without religion, casting off its holy restraints, caring only for this world, plunging into a life of flesh, and sense and sin. Is it not almost certain that the wrecks and the ruin, which are the sure results of such a course, would now be found in the families that have sprung from him. The branches would have been as the vines—and in the blood, and in the bodies, and in the souls of children and children’s children would now be madly coursing the poison of the parent’s sin! A thought, the very truth of which makes one’s heart tremble. Are there not hundreds of families in whose history all this dreadful picture is realized. Fifty years ago the parent held the destinies of a numerous offspring in his hands and his heart; as he goes they go, as he breaks loose from God they fall with him, as he chooses the way to hell they move in a flock around him. Young reader, just entering on life, look before you fifty years, ask yourself shall scores of souls gather around you as the heirs of life or the heirs of death. These results, glorious or awful, now hang upon you as grapes hang upon a stem.

“If pure and holy be the root,  
Such are the branches too.”

II. What serious and everlasting consequences flow from the spirit of family life. Whether piety or worldliness and sin reign in the family is everything to the children. The spirit of the family molds the children, silently but surely for good or for evil. It is a true proverb, “the apple does not fall far from the tree.” Had Abraham remained amid the idolatry of Chaldea, where would have been Isaac and Jacob, and the twelve patriarchs! They would have been idolators, and the pagan spirit would have reigned in all their families. The family spirit is to children what soil is to plants—the growth will be as the soil. If grace be in it, the plants will thrive. If sin be in it, its fruits will be unto sorrow and death. Let home be ever so homely—let the paternal cot



be ever so lowly—let the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be in it, and it is a bosom of powers that shall reign in the earth—a source of harmonies that shall sound down into everlasting ages.

III. How blessed and hallowed is the reign of the church in hearts and families. On the day of this family reunion we could not fail in tracing all the joy back to the church as its gracious mother. In every joyful countenance we saw the heavenly smiles of the church; in every tender word of love we heard her blessed tones. She had blessed the father, and had given him such a heart. She had trained the mother, now glorified in heaven, and made her what she was. She had sprinkled every child with “the water and the blood.” She had nursed this bundle of fellowships, in her own great, holy bosom of life and love for years. This vine, now so fruitful and flourishing—part of which, like the mystic Joseph, has already grown over the wall into the heavenly side—has grown in her soil. Surely within the walls of Zion, the Lord preserves the dwellings of Jacob. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Blessed be the Lord out of Zion!

“Thus to the parents and their seed  
Shall His salvation come;  
And numerous households met at last,  
In one eternal home.”

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#### THEY ALL SAY SO.

BY X. Y. Z.

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I SAW a little infant babe, all innocence and glee,  
Reclining on its mother's breast, sit on its mother's knee,  
And on that little infant's face I read the sentence plain:  
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a child of riper years, more sportive still than this,  
And in its little eyes there beamed an overflowing bliss;  
Yet ever and anon it spake in simple, child-like strain:  
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a youth of finest form, with spirits strong and high,  
Life seemed to him a pleasant dream, a constant flow of joy;  
But on his manly brow I traced the mark of sin's domain:  
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a yet more lovely maid, with blushing cheeks and fair,  
Her eye was full of tend'rest love, her heart as light as air;  
Yet she, the sweet and lovely maid, could not the sigh restrain:  
“The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw a man of riper age—full thirty years and ten—  
Whose visage fair and noble mien gave vigor to my pen;  
Yet as I wrote him “HAPPY” down, he cried to me “refrain:  
The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”

I saw an aged pilgrim now, with silvery locks and gray,  
And heard him, leaning on his staff, with deep emotion say,  
“Lo! infancy and childhood fair, and youth and age complain:  
The burthen of this mortal life is sorrow, grief, and pain.”



## WHITSUNTIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHITSUNTIDE is the great festival on which the Christian Church celebrates the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. It is sometimes called Pentecost, although this name more properly applies to the whole season of holy festivity between Easter and Whitsuntide—the feast of forty days, which is the meaning of the word Pentecost. When our Saviour had risen, He remained yet forty days on earth before His Ascension; and ten days after He ascended He shed forth the spirit of promise, while the disciples were together with one accord “when the day of Pentecost was fully come.”

There is great meaning in the fact that the christian festival which celebrates the outpouring of the Holy Ghost is thus planted upon the Jewish Pentecost, as it is its true fulfilment. Pentecost was the fiftieth day after the Passover; on it the Jews commemorated the giving of the law on Mount Sinai. The law is only truly fulfilled in the work of the Holy Spirit; because He takes the law that was only written on tablets of stone, and puts them in our minds, and writes them in our hearts. He makes the law, which was to the Jews an outward code, an inward power, and enables us to keep it by infusing into us the spirit of grace.

On Pentecost also the Jews celebrated the ingathering of the harvest. “A sheaf of barley was waved before the Lord, as an offering of the first fruits of the harvest, in the name of the whole people: a ceremony which was required to be accompanied with a special sacrifice, and it was necessary to *introduce* the harvest of the year.” So, on Whitsuntide, begins the harvest of saints which the church is gathering in under the mission of the Holy Ghost. The ingathering of the three thousand on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2) may be regarded as a presentation to the Lord of the first fruits of the Spirit’s work. Thus did the Holy Spirit introduce the beginning of the great harvest of saints which shall at last fill heaven with the hosts of the redeemed. Thus in our Whitsuntide does the old Pentecost receive its true fulfilment.

The name Whitsuntide is derived from White Sunday. Bingham says “some learned men think it was called White Sunday, partly because of those vast diffusions of light and knowledge which upon this day were shed upon the Apostles, in order to the enlightening of the world; but principally because, this being one of the stated times of baptism in the ancient church, they who were baptized put on white garments, in token of that pure and innocent course of life they had now engaged in.”\*

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\* The Rev. Charles Wheatley, though he approves of this derivation of the word, gives several others, thus: “Mr. Hermon L’Estrange conjectures that it is derived from the French word ‘Huiet,’ which signifies ‘eight,’ and then Whitsunday will be ‘Huiet-Sunday’—i. e., the Eighth-Sunday, viz., from Easter: and to make his opinion more probable, he observes that the octave of any feast is in the Latin called ‘Vitas,’ which he derives from the French word ‘Huictas.’ In a Latin letter I have by me of the famous Gerard Longbrain, I find another account



When we seek for the origin of the commemoration of Whitsuntide, we are led back into the very beginnings of christian history. Some think the beginning of it can be found in the apostolic times. "Epiphaneus," says Bingham, "was of opinion that St. Paul meant it in those words, when he said, 'he hastened to be at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, Acts 20: 16. But because interpreters generally take that in another sense, we will lay no stress upon it. However, it is certain this feast was observed in the time of Origin, (born A. C. 185,) for he speaks of it in his books against Celcus; as does also Tertullian before him (born A. D. 160,) and Irenaeus before them both (born A. D. 140) in his book concerning Easter, as the author of the Questions under the name of Justin Martyr informs us, where speaking of the custom of standing at prayers on the Lord's day and Pentecost, he says: 'This custom obtained from the days of the Apostles, as Irenaeus, bishop of Lyons and Martyr, testifies in his book of Easter, where he also makes mention of Pentecost.'"

Anciently, the whole period of fifty days from Easter to Whitsuntide was one continued season of holy festivity and solemn joy, in which the devout hearts of christians were continually recalling the triumphs of the resurrection, and looking forward to the Ascension, and the advent of the Holy Ghost. During this time the Acts of the Apostles were much read, because the miracles wrought by the Apostles, and the wonderful victories gained for christianity by their preaching "Jesus and the resurrection," were regarded as the great confirmations of the Saviour's resurrection from the dead. During this time all fasting was forbidden, because it was a season of joy and lively hope. So, also, there was no kneeling in public worship—they worshipped standing, triumphing in Christ with uplifted head, and singing hallelujahs to God and his Christ. All public games and diversions as well of the theater as of the circus, were strictly prohibited during this season indicating that the joy of the resurrection of Christ, and the hope of ascension with him, is the only joy any christian heart can desire. How true! Who can doubt that if the hearts of christians were always filled with holy joy in Christ and the hope of heaven, all desire after such low pleasures of sense would of themselves drop away like worn-out garments.

It is worthy of note that the natural world, in this season of the year, when this holy festival occurs, is in striking correspondence with the great facts which are commemorated. We are surrounded with instructive analogies which call our hearts to the contemplation of higher things. Nature, that long lay torpid in the cold bosom of winter, has put on its beautiful garments, and has adorned itself to the highest, for this glorious festival. He, the Spirit, who of old moved upon the face of the waters to call forth order, and life, and beauty, is again moving over the earth, and lo! gardens and fields, woods and plains, hills and

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of the origin of this word, which he says he met with accidentally in a Bodleian manuscript. He observes from them that it was a custom among our ancestors upon this day, to give all the milk of their ewes and kine to the poor for the love of God, in order to qualify themselves to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost: which milk being then (as it now is in some countries) called White-Meat, &c.; therefore this day, from that custom, took the name of Whitsunday."



vallies smile and sing. Nature is in sympathy with the sacred season, and echoes the reigning power of the spirit, with unrestrained joy. "Spring reigns in its fullness," says an eloquent German writer, "and the days of bloom have reached their highest point. The sun's power has triumphed over the cold dead masses on the surface of the earth. True the old power still frets, and shows feeble signs of return; but it is only to be conquered. The clouds would bring back the wintry darkness, with its cold nights and piercing winds, but the birds in the air sing the song of victory, and the blossoms and odors, which already prophecy of the coming fruit, send incense toward heaven. The all-reviving solar power has descended from heaven to earth, made itself a home here, and is now beautifying it. We feel the coming of the spirit of life, and see the effects of its breathings around us. It broods over the fields. There is a spirit in the woods, a spirit in the meadows, a spirit on the plains and upon the waters, a spirit upon the heights and in the depths. Spring is merging into Summer."

It is not accidental that the sacred festival which celebrates the advent of the Holy Spirit, comes at this blooming season of the year. He creates in the spirits of men the virtues and graces which adorn and beautify his life, as flowers do the fields, and which look forward, in the way of sure promise, to the fruit-harvest of everlasting life. It is meet that the world without should reflect the powers and processes of the world within. As the starry heavens are imaged in the lake, so the natural ever responds to the supernatural. Thus the whole world of nature becomes to the devout—who alone can understand it—a glorious parable, if not revealing, yet ever illustrating the mysteries of the kingdom.

It is not fanciful, but scriptural, to trace an intimate connection between the operations of the Holy Spirit and the life, growth, bloom and beauty of the natural world. He evidently was active at first in the creation of all that has life. The world was a dead mass of matter till "the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters." The word which is translated "moved," in the original signifies "a gentle motion, like that of a dove over its nest, to communicate vital heat to its eggs, or to cherish its young. Without him, all was a dead sea; a rude inform chaos; a confused heap covered with darkness: but by the moving of the spirit of God upon it, he communicated a quickning prolific virtue. This is a better account of the original of all things, than is given us by any of the philosophers, ancient or modern."

The scriptures ascribe the sustaining of all life, animal and vegetable, in the sea and upon the land to the Holy Spirit. In him all things live and move and have their being. "Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of nature." Ps. 104: 29, 30. He is the "spirit of life;"

"And where HE vital breathes there must be life."

How naturally therefore may we expect that the descending Spirit, as He breathed life upon the disciples, and as His overflowing power awakened from the death of sin "three thousand souls," on the same day, should



now still cause all life to feel His animating power, and proclaim His presence and mission in silent manifestation of life and love, of bloom and beauty.

Lift up your hearts and hands in joy ye who have triumphed with the risen Lord! Let the shout of victory sound over the empty tomb. Hear the glorious victor, as he lays his right hand upon you, and says: "Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death!"

Lift up your hearts and hands in joy ye that have risen with Christ. Lo, now is your salvation nearer than when you first believed. Set your affections on things above. Enter into the gates of Zion with thanksgiving: come before him with songs of praise. Let the joyful jubilate ring over the earth. Go forth into the gardens and fields where the flowers burst into bloom, and send their odors to heaven, and where the birds speak to you of ascension, and sing as they rise. Stand upon the highest Olivet and, like the disciples, gaze up into heaven after your ascended Lord, and say: "Whom having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

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#### SUMMER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

THE sun has sunk beneath the western hills,  
And evening's dews are softly falling round;  
The moon's pale beams are sparkling on the rills,  
And new-mown crops lie heaped upon the ground.

All Nature sleeps—while o'er her tranquil brow,  
Unruffled by the noise and strife of day,  
The beauteous eyes of Heaven are smiling now,  
In each bright star, that sheds its trembling ray.

No sound is heard—for e'en the gentle breeze  
In harmony has lulled itself to rest;  
The flocking birds have sought within the trees  
Their peaceful slumber, and a sheltering nest.

And now the wearied farmer seeks repose,  
With joy he sees his hour of rest now come;  
His trusty scythe upon his shoulder throws,  
And onward plods to reach his humble home.

And mark his honest look, and sturdy pace,  
As through the plenteous fields he wends his way;  
And see the smile that lights his happy face—  
His mind reflecting on a well spent day.

There is a quiet calm within that breast,  
To envy which the proudest heart might deign;  
A jewel by that humble man possess'd,  
Emperors might covet, but could ne'er obtain.



## SOME CHAPTERS ON HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO. IV.

“In sermon style he bought  
And sold, and lied; and salutations made  
In scripture terms.”

WE must yet remark that the master-stroke of Humbug is when he becomes pious. Our readers will recollect that we gave a specimen of a musical humbug of the devout kind about a year ago—the article made its mark. The great importance of piety to success was understood by Barnum in the Jenny Lind humbug. He knew that he who will be the greatest in this line, must move the Church to swarm! In accomplishing this he succeeded only too well. Now mark with what cunning arts the religious public was caught.

It was duly announced that “she would not sing in theaters.” In the very first announcement it was said that “she expressly reserves the right of giving charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper”—that in England she had given to the poor from her private purse more than Barnum had engaged to pay her (\$150,000;) and that her gratuitous concerts for charitable objects had produced “more than ten times that amount!” (\$1,000,000.)—*Barnum's Autb.*, p. 304. Well done, Barnum.

“I also took largely into my estimate of her success with all classes of the American public, her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity. Without this peculiarity in her disposition, I never would have dared make the engagement which I did, as *I felt sure that there were multitudes of individuals in America who would be prompted to attend her concerts by this feeling alone.*”—*Ib.*, p. 397.

The bait took. The religious community was blinded and flocked to the concerts. But towards the end of the harvest Jenny could not only sing in theaters, but also travel on the Sabbath!

But was the whole a humbug? Let Barnum himself speak. After he had made a contract with her, he was passing from Philadelphia to New York. He told “the gentlemanly conductor” that he had engaged Jenny Lind. “Is she a dancer?” asked the conductor. Barnum says, “his question chilled me as if his words were ice.” He had intended to keep his arrangements with her secret till near the time of her arrival, but now he says, “I am not sure that six months will be too long a time for me to occupy in enlightening the entire public in regard to her merits.”—*Ib.*, p. 303. He went to work to make a tempest out of a tea-pot. “No one can imagine the amount of head-work and hand-work which I performed. I had put innumerable means and appliances into operation for the furtherance of my object, and little did the public see of the hand that indirectly pulled at their heart-strings, preparatory to a relaxation of their purse-strings; and these means and appliances were continued and enlarged throughout the whole of that triumphant musical campaign.”—p. 315.



A man at Nashville, who bought four tickets at \$12 a piece, afterwards severely blamed himself. Barnum says in regard to it: "I am not sure that others similarly situated have not experienced a somewhat similar feeling, when they became cool and rational, and the excitement of novelty and competition had died away."—p. 336. Here is an honest confession that he had humbugged the people into an irrational excitement.

But was she not a great singer? No doubt. And by her own talents and powers she would have drawn persons of musical taste and cultivation around her; but such a humming of all classes could never have been produced but by humbug. Thousands were but as dust caught up by the powerful force of the passing whirlwind, who had not the least appreciation of her powers. In Baltimore a whole congregation was thrown into extacies by the whisper that Jenny was in the choir. And indeed they could hear that she was. "Heavenly sounds!" "I never heard the like!" Alas! for their taste, it was only Barnum's daughter; and he says "we have never discovered that my daughter has any extraordinary claims as a vocalist."

A gentleman in New Orleans had a son about twelve years of age who was a real prodigy in the way of music. His father had no taste in that way, but as the son possessed that etherealness of soul which could measure the divine art, he bought two tickets for \$30.

They went. The son was in raptures. He could scarcely speak, so extatic was his frame. Silently they walked away from the door of the theater. The father regarded the \$30 of money as nothing, since it had so raised his ethereal-spirited son into the third heaven of bliss! He almost coveted the gift of such seraphic capacity. As if in dreamland, after the concert, they pass silently on, amid the crowd, the booths, and various shows that were open upon the vacant lots around. At length this ethereal son suddenly awakes. His eye catches a large sign, and he exclaims, "Father, let us go in and see the big hog!"

This we venture to say, in hundreds of cases, is a fair type of the permanency of that sublime, elevating and refining power which was claimed for this sin and sense-dispelling Orpheus. If, to this musical prodigy, it was a show giving him only a stronger taste to see the "big hog," what can be expected from its effects upon less ethereal souls.

It was Jenny Lind *as a show*, more than as a singer, that moved the people. The greatest crowd was always around when she was not to be *heard* but to be *seen*. When she arrived, thousands gathered at the wharf to *see* her. In less than ten minutes after she arrived at the Irving House, there were 10,000 on the ground. In the evening 20,000! Even dignitaries crowded her apartments to *see*. Nor did a crowd of clergymen fail to make fools of themselves!

In Philadelphia the crowd was so violent in calling for her appearance on the balcony, and she too sick to appear, that Barnum had to resort to a little humbug to quell the great one. He took Jenny's bonnet and shawl, put them upon another woman, and led her out to the balcony. The intelligent and musico-ethereal crowd gave her three hearty cheers, and had seen the show! In New Orleans they could not get her out of the boat for the crowd, till Barnum took his daughter by the arm, when the crowd followed him, and were led away like sheep by a shepherd.



In Cincinnati, Barnum took Miss Lind and got some one in the crowd to cry out, "That's no go, Mr. Barnum; you can't pass your daughter off for Jenny Lind this time." So the crowd remained, and the show passed on, no one following, supposing that she was yet on the boat.

Jenny was herself painfully conscious that she was in reality *a show*. She requested Mr. Barnum to make arrangements that she might appear at the various points incognito. Barnum says: "I considered however that the interests of the enterprise depended in a great measure upon these excitements." He tacitly assented to her desire, but secretly gave orders to his agent to telegraph, and make it known. She constantly wondered how so many found out the time of her arrival at various points in their travels. Barnum says *he* was not!

In Charleston the daughter of a wealthy planter paid a servant a sum of money to permit her to put on the servant's cap and white apron, and carry in the tray for Jenny's tea that she might see her. When the circumstance was told her, as an evidence of the lady's great admiration of her, she said, truly: "It is not admiration, it is only *curiosity*!" This is correct, and it might be applied to nineteen-twentieths of those who crowded around her.

While, therefore, we say not a word to the disparagement of her musical talent, we have presented evidence that the campaign itself was a humbug—such a one as could have grown up in no other country—for which the people paid \$712,171 34. Who does not see that the religious cloak had much to do with this success.

We have no time to review the Kossuth humbug; but will only take occasion to remark that, strange as it may seem, none can so easily and effectually humbug the American public as foreigners. The king and the queen in this department were foreigners. When have the American people been made fool of so insultingly as by Dickens and Tupper. The speculators in all kinds of vulgarity in our cities are foreigners. The astrologers are all "late from Europe," "late from Sweden." The humbuggers in the musical line, are they not French and Italians?—look at the bills; there's *Monsieurs Parlevou, Parleblu; Signoras Verona, Bennini, Villette!* No other names on opera bills will take. They must have the foreign ending—it is as necessary to make a singer as "isky" to the end of a name is to make a Polander. So it is in our large cities. In our inland towns our ambition does not reach so far. But still, even with us, he must be from another State. "Late from Boston," or "late from New York"—or, in general, "late from the East"—the bait must have a foreign worm, or the public will not bite.

What a humiliating want of self-respect do we thus betray. We boast of our independence, and of our superiority to oppressed Europe—we profess to pity the ignorance which can bow at the nod of tyrants—we herald our light and glory as an example to all who sit in darkness—and yet what do we? When foreign humbugs appear we open our mouths and gape in wonder—we open our purses and fill theirs! May our own good sense—may our native nationality deliver us from all foreign humbug; and may our own national character, like our Mississippi, like our Niagara, like our lakes, like our mountains, like our Washington, and like our Constitution, stand in its own majesty, original, unrivalled, and in its greatness alone!



We ought to say a few words on the effects of this evil upon individuals, and upon the public spirit of our land. This is a severe task—who can do it justice? The vast amount of money drained from the pockets of the honest and industrious is a small part of the evil. It deranges and confuses the order, the silent earnest progress of regular business life in the community. The calm and rational pleasures of social life are vitiated by the extraordinary nostrums presented by tricksters, showmen, doggerel-mongers, and negro ballad-singers. The taste of the community is rendered morbid. Itinerant quacks, in all professions, break in upon the regular flow of social and business life, interfering imprudently with, and often disparaging, home skill, home art, home industry, and home business—carrying away by large grabs more money than is required to sustain all the useful spheres of home industry, as well as the various necessary benevolent enterprises of the community. They tear into a community like a storm into a forest, to devour and desolate.

Humbug exerts a disastrous influence upon public morals. It promotes a dishonest spirit, and induces the low and the idle to endeavor to live by trickery. It has a tendency to undermine and sap the foundation of confidence between man and man. It acts as a caricature and burlesque upon science, and destroys confidence and respect for it; for in many of the forms of humbug there is such a mixture of the true and the false, as to make the true serve the false to its own dishonor. The true is thus disparaged. The true is modest, humbug is bold and impudent, and hence he throws into the shade and over-tops that which is a true benefit to man. This we see constantly. True skill in musical science is not encouraged; but not so with doggerel ballads and negro songs. True, serious, and useful authorships can scarcely live; but not so with hot-bed novels, morbid vulgarity, or the impudent life of a humbug. True medical skill and science is left far behind by the bold sweep of quackery. In short there is scarcely any department of regular, honest business, that is not forced to unequal competition with the intrusions of some foreign counterfeit in the same line of business.

The spirit of humbug is especially injurious to the young. It fills their minds with strange ambition, and with dangerous fancies. Seduces them to the idea that life is not an earnest, honest struggle, in which worthy action alone is honorable, but a game of chance, offering its best rewards to the grab of trick and cunning. This is the unblushing lesson which Barnum teaches in his Autobiography. Behold the end of his teachings in his own late bankruptcy.

We cannot, without some effort, by which we transfer ourselves back into the innocent age of childhood, form any true idea of the effect produced upon the unsuspecting and credulous minds of children by the mysterious professions of astrologers, and the brazen-faced vulgarities of medical quacks, as exhibited in almost every secular newspaper—and in some religious ones—that enter our families. They believe it all—their visions feed upon it in wonder—and deep in their young minds lies the permanent impression!

Who has not seen the effect of any kind of humbug upon children. For weeks after one has swarmed in a town, you can see mimicings and imitations of their sayings and doings in the boys upon the street.



## GOD'S BLESSING ON THEM.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

God's blessing on them!—those old saints,  
Who battled hard and long;  
Who cleft in twain a stubborn chain,  
And conquered might and wrong!  
Oh Time! revere their sanctity,  
Nor let their glory cease,  
For by mortal victory  
They sealed immortal peace.

God's blessings on them!—those stout hearts,  
In these advancing days,  
Who seek to guide the progress stride  
From error's countless ways!  
Oh be their track a track of light,  
The onward march of man,  
The wise to shape our steps aright—  
The good to lead the van!

God's blessing on them!—one and all,  
Of every rank and clime,  
Who strive to aid the stern crusade  
Against the growth of crime!  
Oh be their names a rallying cry  
For ages yet to come,  
A word whose echo shall not die  
Till nature's self be dumb!

## SUNRISE.

Lo! breaks the morning,  
O'er ocean and isle;  
Light is adorning  
The earth with her smile;  
Dew-drops are gleaming  
On beds of perfume;  
Sunshine is streaming  
O'er Eden-like bloom.

From valley and mountain  
What melodies rise!  
Woodland and fountain  
Send shouts to the skies!  
Ether is ringing  
With notes of delight;  
Sweet birds are singing  
The exit of night!

God of creation!  
Whose matchless control,  
Gives planets their station,  
And systems their roll!  
Night speaks thy glory—  
Day after day  
Re-echoes the story,  
As years pass away.



## UNPUBLISHED LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have carried our history of unpublished school-boy literature up to that period which may be called full boyhood. We have shown that there is at this time in boy-life danger of a certain kind of unlovely development—a characteristic bravo spirit which is rough, roguish, and rowdyish. We now proceed.

The period which may be called early youth, when the large boy begins to merge into the incipient young man, has its distinctly marked peculiarities. Nick-names no longer please—they are hated. The spirit assumes a sober, yea, even a serious tone. The youth now writes under his name, on the blank leaf of his school-book—

“The grass is green,  
The rose is red:  
Here stands my name,  
When I am dead.”

The boy is satisfied with himself; but the youth no more. He begins to have strange longings. Instincts begin to dawn, which reach forward in the way of the spirit destiny, and he hears the soundings of immortality. The soul begins to turn its reflections in upon itself, and listens to its own prophetic undertones.

“A solemn murmur in the soul,  
Tells of the world to be,  
As travelers hear the billows roll  
Before they reach the sea.”

That the stanza which the youth now loves to record under his name, is prompted by the instincts of immortality is seen at once in the lines—

“Here stands my name  
When I am dead.”

The aspirations of the spirit will leave their record behind. Hence not only on this blank page does the youth seek to leave his name, but in other places also he records it, that his memorial may not perish with him “when he is dead.” Behold the same youth, at this period of life, not only in the school-room cutting his name in the writing desk and bench, but see him also in the rural arbor, and among the smoothed-backed trees, whither his pensive feelings have led him, carving for immortality!

“With knife deface  
The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,  
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.  
So strong the zeal t’ immortalize himself  
Beats in the heart of man, that even a few,  
Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr’d  
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize.”



The stanza on which we are commenting is most frequently written at the close of school, about the opening of the spring season, when the "grass is green," and the bud of the "red rose" begins to swell. Strange as it may seem to those who seek for the reason of things on the surface, it has long since been observed that the instincts of immortality are strongest in spring-time. They awaken with the revival of nature. It is, moreover, at this season of the year that the soul is most moved by mystic longings. This explains why Solomon, in the Song of Songs, connects with the coming of spring the singing of birds, the blooming of flowers, the inward voice which invites: "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away!" We would suppose this the very time when the heart would most desire to remain, and would feel itself most sweetly at home on earth. But it is not so. It is amid the bloom and beauty of spring that the spirit feels itself most strongly drawn upon by the powers of the infinite. An undefined hope sings in the bosom of youth a song which accords with the prophetic cooings of the dove, waking the same memories and inspiring the same hopes.

Under the influence of these mysterious feelings the youth writes the stanza which we have quoted. How important that this strange seriousness should receive the proper direction! These mystic feelings are no doubt deep yearnings after Christ, as they are after an hereafter. They are a feeling in the dark after the true rest of the soul. They are a warmth and a light slumbering in the embers; a—

"Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised!  
Those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a mystic light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake  
To perish never:  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man, nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
Hence in season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

The stanza we have quoted, though serious, has still a great deal of hope in it. It belongs, as we have said, to dawning youth. Sometimes, however, the same sentiment is expressed in a more gloomy style:

"When I am dead and in my grave,  
And all my bones are rotten,  
This little verse will show my name  
When I am quite forgotten."



This evidently belongs to a later period in youth. It shows that some disappointments have darkened life; hope is no more so spontaneous and firm as it once was, and the heart feels that "there has passed away a glory from earth." There is not so implicit a faith in the perpetuity of friendship. The writer believes that he shall be "quite forgotten" except as this "little verse" shall call him to the mind and memory of his companions. This verse does not please us. It is too cheerless. It sounds even morbid. We fear that the heart of the youth who writes it is not lighted up by the hopes of religion as it ought to be. It seems so much like the sorrow of the world which worketh death.

There is another form in which this same gloomy sentiment is sometimes expressed. Thus:

"When this you see,  
Remember me,  
Lest I should be forgotten.  
When I am dead,  
And in my grave,  
And all my bones are rotten."

Again we say, we would rather see something more cheerful. Religion is serious, but not gloomy. This stanza seems to us too much like a rose that has a worm at its heart. It has a fragrance, but it is too languid to be breathed from a healthy heart. We would say to such a one, pray for a little more cheerful faith. With that which has more hope in it. It is this that gives freshness and vigor to the heart, and makes youth the happy preparatory stage to a pious, brave, and useful life.

In short, what we recommend is something of the spirit which breathes in another stanza which we find in school books. Thus:

"Wilson Langdon is my name,  
Farming is my station:  
Iowa is my dwelling place,  
And Christ is my salvation."

There is nerve, and faith, and purpose in this! He takes right hold of his secular calling in the hope and spirit of religion. Here is no languid, morbid dreaming about "rotten bones" and being "forgotten." Here is the power which brings resurrection. He has chosen an honorable vocation. He is determined to be a christian farmer; and yet he does not propose to follow this business as an end, only as a means, of life. He intends to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. While his hands rest on the plough, his heart shall rest on Christ as "his salvation." We venture to say that this is just what all young men should learn at school; and this is the spirit in which they should step from the school into the business of life.

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THE SCRIPTURES ALWAYS FRESH.—Can this be said of any other book? The venerable Dr. Woods, in addressing the students at Andover, said that when he commenced his duties as Professor of Theology, he feared that the frequency with which he should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture, would abate the interest in his own mind in reading them; but, after more than fifty years of study, it was his experience that with every class his interest increased.



## ASCENSION DAY.

BY J. W. NEVIN, D. D.

THE triumph of our Saviour's resurrection drew after it, with necessary consequence, his exaltation at the right hand of God. Having risen from the grave, the conqueror of death and hell, he could not fail to enter into his glory, and to become thus head over all things, in a real way, to his church. The Festival of Easter completes itself in the Festival of the Ascension; as this again opens the way immediately for the Festival of Pentecost. In one view the whole period may be regarded as a single solemnity. The Resurrection finds its proper conclusion, reaches its full significance for the world, only in the coming of the Holy Ghost. This was the great promise of the gospel. All looked to this from the beginning. Christ died that he might rise again; rose again that he might ascend up far above all heavens; ascended up that he might fill all things, and make his power and grace known by the mission of his Spirit.

Thus in the Creed these glorious mysteries are joined together, as inseparable parts of a single whole, or as different stages merely in the progress of one and the same grand fact. To believe one, we must believe all. As something real, and not simply notional and imaginary, each article is conditioned absolutely by the place it holds in connection with the rest. In this way we are furnished with a single and easy test, by which to try how far any part of the Creed is received and held by us with true faith. All depends on the sense we have of its necessary connection with what goes before, and with what follows after. To acknowledge the existence of Christ, without allowing at the same time the full force of the clause, "conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary," would be at once a contradiction, showing that the true mystery of his presence in the world was not really perceived or acknowledged at all. It would be to substitute a mere natural conception or fancy of our own mind for the actual supernatural fact which faith in this case is required to embrace. Equally fatal to any confession of Christ would it be, not to make earnest with the fact of his death, with his descent to hades, and with his resurrection from the dead. And just so again, we cannot really believe in his resurrection without going on to say: "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." Nor can our faith stop there; but with the actual progress of the Saviour's life and power, must take in also the revelation of Pentecost, with all its consequent blessings for our fallen race, onward to his second coming. No one can truly believe in Christ's glorification at the right hand of God, who is not prepared to add with the Creed: "I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."



Two opposite suppositions may be made in regard to our Saviour's resurrection, which are equally at war with all true faith in the historical reality of the fact. One, that it was a return simply to the order of existence he possessed before, a restoration of the common human life which he gave up on the cross. The other, that it involved such a change of existence as fairly brought to an end his previous human life, taking it out of all historical connection with the world, and resolving it altogether into spirit, or rather into a mere object of thought. Both of these conceptions destroy the realness of what Christ was and still is; and make it impossible to believe in him, with the faith which is required by the Creed. The first overthrows the supernatural side of his being, sinks him down to the order of mere nature, makes him to be in truth no more than a common man. The second nullifies his being just as fully on the opposite side; makes his revelation in the flesh a mere temporary appearance or show; converts his whole person at last into a gnostic imagination.

With wonderful effect, the resurrection state of Christ is so represented in the New Testament as to avoid each extreme; and for any one who is prepared to consider the matter properly, the fact that it has done so cannot fail to be felt as one of the strongest arguments for the reality of the mystery itself and for the inspiration of the record in which it is described. We cannot easily conceive indeed of a representation of character and life more difficult to produce, than that which is brought before us, under this view, in the close of the evangelical history. No mere art or skill of man can be considered equal to its successful invention. In the New Testament, however, the conditions and requirements of the problem are met, on all sides, and fully satisfied. Christ is exhibited to us as a risen Saviour, in a form which does no violence to the conception in any direction, but is felt to be in the most simple and perfect harmony with it throughout. All is answerable to the character and state described.

His re-appearance is no coming back properly to the life in which he had been known among men before. This was felt by his disciples, in every case in which he offered himself to their view; and we are made to feel it just as sensibly, through the same scenes and occasions, as they are described to us on the sacred page. They felt, and we are made to feel too, in every case, that with all the evidences they had of the realness of their Master's presence, he was still not with them and among them just as he had been before. There he was, speaking with them and making himself palpable to their senses in every way; and yet it was plain that he had in fact passed into another order of existence. They were not, after all, in the same world with him. He was with regard to them on the *other* side of death; and a strange unearthliness was made to invest his being, to their apprehension, at every point.

On the other hand, however, the representation is just as successful in setting before us the fact of a real resurrection of Christ from the dead, in distinction from every sort of gnostic phantom or dream. The disciples knew that the re-appearance of their Master was no mere *apparition*. And we too are made to feel this in seriously reading the narrative of the New Testament. He comes before us as one not of this mortal life, but as being still in his whole person the real continua-



tion of what he was before. He is on the other side of death, not as a vision only; but in the form of a new higher existence, most real and substantial, in which the whole power of death has been surmounted and brought to an end: "I am the Resurrection and the Life! I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death!"

~~These~~ These appearances of Christ after his resurrection were themselves, at the same time, a preparation only for his full and final transition over into that state, in which his new life was to be advanced to its full perfection and glory, and clothed with its proper lasting power for the salvation of the world. Without being able to understand or explain all the purposes of that "period of forty days," during which he continued to show himself to his disciples previously to his being taken up into heaven, we may easily enough see that it was in its very nature a temporary condition, that served merely to open the way for what was to follow. That was not the true permanent form of Christ's resurrection life. Its meaning and force lay in the fact of its soon afterwards passing over into something far more glorious; just as the morning twilight finds its proper significance only in being taken up by the full light of day. Without this movement on to its own proper consummation, however real it might have seemed for the moment, it must have come to bear in the end a more or less unreal and shadowy character, by no means answerable to the true historical conception of our Saviour's person. By the mystery of the *Ascension*, all is brought into right place and order. The lower manifestation of Christ's resurrection life, with its glimpses of spiritual power and glory, demonstrated to his disciples "by many infallible signs," in the sphere of their worldly experience and observation, gives way with natural course to the higher manifestation of the same life in the sphere of the Spirit. We retain our hold upon the historical realness of Christ's person, our sense of actual continuance in his life under a worthy and suitable form, only as we are enabled to follow him into the heavens, and have power to believe at the same time that he reigns there head over all things to the Church, and true also to his own promise: "Lo, I am with you always, to the end of the world."

Such being the force of the Ascension itself, as an article of the Christian Creed, we may see how necessary and important it is for us to cherish a proper regard for the season by which it is commemorated in the progress of the Church Year. It was from no fanciful conceit merely, that the Church ordained, from the earliest times, the great festivals which mark in this way the history of redemption from the birth of Christ onward to the pouring out of the Holy Ghost. The whole order rests upon a deep principle in the religious nature of man, which makes it certain that it can never be disregarded without serious damage and loss for the interests of piety. Want of regard for these holy seasons, necessarily implies a corresponding want of full believing sympathy with the historical reality of the great facts they commemorate. The habit of religiously keeping them in mind, on the other hand, has a direct tendency to keep in us a lively sense of the facts *as facts*, and thus to clothe them with their proper power for our consciences and hearts. We think it not too much to say, without pretending to go any



farther into the subject at this time, that a lively apprehension of the facts of the gospel, as we have them set forth in the Creed and as they entered into the faith of the early Church, can never prevail to any extent, without bringing into exercise the spirit of church festivals, as it showed its force in the first centuries; and so, as the reverse of this, that there can be no reigning indifference to those occasions, allowing them to fall into neglect and disuse, which shall not be attended with a corresponding want of hearty living sympathy with the facts they celebrate, and the habit of turning them unconsciously into mere spiritualistic dreams.

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FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

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BY THOMAS MOORE.

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FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel !  
Silence is o'er thy plains ;  
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,  
Thy children weep in chains.  
Where are the dews that fed thee  
On Ethom's barren shore ?  
That fire from heav'n which led thee,  
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem ;  
Once she was all thy own ;  
Her love thy fairest heritage,  
Her power thy glory's throne.  
Till evil came and blighted  
Thy long, lov'd olive tree ;  
And Salem's shrines were lighted  
For other gods than Thee !

Then sunk the star of Solyma ;  
Then pass'd her glory's ray,  
Like heath, that in the wilderness  
The wild wind whirls away.  
Silent and waste her bowers,  
Where once the mighty trod,  
And sunk those guilty towers,  
Where Baal reigned as god.

"Go," said the Lord—"ye conquerors  
Steep in her blood your swords,  
And raze to earth her battlements ;  
For they are not the Lord's !  
Till Zion's mournful daughter  
O'er kindred bones shall tread,  
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter,  
Shall hide but half her dead !"



## THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

## NO. XIV.—THE POMEGRANATE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Pomegranate tree is very common in the Holy Land. It is also found growing wild in Syria, in the south of Europe, and in the north of Africa. It is a low tree, and has a straight stem, and reddish bark. Its branches are very thick, bushy and spreading, and some of them are crowned with sharp thorns, and its leaves are narrow, shaped like a spear.

This tree is noted for the large, beautiful and odorous flowers which it bears. They are of an elegant red color, and resemble a rose. On this account it is one of the chief ornaments of oriental gardens. The tree itself, as well when it is in bloom, as when it is laden with ripe fruit, is said to excel all other fruit trees in beauty.

The fruit of this tree is quite round, "of the size of an orange, of a tawny brown, with a thick astringent coat, containing abundance of seeds, each enveloped in a distinct, very juicy, crimson coat, whose flavor in a wild state is a pure and very strong acid; but in the cultivated plant, sweet and highly grateful." Like other summer fruit it has the general qualities of allaying heat and quenching thirst. The color of the fruit is a high scarlet. When it is quite ripe it bursts open, and then the bluish-purple seeds are seen partly imbedded in a juicy flesh, which in color is a mixture of red and yellow.

Dr. Harris, speaking of this tree says: "The high estimation in which it was held by the people of Israel may be inferred from its being one of the three kinds of fruit brought by the spies from Eschol to Moses and the congregation in the wilderness; Numb. 13. 23: 20. 5: and from its being specified by that rebellious people as one of the greatest luxuries which they enjoyed in Egypt, the want of which they felt so severely in the sandy desert. The pomegranate, classed by Moses with wheat and barley, vines and figs, oil-olive and honey, was, in his account, one principal recommendation of the promised land. Deut. 8: 8. The *form* of this fruit was so beautiful as to be honored with a place at the bottom of the high priest's robe; Exod. 28: 33, and Ecclesiastics 45: 9; and was the principal ornament of the stately columns of Solomon's temple. A section of the apple gives a fine resemblance of a beautiful cheek. Cantic. 4: 3. The inside is full of small kernels, replenished with a generous liquor. In short, there is scarcely any part of the pomegranate which doth not delight and recreate the senses."

The pomegranate tree and fruit was held in high estimation among the Jews. "No circumstance," says Paxton, "more clearly proves the value which the orientals put upon this fruit, than the choice which Solomon makes of it to represent certain graces of the church: 'Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks,' chap. 4: 3;



and in the thirteenth verse, the children of God are compared to an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits." It was a symbol of richest divine blessing. It is even yet so regarded in the East. When Otho, King of Greece, in 1834, came to the pass of Thermopolæ, he was met by an aged, motherly-looking woman, who presented him with a pomegranate, and said: "O King, may your years be as many as the beautiful seeds in this fruit."

Because this fruit was so valued it was regarded as a great calamity and curse from God when the pomegranate failed to bear. Joel 2: 12; Hag. 2: 19.

Solomon celebrates the excellence of "the spiced wine of the juice of the pomegranate." Songs of Sol. 4: 2. "The juice," says Paxton, "especially when expressed from the seeds and interior film, by which the bitter flavor is avoided, is a delicate beverage; and one pomegranate will sometimes fill a basin." He says also that the Syrians, in very hot weather, use a very grateful and cooling drink made of wine mixed with the juice of this fruit. He thinks this the spouse, in the passage just quoted, proposed to make for her beloved. "Or," he adds, "perhaps she means a species of wine made of pomegranate juice, which, we learn from Chardin, is drunk in considerable quantities in the East, and particularly in Persia." There is reason to suppose that the orientals used the juice of this fruit to flavor their drink in the same way as we now use lemons.

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## OH, FEAR NOT THOU TO DIE.

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AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

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Oh, fear not thou to die,  
 Far rather fear to live—for life  
 Has thousand snares thy feet to try  
 By peril, pain and strife.  
 Brief is the work of death,  
 But life—the spirit shrinks to see  
 How full, ere Heaven recall the breath,  
 The cup of woe may be.

Oh, fear not thou to die:  
 No more to suffer, or to sin,  
 No snare without thy faith to try,  
 No traitor heart within.  
 But fear, oh, rather fear,  
 The gay, the light, the changeful scene,  
 The flattering smiles that greet thee here,  
 From Heaven thy heart to win.

Oh, fear not thou to die,  
 To die and be that blessed one,  
 Who in the bright and beauteous sky  
 May feel that never more  
 The tear of grief, of shame, shall come  
 For thousand wanderings from the Power,  
 Who loved and called thee home.



## THE LAKE.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY N. S.

ONE day a father and son stood on the bank of a lake. It was quiet, like a child sleeping in a cradle. Flowers and trees were reflected from the quiet water, and the sky above lent to it its pure blue; swans and other water birds swam upon its surface; fishes leaped joyfully from the depths to the light of the sun.

"How peaceful," said the son, "is our lake to day! The breeze scarcely ruffles its surface, and the sun is reflected back, as if he stood in his own firmament. The whole landscape is seen in the flood, as if the hand of a skilful painter had drawn it in its smallest details. Indeed, it seems to me, as if the landscape lay even more tenderly and beautifully in the image than in nature itself. I would like to compare this picture with some other one; but I cannot bring out the analogy."

"Perhaps, my dear son," said his father, "perhaps you need not search far after it; may be you bear it in your own bosom. Let me try to show it to you."

After they had composed themselves upon grassy seats which were fixed there, the father began thus: "The soul of man, when like yours it is good, pious and innocent, receives every thing that is lovely and fair in heaven and earth into itself as a pure mirror does an image. Passion does not disturb or becloud it, and thus it is the abode of peace and bliss, which is truly divine, because it is the reflection of heaven in the life of man. As the swan belongs to the lake, so does religion belong to man. As the dying swan breathes forth melodies, so in the last hours of life religion cheers us with sounds of charming power, and we dissolve in blessed sighs and joyful tears. Then friendship, love, and all the beautiful virtues glow in us like the stars in heaven—like the sun and moon in the quiet water; now the one, then the other shines in blissful brightness. Thus the lake is like the pure soul of man."

Then the son grasped the hand of his father with intensity of joy, fell upon his bosom and embraced him in blessed rapture. The father understood the meaning of this quiet embrace, and gave his beloved child his best blessing.

Now they left this place to go into a village near by, where the father had some business. The path led them sometimes over hills, and then through grain fields and woods. In a short time they reached the valley in which the village lay. Soon the business was successfully accomplished. As they returned home, they found the sky, where before scarcely a fleeting speck was seen, nearly all covered over with thunder clouds.

"There will be a fierce storm to-day," said the father to the son, "let us hasten home before it overtakes us." The heavens grew darker and blacker; the sun hid his countenance; the herds hastened home; the birds flew chirping and shrieking through the air; and the storm clouds, rising higher, whirled upon mighty wings. Lightning trembled dread-



fully in the thick dark clouds, and the thunder broke with fearful crash upon the mountain. They arrived at the lake.

What a change is here! Where but a few hours before all was peace, there is now uproar and commotion. The clear blue is now changed into the color of death. One wave dashes and breaks upon the other; and the lightnings dart like fiery serpents over the surface of the flood.

"Let us, my dear son, enter you fisher's hut," said the father, "for the storm will soon fully break upon us." Scarce had they reached it when heavy drops of rain began to fall, and both were glad to have found a shelter.

Now the storm with giant force broke loose from its fetters. The trees bowed quivering before its rage, and grass and flowers whirled in the air. The rain fell in torrents, and with its war mingled lightning and thunder. The little hut shook; the lake swelled and raged, dashing over its accustomed banks, as if it would fall in angry strife upon the rushing floods that roared into it from the mountain side.

"Is not the soul of man, when mastered and swayed by passion, like this raging lake?" said the father. "Ah! then also does the former serenity and pleasant peace fly away, and in the dreadful storm it is no more master over itself. Evil thoughts arise in the heart like poisonous serpents! The spirit breaks over its limits, and the voice of religion is hushed. O son, my beloved son, may heaven protect thee against such an outbreak; for often thus is the bloom of life destroyed forever; and when at last the time for reaping comes, ah! then the poor soul has nothing to gather but bitter tears!"

The storm ceased. The clouds began to disperse, and in the distance stood the bow of peace, raised as a sign of victory in the temple-hall of nature. Father and son were, on their way home, each busy with his own thoughts. At length the father broke the silence thus:

"This sudden transition of storm and peace seems to have awakened you to reflection: so it ought to be, for this is a picture of earthly life! But heaven remains always pure and clear, even through storms. Beneath it vapors of earth may gather and become clouds; storms may rage in dreadful sport over the earth's surface, still the blue heaven above, studded with shining worlds, without restlessness or change, look down to-day in friendly peace as they did a thousand years ago. When the storm has ceased to rage here below, then dawn out again the shining heavens, and the Father of Peace above us plants the colored bow of sweet reconciliation, between heaven and earth. Behold how beautiful it shines in its bright colors! Is it not a charming symbol of compassionate grace? So, in the heart of man, when the storm of passion has cleared is raised the signal of peace. But few take notice of it, and if they do, it has no charm for them. Instead of looking up to Him, who caused the tumult to cease, they rather turn farther away from Him, until more hopelessly than before they fall again under the dark powers of sin and sorrow. Therefore, my son, if in your bosom arise storms and thunders, then, my son, lift your eyes to heaven, seek the former peace, and a cheerful mind will return to you, and you will soon stand forth happy in victorious peace."

As they reached the house, the anxious mother with the remaining



children came to meet them. Soon they were all comfortably and happily together in their own cheerful home.

The son carefully retained the scenes of the day in his heart. He often thought of the lake, and endeavored to make his life, amid many storms from without and struggles within, a continual victory, until it reached at last an eternal triumph of peace in the quiet heavens above, which no storms ever reach.

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## SIGHINGS AND SEEKINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

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WE are all by nature lost! Lost in the dreary wilderness of this world which lies outside of Paradise. Eden, with all its joy, peace, and innocence, was lost by the sin of our first parents. They were driven out from its happy scenes into the cheerless regions of thorns and thistles, and became the sad inheritors of a world lying under the curse of a righteous God. There, in a fallen world, themselves fallen and guilty sinners, they "begat sons and daughters," and we are their sin-stricken posterity.

When we look around us we see at once that we are in the land of the curse. All around us is blighted, has lost its original life and beauty, and passes away while we gaze. The generations before us are lying in tombs around us. Our fathers are gone. We are going. As blooming summer gives place to gloomy autumn, so our youth and beauty are silently but certainly changing into bleak and wintry old age. Death is in the world. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Is it not written upon the heavens and upon the earth, upon the features of our bodies and upon the hopes of our hearts that "we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the winds, do bear us away." Not only does the present life, with all its joys and hopes, fail us, but it is unsatisfying while it lasts.

We need comfort. We feel that we need comfort. The whole creation groans and travails in pain until now, asking, while one hope and help after another dies, "Who shall show us any good?"

Even the heathen, who had nothing but a sense of their own inward wants to guide them, when their hearts were in an earnest frame, always sighed after a thing better than earth could give. They have always manifested a deep and mysterious longing, a kind of lonely home-sickness after some substantial good. Though they did not understand the deep wants of their hearts, they felt them. Experience and observation taught them to some extent the truth so beautifully expressed by the poet of the lonely vein—

"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."

As a sea-shell is said to moan, in mysterious voices after the ocean-home



from which it has been torn, so the spirit of man, in deep instinctive earnestness, moans after the home of his heart—the home from which he is torn by sin. Though he may not know where that home is to be found, yet in hope that there may be a guide within hearing, he cries in plaintive tones, *Lost! lost! lost!* Man even in pagan darkness cannot fail to see the heavens above are brighter and more serene than the restless and changing earth around; and it is but natural that they should direct their cries heavenward. No wonder, then, that “the whole creation groaneth,” and that a sigh arises from the broad bosom of humanity, “Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!”

This same sense of want, which has in all ages manifested itself in the heathen world, if not so heavy and cheerless, is nevertheless more intelligently and more keenly felt in christian lands. All unconverted persons, in their sober and reflective hours, feel this deep want in their souls—an aching, painful void, which they feel that the world can never fill. They see—who that reflects can fail to see?—that all beneath and around them is passing away. Wealth, earthly honor, pleasure, friends, themselves, yea, all cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, fleeth like a shadow and continueth not! Every one who thinks earnestly on himself, his origin, his present position, and his destiny, must feel as though he stood lonely in the midst of earth’s autumnal days, where hopes like leaves are falling around him. This sad scene troubles the spirit, and makes it sigh after something that lives and abides as a source of hope and comfort. There are few hearts that have not at times felt like using the language of the Psalmist as their own: “I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise. My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. And, I said, oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.” Ps. 55: 2–9. Comfort, then, is what the heart needs and cries after when it feels its wants.

Where shall true comfort be found? This is the question of all, at one time or other in life. The heart may hover, like a dove, over all the plain of earth—it may fly as far as the wings of a dove could bear it, even into the wilderness, and yet not be at rest. The source of human woes is in the human heart, a heart alienated by God, the true source of joy and peace; and wherever the heart goes it bears its wants and woes with it. No outward scenes can bring it true, lasting peace. The leprosy, which consumes our rest, lies deep within. The lonely desert, the wide and tranquil sea, the rich gardens of the south, the calm twilight of evening, the serene repose of nature, the bright and peaceful heavens, all these lovely scenes in nature can bring no comfort and tranquility to the sinner’s leprous heart. Their very quietude and loveliness do but reveal to him more painfully the tumultuous heavings of his restless heart.

“The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh.”

True comfort is not a plant of natural, early growth. As the natural light which fills the earth with joy, comes from above, so the light which can disperse the gloom of the soul comes from heaven. It has come! God, in Christ, has opened a fountain of life, light, and endless joy.



## A G O O D N A M E .

BY THE EDITOR.

“A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.”

WHAT mistakes we all make! We try to make things right which we should have prevented from being made wrong. When one of our fellows has disgraced himself, we go to him, perhaps reproachfully, and say to him: “I knew your course would bring you to this!” Why did we not go to him before and say to him, gently, kindly, earnestly—“a gulf is before you! see how you tread!”

How true it is that a little preventive is better than a great deal of cure. This applies especially to our subject. It is much easier to keep a good name when we have it, than to get it back when it is lost.

We hope to make ourselves useful—especially to the young—by a few observations on a good name. “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.”

The word *name* here is not to be taken in its literal meaning. It does not mean the name by which we are *known*.

It has been the case that these two have been identical. When names were prophetically given, by divine direction and inspiration, the literal name was the correct exponent of the character. Thus we have many instances in scripture, where the name given to the infant, correctly designated, through life, the prominent and prevailing characteristic of the man.

Names are still given to their children by serious persons with a sincere desire that they may prove prophetic—that their character may correspond with the meaning of the name; or, that the child may grow up to become like the person after whom it is named.

There is, however, generally no manner of connection between a person's name and his character—it is a mere arbitrary sign. Yet there is prevalent a deep, steady feeling, that the two should be identical—that a man's name and his character ought to correspond. Hence, in part at least, the origin of what are called *nick-names*—in which case his true name passes out of sight in favor of one which is a true exponent of the person's character. The word *nick* meaning originally an evil spirit; a nick-name exhibits some evil characteristic which manifests itself in his life—so that this name becomes, in a remarkable manner, the true and faithful representative of the person's real character.

The feeling that names and characters ought to correspond manifests itself in another way. We feel that certain names are agreeable and others disagreeable to us—and when we enquire into the reason, we find that our like or dislike results from the fact that these names belonged to some character of our acquaintance, from whom they have received their savor. This shows how closely allied, in our feelings, are name and character.



It is not the name that honors the character, but it is the character that honors his name. As our character is, so is the name. Our name becomes the mark of glory, or of shame, according as we honor or dishonor it. Our name is a mere skeleton—it is our character which clothes it with flesh—and life—and beauty—and power. The letters of the alphabet can be so used as to make a book of wisdom or nonsense, according as they are used. The combination of letters in our own names, will inspire reverence or contempt, according as our own lives give them meaning.

A good name, then, in this sense is everything. It is that by which we are known, remembered, and thought of. It is our strength and crown of glory. It is that which brings us all our respect and influence—which makes whatever else we have valuable to us—which gives sense and substance to our lives—determines our importance, shapes our destiny, and is the only part of us which remains as a power in the world when we are gone!

This—a good name—Solomon praises, and recommends. He tells us, *first*, how good it is; and, *second*, how it is to be obtained.

I. How GOOD IT IS. It is better than “great riches.” He does not contrast it with riches because this is really the next highest good, but because it is generally regarded as the very highest.

The love of wealth does not only influence men more generally but also more mightily than any other human passion. Nothing else so constantly enchains the heart. Nothing so successfully commands men’s energies. Not for learning, not for pleasure, not for heaven, will men endure such toils and make such sacrifices.

No class of men are in such danger of forgetting all higher interests. Nothing so absorbs thoughts, feelings, desires, energies. No other passion so fully displaces God—covetousness “is idolatry.” Of no other sin is it said: “How hardly shall they enter into the kingdom of God!” Of no other sin is it said that it is “the root of all evil!” It is, therefore, much to say of a good name, it is rather to be chosen than riches—than great riches. Oh, it is much, when one is able to value readily a good name above riches.

He contrasts a good name with riches, and says it is better, because in the majority of cases good names are lost through love of riches. Nothing, perhaps makes a man more mean than a miserly spirit. He may be rich; but show me a miserly man who is respected. He loses his good name through his little meannesses, which result from his love of money. What robs a man more effectually of a good name than dishonesty; and what makes a man so but the love of money?

How are men, occupying high and honorable stations, hurled in a moment into the deepest disgrace by a breach of public trust—by frauds—frauds on the government—frauds upon companies—frauds upon the public. Their very names become a hissing and contemptible by-word from one end of the land to the other—ruined for life; and if their graves are ever known in their own country, they will only be known as blots of shame, as long as it is known what lies beneath.

The same may be said of oppressors—extortioners—thieves. But even in milder forms does the desire for riches interfere with a good name. How many, for instance, suffer themselves to become so absorbed



in business, as to neglect almost entirely the cultivation of their minds, hearts, and manners. In this way the pursuit of gain sets aside and leaves behind all that which properly constitutes character, or a good name.

What is it that makes thousands ignorant, uncultivated, boorish—what is it but that low love of gain which leaves neither time nor taste for anything higher!

He places a good name above riches because there is so strong a disposition to regard riches as a sufficient substitute for a good name. Alas, how common is this vain fancy! How many seem to suppose that if they can only get into the class of the rich they shall be at once and forever respectable. They may be flattered—and they may be treated with consideration; but it is always, not on their own account, but on account of their money. Money is not character—the mere fact of my becoming suddenly or gradually rich, does not put one more idea into my head, one more excellence into my heart, or give one iota of increase in polish and moral worth.

A good name is to be valued above riches. 1. Because it is the ground of real respect—respect resting upon personal worth, and not upon a mere outward appendage. 2. Because it gives him real moral influence. Wealth may give a worldly influence, but not a moral one. 3. Because the fruits of a good name are perpetuated after the individual is dead, as a blessing, not as a curse. What dire effects often flow from wealth entailed! It is not so with a good name.

Oh, we do not feel as we ought, the importance of leaving the legacy of a good name to those who come after us!

II. How a good name is to be obtained. A good name is “to be chosen”—it is to be desired, coveted, aimed at, determined upon. It depends upon choice—he that wills it, wins it. A good name cannot be bought. No amount of money can convince the public that a man’s character is good, when it is not. His very attempt to cover his faults, and to blind men’s eyes by the glare of his gold increases the public contempt. Let it but once be known that wealth has elevated a man to some post of honor—or that wealth has sheltered him from justice—and his name is branded with infamy forever. A man may buy office, he may buy judges, he may even buy the shouts of a multitude to give *eclat* to an occasion, he may buy for himself a towering monument to stand on his grave, but he cannot buy a good name.

Even “great riches” cannot buy a good name, or hide the blots of a bad character. Let us give an example—Stephen Girard. Let but any one speak of his charities, and his attention will immediately be directed to the following facts from a Philadelphia paper

“GIRARD.—A cotemporary calls public attention to the propriety of having the body of Mrs. Girard interred in the college grounds with those of her husband, remarking, that the remains of Mrs. Franklin were consigned to the same tomb in which rested those of Dr. Franklin, and observing also that the sage councils of the wife may have contributed to the fortune of the founder of the “College for Orphans.” The allusion to Mrs. Girard is every way unfortunate, and can meet with no responsive sympathy from those who admire the social character of her spouse, to whose jealous temper she fell a memorable victim, in the heyday of



his prosperity ; cruel treatment, it is alleged, having alienated her reason, and as a consequence of which she became an inmate of the insane department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in whose grounds she was buried, for the consideration of \$2000, paid that institution by her opulent husband. The books of the Hospital show that Mary Girard was admitted an insane patient on the 21st August, 1800, where she died on the 13th September, 1815. Mrs. Girard's maiden name was Lum. Seven months after her admission into the Hospital she gave birth to a daughter, who was baptised by the name of Mary, and this was the only child of Girard, who died in its infancy. The deranged mind of the wife was alleged to have been produced by cruel treatment, as witnessed by many of his neighbors. It is certain that slander pursued her to her grave, and that this slander was invariably traced to a jealous husband, who had married one only too beautiful."

We "tell the tale as it is told to us." Taking this as true, suppose that, in addition to an Orphan's College, he had also willed several millions for an Asylum to broken-hearted wives flying from brutish husbands, could its marble columns, its magnificent domes, and its ample provisions cause an indignant world to forget the faded hopes, the dethroned reason, and the alms-house grave of his victimized wife—who lost all that earth can give when she became the wife of a wealthy brute !

A good name cannot be inherited. One who inherits his ancestor's name does not necessarily inherit their honor, their virtues, their intelligence and their moral worth. "Do you know that I am a descendant of the great reformer, Knox," said a young puff of vanity. "What a pity that part of his brains and his piety did not also descend to you," was the cutting reply.

"I am the son of Judge ——," said a young drunken rowdy, as they were leading him toward the lock-up. "So much greater the shame !" said the officer, pushing him on still faster. A good name is not conferred by a title. Placing Hon. before a man's name, whose character does not sustain it, is like setting forth a harlequin to introduce the services of a solemn assembly—some will laugh at its ridiculousness, and others will be indignant at the desecration. A title cannot give a name, it can only mark one who has a name. A good name ; wealth cannot buy it—inheritance cannot transmit it—title cannot confer it. It must be chosen—it must be acquired by personal acts—it must result from individual excellence of character. It is not an appendage outwardly assumed, or outwardly hung upon us—it grows forth from the substance of the soul. It is based upon inward excellence—it is the halo, the light, the radiance of a noble soul—it is the substance of noble acts—it is the bloom and the savor of a fruitful life. It is that eternal substance and power which remains when wealth is contemptible—when the line of ancestry is broken—when titles have dropped away—when urn, and bust, and monuments have mingled with the dust they cover—it is that which time, and death, and the still more fearful ordeal of the last judgment cannot sever from the spirit which it clothes, and honors, and crowns, and blesses forever.

Have you a good name, cherish it. There is nothing better. It is a crown of life. It is good in youth, manhood and age. It is good at home and abroad. It is good in prosperity and adversity. It is good



to labor by—to live by—to sleep by—to die by. It is a comfort to us, and a joy to our friends. It will be like a pleasant odor around the hearts of those who will think of us when we are dead—a fragrance that time cannot waste.

“Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—  
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will ;  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

If you have not yet a good name—choose it. The choice is before you. God and man are willing that you shall have it—only deserve it—cultivate it—will it—seek it. It need not be a great name. Yes, let it be great—but great and good. If it is good, it is great—goodness is the sublimest greatness.

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#### A BITTER MEMORY.

DREST as in life, he lay  
Like one slumbering in the lap of time ;  
Not gone, but ready for the radiant clime  
Of everlasting day.

A rose-tinge, as of dawn,  
Death has not wholly from his cheek erased ;  
And on the silver coffin-plate were traced  
These words—DEAR LITTLE JOHN.

What orator, I ask,  
Could utter tenderer words the heart to reach ?  
To breathe a deeper pathos into speech,  
I deem beyond his task.

I thought he would awake—  
Not leave our hearth so desolate and lone ;  
But there is something in a mother's moan  
The heart cannot mistake.

His hand, like marble, white,  
Held, in its clasp, frail emblematic flowers,  
Doomed, like himself, to live a few bright hours—  
Then feel a killing blight.

I could not bear the sound  
Of shuffling feet when, through the open door  
They bore him, ne'er to cross its threshold more,  
With infant beauty crowned.

Our heart-strings have been crushed :  
I look around, and lo ! a household light  
I find forever quenched in starless night,  
A voice of music hushed.

Bring back, bring back the dead !  
Chase from the house this heavy, funeral gloom,  
And the gay phantom flitting in the room,  
Around his cradle-bed.

Too early rang his knell ?  
No blood of mine was in his azure veins ;  
But in my soul an aching sorrow reigns—  
Sweet boy ! farewell, farewell !



# THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

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REV. WILLIAM HENDEL, D. D.\*

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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[SOURCES.—“Archives of the Lancaster, Tulpehocken and Philadelphia Congregations.” “Pilgerreise zu Wasser und zu Land.” “Letters of Hendel.”—Weekly Mess., Feb. 14, 1838. “Christian Land-Marks,” by Dr. Berg. “The Recollections of the Aged.”]

DR. HENDEL was born in the Palatinate on the Rhine. Our data in regard to his early life are scarce. The Rev. John Christian Stahl-schmidt, who became acquainted with him in Tulpehocken, in the year 1773, says of him: “This man is one of the best preachers that I became acquainted with in America. He is a Palatinate by birth, and had come to this country as a minister many years ago. He possesses much science and knowledge, and without any sectarian or party spirit, he is in heart consecrated to the cause of true Godliness.”†

According to this extract we learn two important facts; he was a minister when he came in to this country, and he came in “many years” before 1773.

Dr. Hendel was pastor of the German Reformed congregation in Lancaster from January, 1765, up to September, 1769—four years. During this time he also preached once every four weeks at Pequea, now New Providence, about 10 miles southeast of Lancaster. Traces of his zeal, piety, and faithfulness are seen upon the records at Lancaster, in incidental ways, as well as in the general prosperity of the church.

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\*From a work in course of preparation by the Editor on the “Lives of the Old Deceased Ministers of the German Reformed Church in America.” Much labor has already been bestowed upon this work; and no pains are spared to have it full and correct. We therefore take this opportunity earnestly to request such as may possess any documents or other information in relation to the subjects of which it treats, kindly to put us in possession of the facts. Let the fathers, through whom many of us have received many of our blessings receive proper honor at our hands.

† “Pilger Reise zu Wasser und zu Land,” p. 291.



From Lancaster he was called to the congregation at Tulpehocken and neighboring congregations. His ministry in this charge began in 1769 and closed in 1782, thirteen years, and included therefore the dark period of the war of the Revolution. When he was visited by Rev. Stahlschmidt in 1773, he was serving nine congregations.

During his ministry at Tulpehocken, Dr. Hendel made frequent missionary excursions to the smaller settlements of Germans in the vallies northward. During the Revolutionary war he often visited Lykens Valley, and preached at what is called "David's Church," about two miles east of the river where Millesburg now is, where a congregation, composed of Reformed members from Manantongo, Armstrong, and Lykens Vallies, had been organized a few years previous.

"It being during the war that these visits to this and other congregations in this section of the country were made, and the Indians being yet numerous, it was necessary for the inhabitants armed with weapons, to meet him at the confines of the valley and guard him to his place of destination. Whilst he preached, the guards stood under and around the door with their rifles, so that they could both keep a look out for their enemies and also listen to the servant of God delivering unto them the glad tidings of salvation. They thus accompanied him from place to place; and when the services were ended, he was guarded in the same manner on his way home till he was out of danger, he being then stationed in Tulpehocken. This was, indeed, a laborious task; but he looked not for the pleasures and comforts of this world, but laid up for himself treasures, where neither moth nor rust do corrupt, and he is now reaping his rich reward!"\*

In September, 1782, he removed again to Lancaster. He returned with his former learning, eloquence, zeal and piety, only all these had become still more venerable and lovely by age. Though his inward man was ripening more and more, his outward man was declining. The earthly house of his tabernacle on his appearance in Lancaster the second time gave evident signs of decay. The records are made now with a trembling hand, resembling the writing of Mr. Hopkins in the Declaration of Independence. Still, by God's grace, he continued his ministry here till February, 1794; thus his second term in this congregation was twelve years, and they were years of unusual spiritual prosperity to the church.

The last term of Dr. Hendel's ministry in Lancaster is still within reach of the memory of the oldest living members, and we can still learn, from the pious especially, that his holy influence has not died with him, but lives to this day in the piety of the aged who enjoyed his ministry in youth. His name is held in the most grateful and sacred remembrance, and the mention of it sheds over the heart of many aged pilgrims a savor which is as ointment poured forth.

A short time ago we asked an old mother in Israel who was confirmed by him, whether there were any peculiarities about him which she could still remember. The answer she gave was, "Yes, old father Hendel, he was a good man. O, but he was a good man!"† "Yes," said her

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\*Father Gerhart, in *Weekly Messenger*, February 14, 1838. †"Ja, der alte Vater Hendel, er war ein guter Mann. O, er war aber ein guter Mann!"



daughter, "that is what she often says, and it is about the only thing she says of him." The only peculiarity about him, therefore, was that he was a good man. Every thing about him was subordinate to his piety. A better idea could not possibly be given of this excellent servant of Christ, than is given in these few words from the heart of age and piety.

We asked this old mother, whether he was fond of meetings for prayer in the congregation. "O yes, he was very much for such things. He held a meeting of that kind every Thursday evening in the old church." The records, during this period show that he aimed at the purity of the church, and the advancement of the members in true piety.

Though now old and worn down in body by the toils of a long and laborious ministry, yet he was again invited to transplant himself, and become once more fruitful in a new soil. He received a call from Philadelphia, which also he accepted, and began his labors in his new field February 9, 1794.

This was the good man's last field of labor, and as it became the scene of his heaviest trials, so also it afforded him occasion to witness his best confession. He was not long there when the yellow fever broke out the second time. That was a season of sore trial. It required a giant faith, and Hendel showed himself equal to the terror. Not only such citizens as could do it, but almost all the ministers fled from the city for their lives, leaving the sick and dying to the mercy of God, and the care of those whose faith was strong enough to stand to their duty in the face of death. Countenances struck with terror and overclouded with gloom gazed at each other in the silent street, and in every house reigned the loneliness and the sorrow of death. Hendel was firm at his post. He was at the bedside of the dying, in the house of mourning with the dead, and ministering help with his hands, and consolation with his prayers. If ever the poet's picture of a faithful pastor had its true original it was here :

"Beside the bed of death where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by times dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise."

At length the dreadful scourge laid hold also of him. He became one of the last victims of the retiring epidemic, and on the 29th of September, 1798, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell asleep, and was gathered unto his fathers " He lies buried by the side of Steiner, Wayberg, and Winkhaus, in Franklin Square, in Philadelphia. His funeral sermon was preached by his warm and faithful friend Dr. Helmuth, from 2 Sam. 1 : 26—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

Dr. Hendel had a fine personal appearance. He had naturally a strong, loud voice, which from his earnest and deep devotion became peculiarly pleasant and impressive. He was fond of singing; he was wont to fall in with the hymn in a loud bass voice, and sing with spirit and devotion.



He labored in all his ministry to promote among his members sincere devotion of the heart. His exhortations were warm and moving. He was, besides a good preacher, an unwearied pastor. He paid special attention to the sick and afflicted; they knew him as an angel of mercy, and so awaited and welcomed his visits.

He was a man of prayer. He was particularly known as such by those students whom he prepared for the holy ministry. He seems to have felt communion with God to be such a luxury that he could not deny himself the blessed enjoyment even where circumstances seemed to make it inconvenient to retire. An old gentleman in Philadelphia says, that on one occasion he accompanied him to a meeting of synod; on the way they stopped for dinner, and to feed their horses. After dinner was over Dr. Hendel disappeared. The horses were brought out; all was ready for them to start, but for some time yet he did not come. It was at length incidentally discovered that he was earnestly engaged in prayer in a thicket near by.

Hendel was the St. John of the German Reformed church. There are aged persons yet in Tulpehocken congregation who still remember him as he was and appeared when he came to them on a visit from Philadelphia in his last years. His hair was long and white, his countenance serene and heavenly, and his whole appearance beautifully venerable and saint-like. He could scarcely hold the hymn-book in his trembling hands, but with true unction from above, and with holy earnestness and paternal affection, did the words of life and love fall from his anointed lips!

Dr. Hendel had in a very extraordinary degree what may be called the gift of prayer. His public prayers always melted the hearts of the people. He seemed to bear their hearts into the very presence of God; so that they were overwhelmed with a sense of His nearness, and softened by the power of His mercy and love. Thus he lived, in way of foretaste, as in the presence of God. His prayers have long since been changed into praises; and he lives and worships with the general assembly and church of the first born and the spirits of the just made perfect in Heaven.

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#### ROSES AND THORNS.

THE young child Jesus had a garden  
Full of roses, rare and red;  
And trice a day he watered them,  
To make a garland for his head!

When they were full-blown in the garden,  
He led the Jewish children there,  
And each did pluck himself a rose,  
Until they stripped the garden bare!

"And now how will you make your garland?  
For not a rose your path adorns"  
"But you forget," he answered them,  
"That you have left me still the thorns."

They took the thorns and made a garland,  
And placed it on his shining head;  
And where the roses should have shone,  
Were little drops of blood instead!



## MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

BY NATHAN.

TO ONE who is crossing the Atlantic for the first time, it is somewhat of an event to approach the shores of the Old World. He is about turning a new leaf and opening a new column in the account of his experience. And as he beholds the rough outline of the land of his childhood's visions loom up in the distance, he feels impatient to get on shore and sally forth to see how its inhabitants live, move and have their being. But his impatience will soon be curbed by the necessary preliminaries of custom-house officers.

A few hours after we discovered land, we sat down to a sumptuous dinner, in the preparation of which our steward made a special effort. He seemed to pride himself in his success, as he viewed, with a good-natured smile, the manner in which it was relished. At the close a few of our national airs and "Sweet Home" were sung, in which all joined with heart and voice, until the ladies changed their warbling into weeping. The fact is, I felt a little in that way myself. "Sweet Home" sounds far differently at home from what it does on the coast of Ireland.

When we sailed up the Mersey we passed a steamer having a band on deck who, upon seeing that we were Americans, saluted us with "Yankee Doodle," to which our crew responded with a deafening roar of applause. We had to disembark in the middle of the Mersey on account of the low tide, where we had to pass muster before the custom-house officer. When I saw him pitching into large trunks and running his hands into packages of other men's property, I felt thankful for the prospect of disappointing him with my little hand-bag. Some of the crew looked rather crest-fallen when he took from them American reprints of British authors.

Upon entering a strange country, a person sees many things which present a singular contrast to the customs of his own—things pleasant and painful, ludicrous and grave. Here we were confronted by wretched-looking women leading diminutive donkeys through the streets hitched into large carts, boys running after us offering to black our boots. The waiters in the hotels have all the appearance of learned and eminent divines. Intelligent, dignified, grave-looking gentlemen, all dressed in the finest black with white cravats. A person feels very awkward at first to be waited upon by such superior looking men. It would seem more natural to listen quietly to their counsel than trouble them with the business of meat and drink.

The following day I went to Lancaster, on my way to Edinburg. It is a quaint old town, with narrow, hilly streets, which would not compare very favorably with our Pennsylvania Lancaster. Jenny Lind was there at the time, and had an engagement to sing the following day. I stopped a few hours at Carlisle, a brisk, business-like place, and then was whirled up to Edinburg. On my way thither I became acquainted with a gentleman from this city, who, when he heard that I was from



America, went with me to several hotels to assist me in procuring a comfortable boarding-house. It may have seemed a trifling act to him, but, stranger as I was, it made an impression upon me which will enable me to hold him in most pleasant and grateful remembrance. We passed many busy farmers and their grazing flocks along the road. Singing birds, budding trees, and verdant meadows surround one with the joyous indications of opening spring. Here, like in America, "the winter is past and gone; the time for the singing birds has come, and the flowers appear on the earth again."

Edinburg is the first place since I landed where I have felt comfortably at home. I did so the first hour that I spent here. Its inhabitants are no Mammon worshippers. Its exalted worth and influence consists in their moral and intellectual activity. It is the northern Athens, the monumental city of Great Britain. In addition to its world-renowned University, it has a great many charitable schools and academies, supported by munificent endowments.

The old town of Edinburg has not much to commend it either in appearance or comfort. Its streets are mostly narrow, and its buildings old, some of them from three to four hundred years. But the new town, with its monuments, its streets of parks and palaces, is truly charming. Its monuments exhibit its gratitude for the achievements and learning of great men; its many charitable institutions—schools, hospitals and asylums—exhibit its beneficent energy and activity.

I made the acquaintance of several very agreeable families, the ardor of whose hospitality was truly refreshing. Mr. Clark, member of the Council and baili of the city, showed me much kindness. He went with me the greater part of a cold and rainy day to visit some of the principal public places. And after dining with him I spent the evening with his son, one of the proprietors of the well-known publishing house of T. & T. Clark, in Edinburg. Rev. Mr. Davidson, a minister of the Free Church, and his family were there, with whom we spent the evening very pleasantly.

The first question put to an American here is, "Will we have war with America? It will not be our fault, for here there is a universal desire for peace." The New York Herald, and papers of like stamp, have created the impression that the United States are impatient for war, and ready to pitch into the British upon the first occasion.

I had expected that Great Britain would be heartily glad to escape from the dilemma in which the late war had involved her. But to my great surprise, even these peace-loving Scotchmen boast of their victory over the Czar, and some even regret that peace has been made, inasmuch as the resources of England could never be brought out until now, and if they could get another chance at him with their new war-fleet, they would humble him completely. After a great deal of boasting of this sort, I incidentally remarked that the general impression on our side was that the victory of the Allies was doubtful; to which one of the ladies tartly replied, "Oh, you need not concern yourselves about us on that score." Seeing that I was treading upon delicate ground, I left them have their own way.

The Scotch understand the art of hospitality. One feels that their friendship is not forced or feigned, but natural and spontaneous. They



throw their hearts and homes open to give vent to their kindness. In parting with some of them they would grasp my hand repeatedly; and one gentleman shook hands with me thrice, and shouted a hearty Scotch good night after me, from the top of the stairway, as I passed out below, in the bargain.

I visited an old grave-yard in this city where Hume, the historian, and Ferguson are buried. A monument has been erected to Hume, consisting of a circular tower, inside of which he and his family lie interred. Within the tower hangs a marble tablet, on which the names of Hume and his family are inscribed, and above these the passage: "I am the resurrection and the life." A singular inscription for a man of his creed. Opposite this is Calton Hill, which commands a view of Edinburg and surrounding country for a great distance. On its summit and side are a number of monuments erected to Lord Nelson, Professor Playfair, Dugalt Steward and Burns. The most splendid and costly monument in the city is that erected to Sir Walter Scott. There is an equestrian statue here of the Duke of Wellington, which struck me as possessing great merit. His face bears the stamp of intense anxiety, yet glowing with calm and intrepid fortitude. He points to the left with his right hand, giving orders to his army, while his steed champs his bit and rears up, with fiery impatience, for action. He teems with life and excitement from every pore. His muscles swell and his veins protrude as if the blood were ready to gush from his body. One only wonders that such a wild, ungovernable animal can be kept on the block.

Holyrood Palace, the abode of royalty, the residence of the Queen whenever she visits the North, is at the extreme end of the city. Its picture gallery is hung round with one hundred reputed kings and queens of Scotland, from the misty times of Fergus I. to the end of the Stuart dynasty. They did not strike me as possessing much merit, except that of Mary Stuart. To the student of history, however, Holyrood Palace is chiefly interesting from having been occupied by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. On the first floor are Lord Darnley's apartments, a bed room and two small turret rooms. One of these could be approached by a private stairway, through which the assassins of Riccio were admitted into Darnley's room. Ascending a flight of stairs we got into Mary's apartments. The first is her audience chamber, whose walls are hung with ancient tapestry, the colors of which have almost been obliterated by the hand of time. At one end stands an ancient, moth-eaten bed, over 400 years old, on whose pillows weary royalty has often reposed. Charles I. and Charles II. slept in it; but their bed, like many of their deeds, has poorly stood the test of time. Time and moth have worn it more than kings and princes. In this room Mary had her altercations with John Knox, who thundered from the pulpit against the Papacy in general, and against Mary and her marriage in particular. Here he harangued the Queen so roughly for her creed, that she deplored her fate and wept bitterly. This room opens into her bed room, where stands her identical bed, the decayed hangings of which are of crimson damask, with green silk fringes and tassels. Here is a box of needle-work, wrought by her own hands. The historical and romantic associations that cluster around this room, render it the most interesting apartment in Scotland. This room com-



municates with two small rooms, one of which was her supping room. Here lies the complete armor of Lord Darnley, and a piece of marble from Mary's altar-piece, which Knox destroyed. In this room occurred the assault upon her unfortunate Italian secretary. "About seven in the evening Mary was seated in this little room, at one of those small supper parties, with Riccio and a number of her royal friends. Suddenly the door of the private stairway opened, the assassins rushed in, overthrowing the table and leaving the dagger in the body of Riccio. They dragged him through the other apartments to the head of the larger stairway, where they left him, pierced with fifty-six wounds." The blood is still shown on the floor, whose identity, however, may still be a question. I crept up through the narrow private stairway through which the assassins entered her room, but the little door would not open for me. I had often read this bloody page of Mary's history, but never with such intense interest as when I pondered over it in the halls where it occurred. We cannot help but pity her weakness, but who would deny her the praise due her virtues. I visited her room in Edinburg Castle, where she gave birth to James VI. On the wall is inscribed in gilt letters one of her simple, child-like prayers. And in an adjoining room is exhibited the crown of Scotland, the occasion of her darkest and most distressing calamities.

This Castle is the most ancient and prominent building in the city. The daughters of the Pictish kings were educated within its walls, from which it was called "the Camp of the Maidens." It is built on a rocky eminence, 383 feet above the level of the sea, and is apparently impregnable. During the early period of Scottish history it was successively taken and retaken by hostile parties.

The house of John Knox is regarded as an object of rare curiosity, both for its antiquity and former occupant. It was erected before the discovery of America—1490. I have seen houses not twenty years built, that look worse and more time-worn than this. It is built of stone, but firm enough to stand two thousand years yet. I was shown the window through which Knox was fired at by some assassin, and sat me on his identical chair in his study, where the fiery reformer prepared his fulminous sermons and writings against the Papacy. After the moss of a few more ages will have gathered on its hoary walls, this building may become an interesting relic of Protestant antiquity.

I was very much interested with the Advocates Library, containing about 160,000 volumes of ancient and modern works. I strolled through its avenues and labyrinth of rooms, until I had a difficulty to find my way back. I almost felt like walking along the aisles of a grave-yard, where the gray stones mark the resting-places of those who, though dead, yet speak. There is something appalling in the idea of posthumous influence. If a man sows literary tares, there would be some comfort to know that they would die with his body. But their vitality perpetuates and multiplies itself to an incredible extent. To the champion of truth and righteousness this thought becomes an encouraging stimulus to persevering activity. What an amount of labor, anxiety and weariness must these piles of learning have cost! What waning of the midnight taper, and wading through massive, musty volumes of ancient lore! What aspirations for thousands of applaud-



ing readers, who would gratefully weave for them a coronet of fame! A few lived to receive a sparing reward—many were rewarded with poverty and neglect, and died amid want. Now publishers, made rich by the sweat of the poor author's brow, rear costly monuments to their memory. What a pity that merit is so often the heir of distress, and is so tardily rewarded. Yes, this library is a literary vault, where each work fills the niche of the author, and tells his epitaph, whether he wrought good or ill, or both.

There is a case in the library containing relics of historical interest. Among others the original manuscript of "Waverly," in Walter Scott's own hand-writing. Some words are erased with a scratch of the pen, as a person generally does in revising a manuscript. It is written on every alternate page, the blank pages being used for notes and addenda. It also contains letters of Charles I., one of which I have transcribed, which seems to have been written to his father when he was at school, and reads as follows:

"Sweete Sweete Father i learne to decline substantives and adiectives give me your blessing i thank you for my best man.

"Your louvely Son

YORK."

The library also contains the original confession and protest of the Covenanters, signed in 1580. It contains some very crooked, trembling autographs. Some are said to have written their names with their blood, extracted from their fingers.

I passed through the museum of the University, the most extensive collection of animal and mineral specimens that I have ever seen. As I entered the first floor a huge crocodile, from the Nile, and ferocious-looking lions, tigers, hyenas, bears and wolves were grinning at me with eyes flashing for prey, so that I started back with a shudder. It answers all the purposes of a complete zoological garden, containing hundreds of rare and curious animals, some from species entirely extinct. One of the cases contains an egg of a bird from Madagascar, now extinct, which is said to have been thirteen feet in height. The label says the egg is as large as one hundred and forty-six of a common fowl.

EDINBURG, *April 2, 1856.*

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#### THANK GOD FOR PLEASANT WEATHER.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

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THANK God for pleasant weather!  
 Chant it, merry rills!  
 And clap your hands together,  
 Ye exulting hills!  
 Thank him, teeming valley!  
 Thank Him, fruitful plain!  
 For the golden sunshine,  
 And the silver rain.

Thank God, of good the giver!  
 Show it, sportive breeze!  
 Respond, O tuneful river!  
 To the nodding trees.

Thank Him, bud and birdling!  
 As ye grow and sing!  
 Mingle in thanksgiving,  
 Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,  
 In a glow of love,  
 For what we here inherit,  
 And our hopes above!  
 Universal Nature  
 Revels in her birth,  
 When God, in pleasant weather,  
 Smiles upon the earth!



## A GOOD NAME.

BY THE EDITOR.

"He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend."

IN a former article we endeavored to point out the value of a good name; showing that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." We showed also, in a general way, how a good name is obtained. That it is not hereditary; that it is not conferred by title, and that it cannot be bought with money. That, on the contrary, the surest way to loose a good name is to depend too much upon these; that it must be "chosen;" that, under God, it depends upon ourselves; and that he who wills it, seeks it, deserves it, is sure to win it.

At this stage in the subject we stopped short for want of time to finish. Hence we ask attention once more to this subject—a subject of such central and momentous importance, especially to the young—a good name.

We mentioned that he who would have a good name must choose it, will it, and win it for himself. But it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that such a pearl of great price is to be secured by a mere effort of will, independent of the use of means and helps. The will itself needs to be backed and animated by a deeper power. This amaranthine plant, like all plants, can only flourish in right soil and in right surroundings. This we desire to illustrate and enforce.

I. A good name must have grace as its soil and its soul. "He that loveth *pureness of heart*, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend."

Here is a man who has the king as his friend. He enjoys a name, a reputation, an influence in high places. He has risen from out the level of the mass of men, has attracted the attention and secured the confidence of the rulers, and now sits in places of power and honor.

What was it that made him known favorably to the king? "The grace of his lips"—the good and seasonable words of wisdom which proceeded from his mouth.

Why was there grace on this man's lips? Why is it not found in all men? What is the still deeper ground of these effects, which the king discovers upon his lips? They are traced at length to "*pureness of heart*"—the inward renovation of grace.

Here is the ground. "Out of the heart are the issues of life"—*good or bad!*

It is a plain doctrine of God's word, confirmed by reason and all experience, that all outward goodness must rest upon inward goodness. The outward character dare not be a sham—it must not be hollow.

Against this our Saviour protested with unceasing earnestness, as it was exhibited in Pharisaism. It was all their aim to secure to themselves honor and favor by the mere outward assumption of excellence,



while they did not possess it at heart. These outward decorations of worth were only the more hateful inasmuch as they were the coverings of the sepulchres of inward uncleanness.

“O generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things: and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things.”

As no tree, the life of whose trunk and roots is gone, can sustain the crown of a full-orbed top, vigorous branches, fresh leaves, and perfect fruit; so no one can sustain that outward vigor and beauty of character which secures him a good name without the vitality of grace in his heart. It is an axiom of eternal truth, that there is nothing exists that has not the reason and ground of its existence unseen beneath and within. Every thing that awes or charms us, does so because of the secret hidden power which it possesses—that which we see rests, with its one side, in the unseen from which it draws those mysteries before which we bow, and to which we do reverence.

It is thus with a good name. It is not so much that which we see in a man which inspires our reverence, as it is the feeling of the presence of still greater excellences farther back and beneath all that we see—from the mysterious and hidden power of which all that we see has its freshness and force. The great man is not the one which we see, but “the hidden man of the heart.”

The only solid foundation for a good name is a good heart; and no heart is truly good without the life of grace. This alone can give it, and the character which it forms, permanent vigor, freshness, and beauty. A willow rail, cut in spring-time, may seem to grow upon the fence and promise fairly to crown itself with the outward decorations of branches and leaves—but how long? No one in midsummer will sit under its extending branches and bless its shade! Why? It has no inner life to sustain its outward pretensions. So it is with outward character that roots in no inward grace.

A bubble may seem large and full-orbed; it may seem permanent as the arch and the dome which its shape is mimicing; it may glisten with light, and sparkle with rainbow colors and hues—but it is a bubble! It was created amid the tumult and froth of excited and dashing waters. It is a thing which has existence only on the surface. It will soon break, because it has no within to rest upon—it is hollow!

II. He that would form a good character, and have a good name, must *begin in youth*.

We know there are cases where the mistakes and disgraces of early life have been made to fade into forgetfulness by the long and steady influence of a pious and honorable after life; but as a general thing the blemishes remain, and if not the blemishes the sorrow.

The tree may outgrow the wound which the scion has received, yet the mark remains; and it very often becomes, long after, a weak spot and sore, which still becomes the ruin of the tree before its time. How often do the follies of youth, subdued in manhood, return in old age and assert their former power to disgrace a period of life in which folly receives but little charity.

The habits of the soul can only receive a graceful training and polish



when proper influences mold it in its formative period. It is in morals as it is in manners. One whose early life has been spent boorish and rude, will scarcely ever afterwards attain to true refinement of manner, however favorably he may be situated for making such attainments. So one whose spirit receives spiritually a wrong bias in the formative period of life, will hardly surmount the evil. It will be like changing an old suit into a new fashion—there is the old bent and set which the new fails forever to bring into harmony with itself.

Character is not something to be assumed and put on at a certain period of life, like a suit of clothes. It must grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. If our character is to be natural, harmonious, and symmetrical, it must unfold itself with the regular process of our life; so that in this respect also—

“The child is father to the man.”

As those have the best developed physical systems who did not neglect or abuse themselves in early life, so those will present the greatest beauty and harmony of character whose early moral life has been unfolded under holy influences.

There lies a momentous and solemn truth in the lines—

“A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has turned the course of many a river;  
A dew-drop on the infant plant,  
Has warped the giant oak forever!”

In this view there is a deep and grand significance in the few words upon record concerning our Saviour's youth: “And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.” Here there is a gradual development, from infancy on, toward that “name which is above every name.”

Youth is the spring-time—the seed-time—the formative period—the season of hope and promise.

III. He that would have a good name must subject himself to the right kind of outward educational influences.

It is not enough that a plant be inwardly good, stand in good soil, and be guarded against scars and blemishes; it needs also the prunings, trainings, and supplyings of a careful hand—it needs, in short, the right kind of outward surroundings and appliances. So it is with the spirit.

Take two seeds of the same kind—plant them in the same soil—protect them alike; but withhold from the one all training appliances—and mark the difference. So it is with the spirit.

These educational influences cannot be dispensed with, no more than you can omit weeding in the garden, or training and pruning at the vine. Grow up without it, and you will be a moral monster!

This training is furnished—1. In the family. Prov. 22: 6. 2. In the school. 3. In the church. Ps. 92: 12–14. 4. By the general social atmosphere.

IV. He who would have a good name must study, commune with, and imitate the best models.

By a deep law we become gradually, silently, but more and more like that which we love and admire.



It is a remarkable fact that even all pagan nations become in character like the gods which they worship. If their gods are warlike, revengeful, vicious, so are they. Thus they are gradually molded into the image of their models.

For this reason, no doubt, the scripture is not confined to precepts, but abounds in examples—models. No doubt, also, one great end in view in the Saviour's incarnation in our nature, was to afford us a perfect model, that in all things we might "look unto Jesus." 2 Cor. 3: 18.

Christ our Saviour is of course the most perfect model. As parents call their children after great and good men, with the hope that they will study their characters and imitate them, so we are called *christians*, after Christ, because it is our high aim to become ever more like him. The more we can imitate him, the higher will be the degree in which we shall enjoy a good name.

It is also highly important to study models of human greatness as they appear to our view in the history of the past. This can be done by means of biographies. Here we have living exemplifications of greatness; while we study them they are impressing us, and holding over us a powerful influence for good. There arises within us, as we read, an appropriating, an assimilating power—and we rise toward our model. Ever after all that falls beneath the excellence which we have seen, is more despicable in our eyes than it ever was before. Our hopes of obtaining what others have reached are raised; and we are encouraged to attempt the elevation of our own character.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime."

We must not forget to profit by models of goodness *around* us. He that fixes his mind and heart upon the best models of excellence around him, and sighs in his heart: "O that I were such!"—is better after that than before.

"Set your affections on things above," is an injunction not to be limited. It is good and correct in its widest sense. Always love that which is *above* you—never what is beneath you. So shall you rise, and not sink in the scale of being.

Select your society—choose your associates, for they *will* mold you. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

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#### WEEP NOT FOR BROAD LANDS LOST.

WEEP not for broad lands lost;  
Weep not for fair hopes crost;  
Weep not when limbs wax old;  
Weep not when friends grow cold;  
Weep not that death must part  
Thine and the best loved heart;  
Yet weep, weep all thou can—  
Weep, weep, because thou art  
A sin-defiled man.



## HAGAR TO HER CHILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

“God stay thee in thine agony, my boy;  
 I can not see thee die; I can not brook  
     Upon thy brow to look,  
 And see death settle on my cradle joy.  
 How have I drunk the light of thy blue eyes!  
     And could I see thee die?”

“I did not dream of this, when thou wast straying,  
 Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;  
     Or wearing rosy hours,  
 By the rich gush of water-sources playing,  
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,  
     So beautiful and deep.

“O no! and when I watched by thee the while,  
 And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,  
     And thought of the dark stream  
 In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,  
 How prayed I that my father’s land might be  
     A heritage for thee!”

“And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,  
 And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;  
     And O! my last caress  
 Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.  
 How can I leave my boy so pillowed there  
     Upon his clustering hair!”

## TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
     Why do ye fall so fast?  
     Your date is not so past,  
 But you may stay yet here awhile  
     To blush and gently smile,  
     Then go at last.

What! were ye born to be  
     An hour or half’s delight,  
     And so to bid good-night?  
 ’T was pity Nature brought ye forth  
     Merely to show your worth,  
     And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
     May read how soon things have  
     Their end, though ne’er so brave;  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
     Like you, a while, they glide  
     Into the grave.



## THE NATURAL BRIDGE;

OR, ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except *one*, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is *no royal road to intellectual eminence*. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, *he* had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another for his hands. 'T is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in



the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!



—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, *God!* and *Mother!* whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

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FOUND DEAD.

Found dead—dead and alone;  
There was nobody near, nobody near,  
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—  
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,  
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,  
Not a watching eye, or a pitying tear.  
Found dead—dead and alone,  
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,  
While wretched and worn he begged for bread,  
Tired of life, and longing to lie  
Peacefully down with the tired dead.  
Hunger and cold, and scorn and pain,  
Has wasted his form and seared his brain,  
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,  
With a pillow of stone was the outcast found.

Found dead—dead and alone  
On a pillow of stone in the roofless street—  
Nobody heard his last faint moan,  
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat.  
No murmur lingered with tears or sighs,  
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,  
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound  
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone;  
There was somebody near, somebody near,  
To claim the wanderer as his own,  
And find a home for the homeless here.  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children scorned and poor,  
Who opens the heavenly portals wide;  
Ah! God was near when the outcast died.



## SPENDING MONEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

SPENDING money in a careless, thoughtless, useless manner, is getting to be a growing evil. It is a vice to which young men in these days are much exposed; and in which many are laying the foundation of misery for themselves in time to come. It makes no difference whether they have abundance of resources by inheritance from wealthy parents, or whether they are dependent upon their own labor for their means, it is in either case alike evil. Have they much, that much must soon become little, while at the same time the habits of the spendthrift points unerringly to coming want and ruin. Have they only what they earn by their own hands; the same evil habits of free spending will not only keep their resources drained, but will also speedily cause them to become more fond of spending than of earning money. When such a position is once reached, then farewell to virtue and self-respect.

We do not commend penuriousness. We admire as much as any one a liberal and generous spirit in a young man. The useless waste of money is not generosity, but recklessness, which no one of proper cultivation can admire. Those only who avoid useless spending can afford to be generous. It is those who practice a regular economy that can be liberal and free, at the proper time and place.

The evil of which we speak shows itself especially in the extravagant manner in which money is spent for luxuries. How would some young men be surprised if they would count up, at the end of the year, the amount spent for ice-cream, nuts, oysters, drinks of various kinds, and such like. We asked a young man lately, on the morning after a public day, whether he had as much money when he came out of town as when he went in. He answered, "No, not by a good deal." He told us, in further conversation, that he had seven dollars in the morning, and it was all gone in the evening; and for this money he had not bought one single thing of permanent value—nothing beyond nuts, oysters, ice-cream, oranges, and cigars. He said, moreover, that none who were in his company came off any cheaper. Now it took this young man fully a month to save that amount out of his wages beyond necessary expenses for clothing and boarding. Is not such a course in the highest degree thoughtless and foolish? Yet this is only one example among thousands that are similar. What an instructive specimen.

It is not at all uncommon for young men in our cities, larger towns, and villages, to spend in this way from twenty-five to fifty cents in an evening. Let that amount be taken from a journeyman's wages from week to week, and what will he have left beyond his boarding and clothes. In this way he earns and spends. At length he takes a wife, but has nothing with which to begin life; perhaps has to begin on credit. He may now spend less in a foolish way; but his expenses are more. The good harvest time is past—he is on the dead level; and,



like a canal horse, he drags his heavy boat along the rest of his life. He learns by sad experience the truth of the proverb: "Wilful waste makes woful want."

The history of nations shows abundantly that whenever a love of luxuries becomes common the earnest life of the nation is already gone. There are no stern virtues left to give it strength and stability. It is the same with families and individuals. Luxury and effeminacy go together. Nothing great and good is aimed at where these have sway. We have heard of students running up confectionery bills of \$30 to \$50 in a year; but we never heard that those who had this taste took first honors. The young man, be he student or not, who spends more money on luxuries for the palate than he does for books, may as well make up his mind to lick the dust in ignorance through life. If the irregular habits that are sure to be thus cultivated will not cut short his days, and he lives to be old, he will be likely to be short both in money and in good sense.

We have already hinted that these habits of spending money in luxuries and indulging in them, does not only keep the funds low, but what is worse, seriously interfere with health. All physicians tell us that irregular eating and drinking is ruinous to health. The stomach is always oppressed and abused when its appointed work is disturbed, between regular meals, by the lodgment in it of new material to be digested—especially such as comes in the range of what are called luxuries. They tell us that soon after a meal, when digestion properly commences, the food received is enveloped, in a way similar to the yolk of an egg by the white portion which surround it. Any thing now thrown in upon the stomach cannot become part of the process which has already commenced, but only interferes with it, and injuriously disturbs it. When such a course is steadily pursued, health must be gradually undermined. Hence the restlessness and imperfect slumbers which follow luxurious indulgences late in the evening. A strong constitution may bear up under such a course for a length of time; but pay-day comes sooner or later. Often bitter experience teaches the sons of folly the source of their misery when their repentance comes too late. It is easier to keep health and a good constitution by regular habits, than to regain these blessings when they once are lost.

Behold, then, the double folly of spending. It empties the pocket to buy a curse. It sells present prosperity to gain the inheritance of future misery. It teaches the industrious to spend their hard earnings for that which is not meat. What the labor of their hands have gathered during many hours of weary work, is in a few moments given to the winds to procure a momentary gratification for the palate, a life-long wound to the body, and an eternal injury to the soul.

How much wiser it would be to spend the money thus worse than wasted in securing means for the improvement of the mind. There are many young men who spend more money on luxuries than would be required to procure the best review, the best magazine, the best religious and literary paper, together with many books of permanent value. Thus they might have constantly at hand sources of higher and purer pleasure, which would help them at the same time to lay the foundations for usefulness in life.



Consider and lay to heart this advice, young reader of *The Guardian*. Study economy. Avoid the ways of the spendthrift. Make your money, whether you have much or little, contribute to the highest good of yourself and others. Devote it not chiefly to the low gratification of the body. Save it as a proper means; spend it for a proper end. Remember, that a dollar spent on luxuries is gone with the gratification of a moment; a good book bought for a dollar is a blessed possession through life.

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## THE BEAUTIFUL.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY N. S.

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ON a beautiful morning in May, a father led his son Theodore into the garden of a rich man, whom Theodore had never seen. The garden lay from the city, and was beautifully adorned with all kinds of shrubs, vegetables, flower-beds, shady walks, and fruit trees. A little rivulet flowed in many windings through the middle of the garden, falling at length over high rocks into a large basin. Near by stood the busy, humming mill. In the most pleasant parts of the garden were grassy seats and leafy arbors. Theodore could not satisfy or tire his eyes amid these scenes; he walked by the side of his father, mostly in silence, saying sometimes, "O dear father, how beautiful and lovely is this garden."

His father told him how all this had, twelve years ago, been a desolate and marshy place, and how the owner of it had planted it and arranged every thing so beautiful. Now the boy was still more astonished, and praised the skillful man who wrought this pleasant change. After they had seen many things, and were wearied with walking, the father led the boy through the shrubbery to the water-fall, near the basin, and there they reclined on the slope of a hill. Here they heard the rushing of the water, which fell foaming from the edge of the rock; nightingales were sitting all around in the shrubs, singing to the murmuring stream. Theodore thought that he had never heard the nightingales sing so sweetly.

Whilst they were thus sitting and listening, they heard voices of children and of a man. These were the children of the miller, a boy and a girl, and they led their grandfather, a blind old man, between them, and told him many things concerning the blooming flowers, and the shade trees which were standing along their path, and thus entertained the old man with many pleasant words.

Afterwards they also led him into the arbor where they seated him among the singing nightingales, they kissed him, and ran about in the garden to gather for him flowers and fruits.

The old man smiled, and when he was alone he uncovered his head and prayed with a joyful countenance. Then Theodore and his father were so touched in their hearts that they also began to praise and thank God. Theodore's heart was full of emotion, and he silently wept.

Soon the children returned leaping with joy, bringing flowers and fruits to their blind grandfather. Then Theodore said to his father, as they went home: "O what a beautiful and happy morning this has been."



## REACHING UPWARDS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

NEARLY everything I behold around me reaches upward into the air, into freedom, into serene regions, into the light—it lifts its head toward heaven. Its roots are in the earth; by them it is fastened in its bosom, by them it penetrates the ground, that it may draw forth nourishment from it, without which it could not live, could not reach upward. But only with its roots does it hold fast to the earth; and it does this only that it may reach upward. There are but a few plants in which the heavy nature of earth is so powerful that they creep upon the earth, and where they have room, grow downwards. Those of a nobler nature do not suffer themselves, by that which they receive from the earth, to be drawn down upon it; rather they transform the earth into their own substance and raise it up into the light.

My life also is on its earthly side, rooted in the earth, from which I cannot separate it. I must be in connection with the earth, and accept with gratitude that which it furnishes me. It does not furnish merely common food and the delicacies of life; it does not satisfy merely bodily wants; it awakens also in my breast spiritual sensibilities, and inspires higher joys. Thus it is the less proper that I should suffer myself to be chained to it by the senses; what it furnishes of a common kind I must transform into my better nature, and raise it with myself into the light; most of all must this be the effect of its nobler gifts, the spiritual affections which are awakened by it. I may, yea I ought to satisfy the wants of my senses; but never must this absorb my heart; nor must I prefer the pleasures of the senses to those of the spirit. I must always make bodily wants, and enjoyment of the senses, subservient to the elevation of my spiritual life.

Yes, in me also there is a reaching upward—upward to the true, the beautiful, and the good. My spirit ever strives after every human excellence. It would rise to God—into the everlasting light. This upward tendency foretells of my destiny, and my heart must follow in that way.

Not the plant which creeps upon the ground—which bends toward the earth; no, the plant that looks upward, and grows toward the source of light, this is my symbol.

Even the plant that creeps on the earth nevertheless reaches upward as well as it can—something of it looks up, mostly the flower. Only too feeble is its life—too strong is the downward power. Yet in its partial endeavors it puts man to shame, who hangs to the earth with mind and heart.

This plant reminds me how frequently in common natures, whose untoward circumstances make them slaves of earth, the heavenly manifests itself in a beautiful manner, like the upturned flowers upon a plant



prone to earth. This is a moving picture of an excellent, though little cultivated soul, that is in daily warfare with sore poverty and earthly want. O, never call any spirit common when its cultivation has been neglected! In every human bosom I will trace the strivings of something divine; I will honor it, rejoice in it; and, whenever I can, assist it to reach the true, the beautiful, and the good.

The earth gives to the plant earthly nourishment; but without that which comes from above, light, heat, dew and rain, it will never grow upward. Heaven nourishes in it the inward life, and at the same time draws it toward itself. In like manner, it is the mild grace of heaven that draws my heart upward. Like as light and warmth fill the air, and as rain and dew refresh the earth, so does heavenly grace enlighten, warm, and refresh my heart, and under its power it becomes young and joyful. Every feeling that kind heaven sends into my heart, of sorrow and joy, nourish and strengthen in me the heavenly life. I must open my heart to all that comes from above—all that is sent down upon me I must carefully cherish and improve, that the heavenly nature in me may grow joyfully upwards, and be ever more gloriously crowned with celestial light.

The plant grows upward as long as it can. So will I also inwardly aspire to that which is above, as long as there is something still higher for me to reach after.

At length the plant returns again to earth. But only so much of it as is earthly, and has received its nourishment from the earth, returns to its bosom. The creative power which animates it, the life of the plant, lives on, and is reproduced in new forms like its own. What in me is earthly and is nurtured from the earth must return to dust. Then, O yes, this I feel with joyful certainty that which now in me reaches upward will gain a full triumph over the earth. No new earthly form will clothe it again. Upward it will rise into the everlasting light; it apprehends me, it raises me, it bears me on high, and I rejoice in the morning light of life!

Thither points the aspiration in my bosom. It knows no limits and no end. This feeling is the dawning joy of glorification, which often wonderfully, as in a delightful terror, transfuses my being, and saves me by hope.

Why then does many a precious flower bend toward the earth. This is not by the power of a necessity that rests in the earth itself. Does not the beauty of the flower show you the child of heaven. It shines in heavenly colors. Heavenly purity, heavenly truth, and heavenly joy smile from it upon you. But what the earth can give for its preservation is too weak to surmount the downward weight of the rough mass with which its life is bound up. The earth can provide for it nothing more—but a GRAVE. Into this grave it looks—the symbol of a lovely soul, as it sorrows amid the weariness and pains of earth, while the earth can afford nothing wherewith it may be strengthened and comforted. Such an one longs to be received into the motherly bosom of the earth that the spirit may arise into freedom. **THROUGH NIGHT INTO THE LIGHT.** The light of earth must vanish, that the light of heaven may break in. So speak the plant and the flower to thee.



## FAITH AND SIGHT.

BY A.

“And Jesus said, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou has believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet believed.” John 20 : 29.

THE whole history of Thomas forbids us to add to his incredulity the sin of obstinacy. The resurrection of his Master had nothing in it but what was perfectly consonant with his most earnest desires and wishes. Could he have persuaded himself of the truth of it, he would have cheerfully yielded his assent, and have been only so much the happier in his faith. The mode in which he expressed his unbelief did not necessarily exclude conviction; on the contrary, by implication at least, it committed him conditionally in favor of the truth—that is, in case that kind of evidence could be furnished, which he regarded as indispensable. As if to avoid delusion, he refuses to be convinced until every shadow of doubt or uncertainty is dissipated, and he has an evidence which he regards as irresistible—the evidence of sight and touch. His so regarded prudence, apparently so candid, meets, however, with the disapprobation of his Master, and receives his reproof. Had he believed the account of the resurrection without the evidence referred to, Christ would have pronounced him blessed. As it was, the blessing was reserved for others, who should never see him with their natural eyes, but still truly believe in him; while the incredulous disciple is held up as an example of warning to all who in future time should seek a clearer light than that which shines already in the gospel.

At first view the reproof of Christ might seem to censure that prudence and care which every one should exercise in forming his creed. Many strange doctrines are abroad in the land, many new lights, many new-fangled views, that are not only gaudy in their attire, but also possessed of some plausibility. Should we not, then, exercise a sound discretion in receiving the articles of our religious belief? Doubtless we should. Christianity requires of us no such an unreasonable service as belief without examination. It exhorts us to search the scriptures; and the original here implies a diligent, anxious search or scrutiny. It commends the calm spirit of investigation, which the Bereans manifested, and calls them noble on this account. It also tells us to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. The reply of Christ, therefore, when properly understood, will not be found to be inimical to the spirit that seeks earnestly for the evidence of the truth, but on the contrary in harmony with it.

Christ does not reprove his disciple because he wished to be well-rooted and grounded in the faith; it is the manner in which he seeks to silence his scruples that falls under his condemnation. He wishes to see the print of the nails in his hands and his feet, and then to thrust his hand into the wounds before he is willing to believe; he makes this the condition of his faith, and when it is granted he yields a ready assent, and says, “My Lord and my God.” In insisting upon this kind of



proof, he puts supreme stress on the evidence of his outward senses, whilst the light afforded by the inward sense—the inward eye is neglected or set entirely aside. He lives so much in the element of visible things, he walks so much by sight, that no room is left for faith, and it is not called into exercise; he does not imagine that as a true disciple, one who knew that the flesh profiteth nothing, he ought to employ a more sure criterion in measuring spiritual things, than that which may be applied to outward, tangible objects. His philosophy was akin to that which is never without its representatives, but which has had its highest development in modern times, according to which *sensation* is made the source and norm of all truth whether in the outward or inward world. According to Hume, one of its ablest representatives, the impressions which we receive of the world around us, are the exemplars of all truths, and at the same time the clearest and the most reliable evidence of truth which we can possess. As these impressions or sensations under the plastic power of the mind are formed into conceptions, images of the imagination, or pure thoughts, they lose much of their distinctness, and it becomes doubtful whether they convey to us the truth any longer. The reverse, however, of this celebrated proposition is true, if there be any such a thing as fixed and immutable truth. Our feelings and impressions in themselves, when not guided and corrected by our judgments, are most uncertain and indistinct. They are the fertile source of error and delusion, as may be seen from the history of false religions, all of which are based on mere feeling or imagination. Instead of being the norm or exemplars of truth, they are at best only the foreshadowings of truth, the rude substance by means of which truth, brighter and clearer than crystal, is elaborated in the soul. Thomas, accordingly, in his professed desire to be assured of the truth, manifests a want of spirituality and ability to grasp the truth. The most lively exhibitions which he had received of it in the life, the miracles and the death of Christ, had not as yet quickened the sensibility of his heart. The Word, by which the worlds were made, falls powerless on his mind. The predictions concerning the resurrection are forgotten, or if remembered, unheeded. He has no faith, which shows him the necessity of the Saviour's sufferings and of his subsequent resurrection and glorification. There was nothing in Christ or his work, which in his view called for either his humiliation or his exaltation. He was to him nothing more than any other extraordinary man, whom he could see and feel. The divinity that enveloped his adorable person, and shone forth in every word and work, were all lost on his dull, sensual mind, for he had scarcely seen a single beam of its heavenly lustre. With the light shining all around him, he asks for light, and because he has not the organ to perceive it, he denies its existence altogether. Most properly the teacher has occasion to chide a pupil, who had been sitting so long under his instructions, but had made so little progress in spiritual discernment.

The spirit of Thomas manifests itself in our days in various ways. It is the same as that wide-spread rationalism, which attempts to set aside the assistance of faith in religion, and throws man back upon his understanding as his only guide in the formation of his religious belief. As the mysteries of redemption cannot be comprehended by our finite un-



derstandings, they are of course discarded one after another until nothing is left but the moral precepts of the gospel, if sacrilegious hands be not even laid upon these. It refuses to admit that man possesses faculties that are higher and superior to those which are active in the study and investigation of the natural world, and of course denies the reality of that communion with Christ and the spiritual world, to which the wisest and the best profess to have attained.

But as Thomas was in the church, and manifested his skepticism even in the presence of the Saviour, so it should not be thought strange, if we should meet with exhibitions of the same spirit in the same place and circumstances, in our days. When strong, primitive, world-conquering faith departs from the church, a cold, dreary rationalism takes its place; the two may be said to be in inverse proportion to each other. It could not be otherwise, for reason is the only light that remains in the soul when the light of faith disappears. As the drowning man catches after straws, so we, when our faith is too weak to retain our hold on the pillars of faith, cleave to that which gives us least support. Tossed upon the billows of infidelity, we wish that we might have lived in the time of Christ, heard him preach, and seen him perform his mighty deeds. Or possibly our desire assumes another form, and we wish to see a vision of some one from the other world, or to hear a voice from the cross with our natural ears. What is this but asking with Thomas to see the scars and to handle the body of the Christ?

As this is the condition of many in, as well as out of the church, it is doubtless owing to the providential care and solicitude of the Saviour, that provision has been made, as in the case of Thomas, by which their incredulity may be overcome. There is a large supply of books adapted to their taste, and indeed called forth by it, in which the external evidences of christianity are made particularly prominent, and in some cases to the detriment of the internal. Works of this kind, though they may not satisfy one who is in Christ, and alive in him, under this view perform nevertheless an important service to the cause of christianity. But blessed still is he who can believe without them, who has no need of Paley's Theology nor the Bridgewater Treatises, not only because he is saved from many misgivings, but because his faith is of a higher character, and his evidence for the truth of divine revelation of the clearest and most satisfactory kind.

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#### A DEW-DROP FALLING.

A dew-drop, falling on the wild sea wave,  
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"  
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew  
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;  
And, happy now, the grace did magnify  
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;  
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,  
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;  
O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam  
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.



## AN EVENING WALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

AND the evening is beautiful ! and the heavens are full of stars, mirroring their silvery faces in the snow ; and the still woods are jeweled with ice-diamonds, and waiting waveless the rising moon. And the Northern Lights, like zephyrs zoned with rainbows, are waltzing on the pearly pavements of the polar sky. And the mountains look like waves of a silver sea, rising heavenward to greet the stars ; and the sky like a sea of molten sapphire, with its golden tresses drooping fondly on the brow of the mountains. It is beautiful—too beautiful to shut out of our sight. Let us all go out doors and read a few paragraphs in the album of the heavens. For this firmament above is the Great Album of the Creator, and the suns are the syllables and the stars are the letters, with which he registers his handiworks. And the first man on the first evening of this new creation, looked up into the same sky-record, and tried to read the illuminated manuscript of his Maker. And the generations before the Flood gazed at these same stars : and men that saw nearly the evenings of a thousand years on the earth, looked up at these same golden eyes of heaven, which now look down on us ; and they called them by name, and by their light they drove their flocks to new pastures in the old world. And when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods came, and a long night of darkness, the good man in the ark remembered the stars that studded the firmament in his boyhood's time, and the names they were called by among the fathers of the human race. And when the deep, black clouds rolled away, they shone out of their old places in the sky upon him, and he felt at home again, though floating over the shoreless waste of waters, without compass, chart or helm. There they were just as they were set in the sky in the morning of creation. The waters, that had washed from the earth every trace of man's existence, had not quenched one of the "lesser lights" of heaven, or moved it a hair from its place. The splendid Orion had not lost a jewel from his belt ; neither the deluge nor the darkness had "loosed his bands." He walked the same king and wielded the same sceptre among the stars this evening, as in the first evening that mantled the earth. The fiery Betelgeuse shone with the same red brilliancy, and the sharp-eyed Rigel glowed in the left foot, a celestial diamond of the first water. There were the little Pleiades, and the great Dog-star, and the long Scorpion, trailing its gems along the southern sky : and the Eleven Stars, that the young Joseph saw in his dream ; and the Seven Stars, which the first-born child of Adam saw in his infancy. These were the *home* stars to Noah ; they were all that was left of the drowned world, that he had seen and loved in his youth. He knew not whither the sailless, unruddered ark had borne him ; the tallest mountain on the earth was buried deep beneath the waters ; everything had been swept away but the stars which he had learned by name, perhaps in the tent of his grandfather Methuselah, who remembered Adam. And he felt himself at home.



Now, young friends, a deluge will never come again to bury out of sight this green, peopled world ; but storms will come, and winds will come, and you may drift far away from the home of your childhood. And what makes that home ? If all your relations and friends should go with you to far-off lands and live with you there, would you not have left behind a great deal of your home ? Yes ; you could not take with you the old *home-stead* ; the elms and the oaks under which you played ; the hills you climbed in summer to see the sun go down in the west, or in winter with your sleds ; the brook that purled through the meadows ; the mountains looming up in the distance like huge cushions of green velvet for the sky ; the fields of alternate green and yellow, and the far-off woods. But begin now to look up into this blue world above ; to make these star-fields a part of your home ; to bring these glorious constellations into the circle of your acquaintance ; to call them by name ; to associate them with all the objects to which your home affections cling, and you may carry your home with you the world over. Orion, Arcturus, Bootes, Virgo, the celestial companions of Job, Noah, and David, will be yours, in every place and every condition ; acquaintances, neighbors to your paternal homes. It may be your lot to see but a little space of the earth's surface ; and to know but little more of the geography of the earth than what you learn from your map. But here you may study the geography of the heavens and see every celestial territory it describes. Without going a mile from your father's door, your eye may travel over worlds that arithmetic cannot compute nor geometry measure. Your eyes can do this, and when you have reached the extreme limit of their vision, your thoughts may go on forever into worlds beyond. Young friends, suppose you spend a half hour every bright evening out in the open air in appropriating these brilliant constellations ; in bringing them within the home-circle of your acquaintance.

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TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound ?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler !--that love-prompted strain  
( 'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond )  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,  
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam ;  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home !



## THE GRASS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

WITH wonderful gladness bounds my heart when I see a beautiful sod. I cannot express how I love the green grass; no plant, no flower do I love so inly, with such true joy of soul, as I do the green grass. There are times when I do not tire beholding it, refreshing my eyes and heart with it; and then I am glad that I live on the earth.

A green, grassy earth around me, and a blue heaven above me—these are my highest natural joy.

I remember how in childhood it made me happy to find grass spoken of in the Bible; and that holy book became the more precious to me when I read how God has there honored the grass. With what delight did I read: "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, and the herb yielding seed. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after its kind." Then I felt at home on the earth. How deeply also was my heart impressed by the words of our Saviour: "If God so clothe the grass of the field!" I could scarcely think of God in a more tender way, than as the kind being who clothes the grass of the field. After I felt the sweet force of that passage I could pray to Him with more confidence and love. When I read, in the history of the miraculous feeding of the multitude: "There was much grass in the place"—how this occurrence moved my heart; how I felt that the miraculous had associated itself in the most friendly way with the natural course of the world and entered the sphere of human life! It seemed to me a very important circumstance that where the divine-human Saviour walked among the people and blessed them, there was much grass; and exceedingly pleasant, it seemed to me, it must have been to the thousands who were hungry to sit down on the grass and be fed by the friend of man.

It is not merely the refreshing green, so pleasant to the eye, the color of hope, that I love in the grass. It grows so luxuriantly; and the blessings of heaven are so plainly seen in it. It exists so plentifully. Where nothing else is seen, there is still the grass—a symbol of overflowing goodness, and a pledge of every kindly gift of nature.

More than all do we see the effect upon the grass, when after a long drought, the fruitful showers begin to descend. Before all else it is green in the spring. The first green grass in warm moist places, how it rejoices the heart—this sign of regeneration and of heavenly promise! The pearly dew glistens most richly in the green grass.

The grass clothes so beautifully mother earth; even the grass makes it more maternal. Where grass grows I feel at home, even when separated from all else that is familiar to me—where no grass grows, O how desolate and cheerless! However much art and industry may do to beautify earth, the curse of God seems to rest on those spots where no grass grows. On the soft grass the weary one who has no other place of repose lies down and sinks into refreshing slumbers.

Whatever of beauty the earth possesses, my fancy ever associates



with the green, green grass. In the grass glitter the lovely fountains. Through flowery grass pure and sing the joyful rills; and the loveliest children of nature bloom in the grass.

In youth the grass was my place to play and tumble. In the grass I gathered flowers. Reclining on the grass on a serene summer evening—how often have I been winged in my dreams into the eternal paradise where nothing fades!

The grass also covers the graves of our dead! and O, how precious is it there! Under the green hillock—so our feelings cheer us—it must be peaceful to repose.

At last on my grave—no flowers; only green, green grass—the symbol of life and hope!

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#### MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in the autumn wind,  
Around the dripping eaves;  
And where its pinions stop to play,  
Among the fallen leaves.  
There's music in the river's flow,  
Along the pebbly shores  
When all the winds have gone to sleep,  
And boughs are swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song,  
I hear through evening's shade,  
And in the low of distant herds,  
Returning from the glade.  
There's music in the household tones,  
That greet the sad or gay,  
And in the laugh of innocence  
Rejoicing in its play.

But there is music sweeter far  
In memory than this—  
The music of my mother's voice  
Now in the land of bliss;  
A music time may never still—  
I hear it in my dreams,  
When all the fondness of her face  
Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear,  
In mansions in the skies—  
But there is not a sound on earth  
Like mother's gentle voice.  
The tears are in my clouded eye,  
And sadness in my brain,  
And nature whispers to my heart—  
She will not come again.

A mother! oh, when she departs,  
Her like is never known;  
The records of affection speak  
Of only, only one!  
And brighter will that record grow  
Through all the changing years—  
The oftener to the lip is pressed  
The cup of sorrow's tears.



## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

WE speak of a youth. He was born in the bosom of a solitary valley and grew up in an humble and quiet hut, under the eye of a venerable father. The son was the joy of his father; the will of the one was also the will of the other, and they lived a joyous, pious, and simple life.

A change came. One evening as the youth sat alone at the door of the hut, he saw how the flaming sun sunk behind the blue mountains, saw how the purple vapor and the glowing red of evening blazed up the sky and gilded the mountain's edge, he felt himself drawn by a great and indescribable longing to follow the sun. He closed not his eyes that night; and as soon as the morning dawned, he came to his father and said: Bless me, my father, and let me go to the land of the setting sun, that I may see where it is that he sinks to his nightly rest. For I rest no more, day nor night, so strongly do my longings draw me towards the dim distant realms of evening.

The father said to him: Go under God's protection, my son; but wherever you may be think of me, and the quiet home of your youth, and of all the instructions I have given you. Then he blessed him, and gave him a mirror, and said: Whenever you look into this glass, you will see this hut, and the face of your father; and then you will think of me, and I will help you when wants and woes overtake you.

The youth departed. Quick and joyful steps bore him from his father's door; and soon the hut and home of youth lay far behind him. As the sun began to set he halted on the top of a hill, and looked back toward the valley which he had left, and with a tender swelling heart he thought of his father. He drew forth his glass, and saw in it—or thought he saw—the pleasant form and countenance of the venerable old man. Then he slept. The stars shed down mild beams upon him, and sweet dreams held festival in the spirit of the youth. When the morning came he sprang to his feet, glad and ready, greeted once more the region of his home, and set his pilgrim staff farther, and still farther; and every morning and every evening he turned toward the rising of the sun, and looked into the glass to see the image of his father.

At length he came into inhabited borders, and into large cities; he saw the ways and doings of men, how they labor with each other and against each other, how they loved and hated one another, and how they rushed after fortune and pleasure, some in one path and some in another. After he looked on for awhile, he was seized with a desire to do likewise; and he mingled in the tumult, rushed with the multitude, and like them reached not what he sought.

Many days now passed in which he never looked toward his home, nor thought of his father; for all his soul was in that which was doing around him, and in the joy that he had in it, or expected to gain. Now it came to pass that he went one day with evil companions, who mal



treated him, and beat him nigh unto death, and then left him lying upon a lone rock, where no one could hear his voice, and where no wanderer would pass who should have compassion on him. Here he lay lamenting in his distress, looking up toward the mountains, and down into the depths; but no help appeared. Now the sun set, the cool night sunk around him, heavy clouds covered the heavens, and not a single star shone into the deep darkness. No refreshing sleep settled upon the weary eyelids of the sorrowful youth, and no sympathising dream visited his spirit; but the horror of thick darkness encamped around him, and the voices of ominous night-birds sounded from the deep vallies on his affrighted ear. Then the thunder rolled in the mountains, and fearful lightning flashed out between the rent clouds, shaking its forked tongues at him, and hail descended devastating the forest; and even when the morning should have dawned the earth still lay in shadow and cheerless gloom. Sadly and with groans the poor youth raised himself from his hard bed, and labored painfully towards some opening where he might hope to be visited with help; but in vain did he creep down rocky ravines and over deep morasses, while the rain still poured down upon him. His open wounds grew sorer, and a burning thirst consumed him, which the rain, falling upon his extended tongue, could not allay. Often he threw himself upon the ground, but the cold wet earth was no easy bed to him. Hunger also began to torment him; and as he felt about him for nourishment, his hand dropped upon the glass, and now after a long, long time, he once more looked into it. Alas! alas! he saw in it only his own woful form and the scenes of desolation around him; but no more the quiet home in the peaceful valley, nor the refreshing image of his venerable father. He began aloud to weep over his wo, and reproached himself for his forgetfulness, and for his shameless conduct, which was the source of all his present suffering.

In this sad case the poor youth was overwhelmed with a deep sense of shame and of bitter regret; but yet he nearly forgot all his present pains as small compared with the anxiety he felt to find his way back to his loving father, and his beloved home of youth. He now also sighed far more anxiously after the Eternal Home than he had before longed for the wide world and the fancied bliss of the land of the setting sun.

As the youth so labored on in penitential sorrow, and his heart was melted in love and longing, the heavens began to withdraw their heavy cloudy curtain, the pure bright blue sky smiled cheeringly in upon him, the birds sang joyfully in the branches, the last light of evening shone through the glistening birch-trees, and the bosom of the wanderer swelled with hope and animating confidence. A valley opened before his astonished vision, and behold! in the mild light of evening lay before him his quiet home, with its familiar trees. As he advanced he saw his venerable father coming toward him with radiant face and open arms. With tears of joy he sank at his father's feet. Tenderly he raised up his returning son, pressed him to his heart, healed his wounds, and he soon forgot all the pains in the joy of his home and his father's love.

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DR. JOHNSON has well said that whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasion to forgiveness.



### GOOD MORAL HABITS.

LORD John Russell recently delivered an address in Exeter Hall, London, and we make the following extract from the full report of it in the London Times :

Young men in these days, and for aught we know in all ages, expect to have moral and religious progress made not only easy, but pleasurable, triumphant and ingenious—dignified with theories and sweetened with indulgence. They want a royal road to improvement—a wide road, a pleasant road, and not very tedious. So Lord Russell does not hesitate to warn them, and gives them the stern old advice, that the only way is to be found in good habits. Bad habits and vicious inclinations, in one form or another, are the real obstacles to progress, and they are powerful ones. Strong restraint is necessary to subdue them, and that restraint is to be found only in morality and a good teacher. Good moral habits are the very sinews of the frame, whether that be the frame of one mind or of all society. They are the fibres that make the muscles, that forms our solid consistency, that gives us working power, and make us true men. All the talk in the world goes for nothing if it does not end in good moral habits, the want of which is sure to make a clever man a fool, wise reforms nugatory, and a great nation profligate and corrupt.

Let Heaven send good harvests ; let our cities resound with the hum of factories and the traffic of streets ; let earth be covered with railways, and the ocean with our ships ; but let the salt of life be wanting—let luxury spoil the rich and intemperance degrade the poor ; let the moral sense be once blunted by bad habits, and then all that should have been for our wealth becomes occasion for failing, and harvests, cities, factories, railways, ships, arts, science, everything on which we were lately boasting ourselves, passes over like a traitor to the camp of destruction, and obstructs that moral and political progress of which it seems to be the chief means. Immorality, whether public or private, is the one source of mischief, and Lord John Russell has read a good lesson to a self-flattering and self-indulgent generation, when he points out that nothing is to be done, and no progress made, without good moral habits. Whether all the young men who heard him, thought this any more than so much sermonizing we know not, but if they live long enough they will find it all true, to their pleasure or their cost.

### GOD OF MY MOTHER.

THE Rev. Charles Morgan of East Troy, Wisconsin, in giving an account of a religious revival in that place, says : An infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of truth, bowed upon his knees, and cried in agony : “ God of my mother, have mercy on me ! ” His mother is a devoted Christian, in the State of New York. God of my mother ! How much is revealed in that single exclamation ! how conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impression on his soul, too deep to be obliterated by time and sin.



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## MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

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BY NATHAN.

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### II.

THE frequent complaints of tourists had led me to approach the British sky and climate with suspicion, but I was not prepared to be so completely taken in. It is a weakness of open-hearted, inexperienced natures, to receive the professions of others with credulous sincerity. But experience is a skilful teacher. Dame Nature here plays the coquette most completely. She is so variable and fickle, so disposed to trifle with your sincerity, that it is hard to know when she is in earnest. She will meet your approaches with the smiles and blandishments of pleasant sunshine only to repulse you with a shower or a shiver. Perhaps I have met her in an unpleasant mood, but I have seen and felt heat and cold, cloudy and clear, rain and sunshine, fruitful and barren weather in the course of one hour. The sky does not look dark and lowering when it rains, but pretends all the while to make an effort to clear up. The rays of the sun penetrate the clouds like a thin gauze of mist, so that even the most undisguised rain does not look so very rainy. Sometimes the clouds sunder, the clear blue sky overhead assures you that this time there can be no possible deception. But scarcely has it lured you beyond the reach of roofs and umbrellas before it will pour down, without any preliminary notice, an extemporaneous shower that will send you home, repenting your credulity most bitterly. Sometimes the rain-drops even twinkle in a cloudless sky, like a smile twinkles through a tear trembling on a maiden's cheek. So that with all my mortifying situations I would not willingly have foregone the pleasure it afforded me. For a thing may be physically uncomfortable while it is æsthetically pleasant.

It was on one of those rainy mornings on which no one could mistake the prospects of the weather, that I started for Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. Having fully made up my mind to spend part of the day



in the rain, I was not in danger of being disappointed. Melrose Abbey is supposed to have been built by Robert the Bruce, in the 12th century. It was successively injured and rebuilt again during the Scottish wars, and the misdirected zeal of the Reformation destroyed a great part of it. Cromwell and his army passed along here and made a target of it for their amusement, the marks of which are still visible. Though in ruins, it still remains a magnificent specimen of mediæval art, and the finest relic of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Originally it was about four hundred feet in length, but one hundred feet of it have been razed to the earth by war and Vandalism. The nave of the building has been entirely destroyed. There is a yard beside it where the monks were in the habit of taking exercise; and along the wall there are still stone benches where they used to study in the open air. It contains a large number of stone busts and statues of eminent saints. Some of these are placed along its massive walls, supporting huge heavy pillars, significant symbols of the position of christians in the spiritual temple of Christ. Surmounting the pillars and along the ceiling are sculptured flowers, specimens of the most finished artistic skill. I noticed one of them, surmounting a statue of the Virgin Mary, within whose opening petals a jackdaw had made his dreary domicile. At present these birds are the sole occupants of this remarkable edifice, from whose history poetry and romance have so largely borrowed. A number of the Scottish nobility are buried within its walls, and the grave of the wizard, a prominent character in Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," was pointed out to me.

From here I went a-foot to Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott. Though raining, it was a delightful walk. The road winds through a narrow glen of fertile farms, verdant with all the freshness of early vegetation. Abbotsford is situated at the winding base of a hill. The side from which I approached it conceals the buildings until one is almost at the entrance. On one side is a meadow bounded by the Tweed, on the other a large hill, dotted with fields and woodland, all belonging to the Abbotsford farm. The scenery all around is just such as a poet would be likely to choose to kindle and fan his inspirations. The different rooms are filled with most curious and rare specimens of antiquity. Swords, armor, and weapons of knights and ancient warriors—a lamp from the Temple of Minerva at Athens, supposed to be 3,000 years old. The clothes of Sir Walter are carefully laid in a case; his blue coat with yellow buttons, and his white hat, just as Washington Irving described them after his visit to Abbotsford, and which are doubtless the same he then wore. His hat is after the fashion of the fur summer hats now worn in America.

Wishing to reach the cars by a nearer route, I did not return to Melrose, but took a different course. I had not proceeded far until the Tweed interposed. Whatever the poetic advantages of bathing in such a classic stream might be, I feared that the experiment would unfit me to enjoy the sentiment, especially as my clothes, dripping with rain, did not increase my desire for a hydropathic operation just at that time. Moreover, I remembered the adventure of Bayard Taylor, who, like myself, being unable to find a boat, waded the Tweed, where his companion came well nigh making a submarine passage or perish in the



attempt. At all events, I have made it a habit not to meddle with things too deep for me, so I wandered up and down the 'famous Tweed for several miles, until I finally spied in the distance a ferryman and his boat, who soon relieved me from my shivering suspense. He invited me into his lowly cottage, and introduced me to his "guid wife" as "the tallest American he had ever seen." Many an American has he rowed across the Tweed, but they all had been men small in stature. It occurred to me as somewhat amusing that whilst I was making a pilgrimage to noted shrines, and endured all the perplexities of sight-seeing, I could furnish a man, living within sight of Abbotsford, with a sight whose like he had never seen. The kind lady gave me a seat beside her humble fireside; and whilst she entertained me with a jug of milk and a piece of bread—a luxury that could only be appreciated after walking half a day through a cold rain—I tried to entertain her by answering many curious questions about America. He requested me to tell American travelers, and I do proclaim it here and now, to all whom it may concern, that on and after the first day of May, this place will be made a station, so that all who wish to visit Abbotsford, can alight at the Abbotsford ferry, within sight of it. My friend the ferryman will row them across the Tweed, and his ladie will give them a resting place at her hearth and a glass of milk, if they desire it.

After another day spent in Edinburg, I set out for the Highlands. For once I had a clear, pleasant spring day, and I felt sure it would hold out so. It seemed to me I had never passed through more delightful rural scenery, which contrasted painfully with the drudgery of a number of women in the fields hauling and spreading manure. I got a glimpse of Linlithgow Palace as we passed along, where Queen Mary was born. Her father, James V., was at the palace of Falkland at the time, suffering from an injury he had received in a recent battle. When he was told the news of Mary's birth, he said: "It (the crown) came with a lass, and will go with a lass," and then turned his face to the wall and soon after died broken-hearted. We soon after reached Falkirk, where Wallace fought his memorable battle in 1298. Next we reached Sterling Castle, where James V. and Mary were crowned. Here are preserved the pulpit and communion table of John Knox. The country clustering around Falkirk was the principal battle field of Wallace and Bruce. Its soil is rich with the blood of heroes and martyrs, and was the scene of freedom's early trials and triumphs.

At Sterling I branched out through the Highlands for the Lakes. It is a principle taught by all sound philosophy, that we increase our happiness as we reduce our wants; and so I have found it. I left home with a light hand-bag, containing a number of the most necessary articles of apparel. I find now that I do not need even this small wardrobe, and seriously meditate the donation of some of it to those who have still less. It is gratifying to an American's habits of republican independence, that he can go wherever he listeth, without being dependent on cars, cabs or porters. So was it to me. At Sterling I hung the luggage on my staff, flung it over my shoulders, and sallied off for the Highlands with a nimble step. It was the first of May, on which young men and maidens go a-Maying in America. And many a cheerful May-flower greeted me along the heathes and hedges. It



worked admirably until my feet became sore, and at the end of twelve miles my zeal for walking had measurably abated. I limped over the last mile with insupportable tribulation, and then sat me by the way side, trying to invent a plan of escape from my pedestrian defeat. The fact is I had entered upon this expedition somewhat rashly. I overrated my powers of endurance; and now I was three miles from the nearest hotel, and it was a problem of great moment so me, just there and then, how to reach it. Neither lodging nor boarding could be had short of that. I applied for a morsel at a little hut, but the poor woman said they had nothing for themselves. Here, then, I had reached the first trial that was beyond the range of my ordinary experience. Whilst pondering with philosophic composure over my fate, a poor carter came along with a most sorry-looking horse, tottering under a large load of coal. I applied for a passage to the next town, to which he readily consented. It was hard to submit to such a formidable seat, but making a virtue of necessity, I mounted the cart and was soon on my way again to Callander. I never attracted more attention since I landed in Great Britain. Men paused at their toil, women and children ran to the door and stared at me with astonishment. Many curious questions had the carter to answer respecting his extraordinary passenger. For my apparel showed that I had seen better days. I could not help but think of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and our half-starved horse was a worthy representative of Rosmante, whilst my guide treated me with as much ceremony and deference as ever Sancho Panza did his valiant master. These little adventures form episodes in a man's experiences more pleasant to remember than to endure.

A good night's rest restored my usual vigor, and early next morning I was approaching the classic Loch Katrine. I wound my way leisurely through the gorge where the gallant steed of Fitz James stumbled as his rider pursued in eager chase the nimble stag, fell over a rock and was killed. Right here I had the good fortune to chase a deer, which leaped over the crags and cliffs, and then stopped a while to take a view of his pursuer. A fleet horse might have enabled me to realize the poet's dream. I hired two men who rowed me to the upper end of Loch Katrine, a distance of ten miles. Here, then, I am at length floating over the crystal lake, over which the lovely Ellen Douglas steered her skipping bark.

Loch Katrine is from ten to twelve miles in length, four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in some parts five hundred feet deep. I drank copious draughts of its clear, fresh water, which acted as a stimulant to reverie and sentiment. By the way, the Vandal hand of progress is about diverting its sweet waters to the profane purposes of washing and cooking. The city of Glasgow is constructing an aqueduct through mountains, moors and glens for upwards of thirty miles to draw from it a supply of fresh water for its inhabitants. We soon reached "Ellen's Isle," the lovely abode of the "Lady of the Lake." It looks like a colored diamond set in crystal, an enchanting little spot, a veritable Isle of Beauty. The lake is set within the enamel of towering, rugged mountains, as if to shelter this pure oasis from the rude simoon of the world's moral desert. On the opposite side of the island is the spot where Fitz James wandered to the craggy banks of Loch Katrine,



when he had lost his way. In his forlorn solitude, he blew his bugle, saying—

“I am alone, my bugle strain  
May call some straggler of the train.”

Ellen heard his plaintive notes, and in her little skiff soon reached the shore whence the sound proceeded. The youth concealed himself in the thicket, while he viewed through the branches the lovely maiden. While her face glowed with the lustre of every ennobling virtue—

“One only passion unrevealed  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame—  
O! need I tell that passion's name.”

This island is a monument to the innocence and chastity of pure affection, and on this account is a hallowed shrine around which the pilgrim loves to linger. Her hand would not belie her heart. For she boldly refused the hand of Roderick Dhu:

“Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
Seeking the world's cold charity—  
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word  
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard—  
An outcast pilgrim will I rove  
Than wed the man I cannot love.”

We passed near the birth-place of Rob Roy, the noted freebooter. Near it stands a little dwelling, in which one of my rowers boasted to have lived for many years. Perhaps he was a descendant of the original McGregor clan.

Leaving Loch Katrine I set out on foot for Loch Lomond, a distance of five miles. I was agreeably disappointed in finding such a pleasant road through this rough, untraveled country. As I marched along leisurely, wondering whether I was near the lake, I suddenly found myself standing on the summit of the mountain skirting its eastern border, while the silvery lake was spread out far below, like a sheet of spotless white. When Wallace and his band were on their way to storm Dumbarton Castle, he led them on the brow of this hill, and pointing to these spires of Nature rising heavenward, exclaimed: “Who would not fight for such a country?”

Here I took the steamer for the lower end of the lake, a distance of some twenty miles. Amid the multitude of mountains clustering around these lakes, the lofty peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben Moor are always seen towering high above the rest. The one is 3,400 and the other 3,600 feet above the level of the sea. At this time their tops were still wrapped in a sheet of snow. They stand among the rest like mighty chiefs among their clans—all are brave, but they the bravest. Each has a tale to tell of some battles fought, some victory won. Every one, both great and small, has been decorated by the drapery of poetry and romance. These mountains have done more for Scottish freedom than any other natural cause. They are the nursery of a hardy independence, and foster generous and noble sentiments. Here the heroes of Albion were taught the alphabet of freedom. Here in these *High-lands*, na-



ture's hieroglyphics of Freedom, where Alpine clans rushed together in dire and deadly conflict—here, where these battlements of nature are but the symbolical mementoes of the earnest struggles of brave hearts—here Scotia has trained her brave men and bards. Going to Glasgow I passed Dumbarton Castle, where Queen Mary was imprisoned, and from whence she escaped to France.

After spending a few days at Glasgow, I left for the birth-place of Burns. Reaching Ayr, I accidentally happened to dine with an old lady who is a second cousin of the "Ayrshire Ploughman." His monument and birth-place are about three miles from town. The latter is a small straw-covered cottage, which at present is devoted to the sale of liquor, a beverage in which poor Burns indulged too freely himself. I rested a while in the cot, and saw the recess in the wall in which he was born. Here the budding mind of the boy Burns received its first impressions, where he lived until he was nine years of age. Proceeding a short distance I reached "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," whose roofless walls stand in dreary loneliness amid the dust of past generations, the old bell still perched in its accustomed place on the point of the gable. Close by is the monument erected to Burns, right in the heart of a garden, beautifully ornamented with evergreens and terraces of flowers, that spread a pleasant fragrance round. In the monument are still preserved the two Bibles which Burns and his "Mary" gave each other at their last parting, as the solemn pledges of their undying affection. Each has inscribed on a blank leaf an appropriate scripture passage, to remind them of the sacredness of their vows, made at that solemn hour on the banks of the Ayr. They met no more, and poor Burns poured out his bleeding heart in his "Address to Mary in Heaven," one of the most touching little poems that ever flowed from mortal pen.

I ascended a flight of stairs, where I had a delightful view. All around me was spread a scene of fields, trees and flowers, and the "Bonnie Doon" rippling carelessly along its base, a prospect that seemed to forbid the intrusion of sadness. Yet I felt sad. Burns was poor. His fine sensibilities often bled from wounds inflicted by poverty and neglect. He was at times reduced to the most uncomfortable straights, and was glad to escape from these by the office of Excisemen. He became gauger, and for the pittance of a meagre living, served his country as a hunter of brandy-smugglers, a fatal privilege to plunge into greater dissipation. Now that he has gone where he can no longer enjoy the bread that perisheth, and the reward due his genius, there is none too great to do him honor. The most magnificent monuments are erected, the fifteenth part of whose cost would have "stored his pantry," and removed from his heart the corroding worm of care.

On a visit to Edinburg, Burns visited the grave of Ferguson, the poet, which was still unmarked by a monument. Poor as he was, he erected an humble tombstone to his "brother in misfortune." When, a few years ago, a critic in one of the Reviews noticed a visit of Queen Victoria to Edinburg, his imagination called up the shades of Burns and Ferguson to witness the scene. Standing on Calton Hill, where Burns has a monument, and opposite which is the old grave-yard where poor Ferguson lies, they viewed with poetic composure the pomp and pageant of royalty. And it came to pass, as they turned away from



this, with Burns' monument and Ferguson's humble grave-stone in view, they spoke of their past and present fortunes and misfortunes. Burns could point to his piles of marble reared by Posterity, to which Ferguson replied, "Rather far let me have yon humble stone, which the hand and heart of Genius raised, than the proudest monuments of an interested and unsympathizing Posterity." Burns himself wrote the following lines under a portrait of Ferguson:

"Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased  
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure."

And afterwards asks:

"Why is the bard unpitied by the world,  
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasure?"

Descending from the monument I soon walked along the—

"Banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,"

which led me to "the key-stane o' the bridge," where Tam O'Shanter's mare lost her tail. Tam happened to get on a spree one night in the town of Ayr, as his habit was, and belated himself, so that he had to go home through a thunder storm. The lightning making night more hideous, stirred up the guilty fears of his bad heart. At midnight he started for home, "well mounted on his gray mare Meg." After he had passed the bridge she suddenly stopped, and lo! Tam saw ghosts and speetres grim and ghastly. There is a saying among the common people that evil spirits have no power to follow a person beyond the middle of the next stream. So he wheeled his mare around and made for the keystone of the old bridge, with the whole train of furies after him. Just as the mare approached this stone, hard pressed by these unearthly hob-goblins—

"One spring brought off her master hale  
But left behind her own gray tail."

A short distance down the Doon is the new bridge, on which I stood a long while watching the rippling waves that played down the stream. Then I rambled far down the stream along a road running parallel with it at a short distance. All along it was overhung with a bower, formed by venerable trees. It was about sunset. On one side sheep were grazing and bleating, on the other the Doon winded along, its little waterfalls muttering pleasant sounds; above and around were birds warbling their vesper hymns. Seldom have I tasted such unmixed pleasure, as when I roved through this peaceful solitude in undisturbed meditation. It reminds me vividly of my native Conestoga. I passed a little cottage, the abode of an elderly laboring man. Had it been Saturday evening, I think I would have entered to get an illustration of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." And I passed a rosy-cheeked maiden, which I thought must bear a close resemblance to the "Highland Mary." On my return I entered the old grave-yard in which the church of Alloway stands, which was said to be haunted. It was just about twilight, "the true witching time, when spirits hold their wonted walk." I peeped through their iron doors, but all was silent as death.



Having no taste for superstition, my thoughts soon turned to graver themes. The yard is enclosed within an old ivy-covered wall. At the entrance is the grave of Burns' father, "the friend of man, to vice alone a foe." I saw the graves of a number of Wilsons and McClures, names which awakened transatlantic associations. I had a desire to spend the night amid such hallowed scenes at the Burns Hotel, but there was no room in the inn. Now, then—

"Bonny Doon, so sweet at twilight,  
Fare thee well before I gang."

This will end my tour in Scotland. Would that the end were not yet. Scotia is a lovely land. I love her history and heroes, her poets and her peasants, her mountains and her moors. Should I live to return to my native land, I will read her bards with greater pleasure, and try to be a better man for having visited the scenery which their genius has embellished and the blood of heroes enriched. In the meanwhile a fond adieu to the—

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountains and the flood."

I took a steamer across the Irish Channel to Belfast, which swung me into a squall of sea-sickness again. It was soon over, but—whew! Commend me to the solid earth. Horace somewhere asks whether a man could ever be brave after he had endured the lash with his hands tied on his back, expecting every moment to be the last. I wonder whether Horace had ever been sea-sick; for no calamity can inflict a more cowardly spirit on a man.

The following morning I went to the northern coast of Ireland to visit the Giant's Causeway. I procured a guide and descended to the base of the cliffs, from three to four hundred feet high. I drank of the water gurgling out at the Giant's Well, pure and fresh. The guide pointed out indistinct columns which seemed to have been melted into a mass, from which some geologists ascribe its formation to the action of fire. In some places the columns precisely resemble a large petrified honeycomb. They have from four to nine sides, and these again bounded by the sides of so many other columns. Sometimes one column is walled in by the sides of nine others. They are so compactly blocked together that some of the joints are impervious to water. The columns above the surface are from ten to forty feet in height, and perhaps a foot in diameter. They are all perpendicular, except one cluster imbedded in a solid rock, called the Giant's Cannon, because they lie horizontally and look like cannon aimed at the sea. How came these to fall over? The columns are all formed by blocks from six inches and upwards in length. Their joints appear in irregular cracks along the outer surface, but within this narrow crust each block has a smoothly-polished convex and concave top and base, always one of each, and these lie so tight in their sockets that no breath of air can penetrate them. A short distance from the base is a circular row of columns, with both ends laid in solid rock, called the Giant's Organ from their resemblance to organ-pipes, and on the top of a tall cliff projecting into the sea is a piece of rock called the Giant's Grandmother. It looks like a trembling old lady



suddenly petrified while sitting at her work. It made me think of Lot's wife.

This is a stupendous geological mystery. Those small blocks with their smooth concave and convex bases, and regular yet diversified sides. And these forming symmetrical columns, morticed together into a columnar pile, and this again supporting a solid mass of rock, on which a smaller series of columns rest, as if nature were endeavoring to make all these columns converge in a Gothic spire pointing to the Great Architect, these are phenomena that fill the beholder with amazing wonder. But what laws of nature, what agents of God, assisted in their erection, and laid those blocks in their places, whether water, flood, or fire, or all, this still remains a matter of doubt and conjecture.

On my return to Belfast the following morning, a young man entered the car at one of the stations, just starting for America. His aged mother and sisters clung to him with moving tenderness, and wept as though the cars were to be his grave. When the train gave the signal for starting, they again rushed to the door of the car, re-embraced him, clasping and wringing their hands in pitiful agony, until the conductor closed the door by force, and the train sped him toward the setting sun. There was something exceedingly affecting in the parting scene of these humble peasants. Perhaps he was the only stay of his aged mother in this poverty-ridden country, and the pride of his sisters. Many were the country comrades that escorted him hither—hale and generous looking youths, who crowded around him in strange confusion to get his parting grasp. As the cars began to move, they shouted him a last farewell with uncovered heads, and his mother and sisters threw up their hands as if to hold the cruel train that tore him from their embrace. Such is life.

DUBLIN, *May* 10, 1856.

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### THE FIRESIDE.

THE fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may molder in the halls of the memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart in childhood, defy the rust of years. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of his childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perhaps, seen an old half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you have seen it fade away, while a brighter and still more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is an apt illustration of youth, and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished for our education.



## I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away,  
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;  
I feel no symptoms of decay,  
I have no cause to mourn or weep;  
My foes are impotent and shy,  
My friends are neither false nor cold,  
And yet of late, I often sigh—  
I'm growing old.

My growing talk of olden times,  
My growing thirst for early news,  
My growing apathy to rhymes,  
My growing love of easy shoes,  
My growing hate of crowds and noise,  
My growing fear of taking cold,  
All tell me in the plainest voice,  
I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff,  
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,  
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,  
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,  
I'm growing careless in my dress,  
I'm growing frugal of my gold,  
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—  
I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste,  
I see it in my changing hair,  
I see it in my growing waist,  
I see it in my growing heir;  
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,  
As plain as truth was ever told,  
That even in my vaunted youth,  
I'm growing old.

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe  
The tale in my reluctant ears;  
And every boon the hours bequeath  
But makes me debtor to the years!  
E'en Flattery's honied words declare  
The secret she would fain withhold,  
And tells me in "How young you are!"  
I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years, whose rapid flight  
My sombre muse too sadly sings;  
Thanks for the gleams of golden light  
That tint the darkness of their wings!  
The light that beams from out the sky,  
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,  
Where all are blest and none may sigh:  
"I'm growing old."



## PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

THE following interesting passages are from a paper read by Mr. Townsend Glover, before the late meeting of the United States Agricultural Society, and published in the *Washington National Intelligencer*:

Here, however, let me change the subject, to put in a plea for mischievous birds, which appear to have been sent to keep the "balance of power" in insect life, which insects would otherwise multiply to such a degree as to be perfectly unbearable, and render the agriculturists' toil entirely useless. A farmer keeps a watch-dog to guard his premises, and cats to kill rats and mice in his granary and barn; yet he suffers an "unfeathered biped" to tear down his rails in order to get a chance shot at a robin, wren, or blue bird, which may be unfortunate enough to be on his premises; and yet these very birds do him more good than either dog or cat, working diligently from morn to dark, and killing and destroying insects injurious to his crops, which, if not thus thinned out, would eventually multiply to such an extent as to leave him scarcely any crop whatsoever.

Birds are accused of eating cherries and other fruits. True; but the poor birds merely take a tithe of the fruit to pay for the tree, which, but for their unceasing efforts, would otherwise probably have been killed in its infancy. To exemplify the utility of birds, I will give one or two instances that have occurred under my own observation. Some years ago, I took a fancy to keep bees; accordingly, hives were procured, and books read upon the subject. One day a king-bird or bee-martin was observed to be very busy about the hives, apparently snapping up every straggling bee he could find. Indignant at such a breach of hospitality, as his nest was on the premises, I hastened to the house to procure a gun to shoot the marauder. When I returned, I perceived a grayish bird on the bushy top of a tree, and thinking it was the robber, I fired, and down dropped a poor, innocent Phœbe bird.

Hoping to find some consolation to my conscience for having committed this most foul murder, I inwardly accused the poor little Phœbe of having also killed the bees; and having determined to ascertain the fact by dissecting the bird, it was opened, when, much to my regret and astonishment, it was found to be full of the striped cucumber bugs, and not one single bee. Here I had killed the very bird that had been working for me the whole season, perfectly innocent of the crime for which it was sacrificed. After the circumstances, I determined never to let a gun be fired on the premises, excepting on special occasions; and at present the place is perfectly crowded during spring, summer and autumn with the feathered songsters, which build their nests even in my very porch, and bring up their young perfectly fearless of mankind; and although cherries, strawberries, &c., do suffer, yet the insects are not a quarter as numerous and troublesome as they were formerly.

In the Southern States I have seen the bee-martin chase and capture a boll-worm moth not ten paces from where I stood, and the mocking-



bird feeding its nearly grown young on the same insect. Even the ugly toad works for the farmer and gardener, as his food consists of insects more or less injurious. The beautiful and lively green and gray lizards of the Southern States, which are seen running on the fence rail, or amidst the green foliage of trees, shrubs and bushes, and from which they can scarcely be distinguished except when in motion, are ever on the watch for insect prey; and I know of one curious case in which even the mice in the green-house were of service, for they had rooted up the earth round several potted peach trees, in order to devour the chrysalis of the peach-tree borer.

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STANZAS—A SCENE OF LIFE.

UPON the eastern sky,  
Aurora doth with magic fingers trace  
Rich streaks of purple, gold and crimson dye,  
Which in their soft and glowing tints defy  
All human skill and grace.

Bathed in the flood of light  
The red sun rises with the opening day,  
Parting the shadowy curtain of the night;  
And as he onward travels in his might,  
The bright clouds fade away.

So in our youthful dreams,  
The star of hope that rises at our birth,  
At first with such a dazzling radiance gleams  
That to the bounding heart almost it seems  
Too glorious for earth.

But dreams fade one by one,  
E'en as the clouds that in the morning-dawn  
Do but reflect the brightness of the sun,  
And even while his race is just begun,  
The glowing hues are gone.

Yet Hope's sweet star may light  
Our way, with radiance clearer than before;  
For it shall glow far more serenely bright,  
And shine by faith throughout the darkest night,  
Increasing more and more.

Till, as at twilight hour,  
The setting sun doth calmly pass away,  
So may we, strengthened with a heavenly power,  
Sink to our rest, as Death's dark shadows lower,  
And rise to endless day.

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“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”



## HANS EHRLICH AND THE ORPHAN.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN wept bitterly when his father died. He was only nine years of age, yet he felt keenly the greatness of his loss. Now he was alone in the world, for his mother was already dead several years.

Christian's father had been a weaver. As a sickly man without means he had often been put to the worst. As he could leave neither gold nor goods to his son, he strove the more earnestly to start him in the path of life with good instruction. He was a pious man, and many words of wholesome advice did he address to his son as he sat resting behind his weaver-loom, and when he lay sick in bed. Thus one day he said to his son: "Be of good cheer—you have two fathers. The one, it is true, is only a poor, weak man, who can be but little help to you; but the other is rich and powerful. Yes, He is a Lord above all lords, who cannot only make you happy here, but blessed hereafter. Read diligently good books, and especially the New Testament, and do what is there commanded; thus you will learn ever better to know your Father. When you arise early in the morning, and in child-like simplicity say your morning prayer, you will feel your Father's presence, and he will smile on you as by the beams of the morning sun; and after your evening prayer He will softly close your eyes to sleep, and cause sweet silence and peace to be around you that you may rest under His protection. As you become more and more active in doing good, and devoted in piety, He will be near you in all that you do, in sorrow and in joy."

Thus kindly and affectionately did the weaver speak to his son Christian. It was the remembrance of this that caused him to weep so bitterly, when the pale and wasted form of the good man lay before him in the coffin, and his fatherly lips were closed forever. He sobbed: "Alas, I am a poor forsaken child! Who now shall befriend and instruct me? Who shall give me bread that I shall not die of hunger?" In his deep sorrow he did not think of that Father yet living, of whom the dying one had told him.

Christian had several uncles in the village. Two of them were rich, and one was a poor laborer. The name of this last was HANS EHRLICH.

Out of respect rather for themselves than the poor weaver, the two rich uncles came also to his funeral; but when the question came up, "Who will now take care of little Christian?" they made all kinds of excuses. Martin, the miller, thought "his two sons were very wild youths, who would have their own way, and would certainly not get along well with Christian. Besides this, a mill would be no proper place for a poor boy who had yet much to learn; the noisy clattering of his three mills would only confuse his head, because he was not accustomed to it."

Hartwich, the farmer, on the other hand assured them "that he would cheerfully take the poor boy to himself, but he had always so much to



do in the fields, which would leave Christian too much opportunity to do mischief at home, and this would be against his conscience."

Then Hans Ehrlich rose from the bench and said: "Well, in God's name! I have, it is true, neither money nor property, but debt resting on my little home from my father's time who could re-build it with difficulty after the fire. I am sometimes hard run; but come on, my poor boy, by the help of God we will get through!"

The venerable Pastor Wahrmuth, who was present in the house of mourning, came forward and extended his hand to Hans Ehrlich, and said: "May God add his blessing! You will never regret what you have now done; for you know well who has said: "That which you have done to the least of these, my brethren, you have done unto me."

Thus Christian, after the funeral, went with Hans Ehrlich to his humble home. At first he wept much. By and by he was comforted; and he showed himself obedient and industrious both at school and at home.

His good foster-father did much heavy work, for he was healthy and had a strong body. There was none in the whole village who could equal him in handling the axe, the saw, the hatchet, the scythe, and the flail. As Christian grew up, his guardian took him along into the woods, the field and the barn. But often had Hans Ehrlich to look on and shake his head when he saw that Christian could make no progress in his work. There were many kinds of work to which he could not accommodate himself; besides he was soon tired out, for he had a tender frame, although he was in all other respects sound and healthy.

Though Hans Ehrlich shook his head significantly when Christian made an effort to use the hatchet, the drawing-knife, the saw, or some other tool, he nodded assent with so much greater pleasure when in the evening the boy read for him from a book, or related to him something that he had read: for he took great delight in books; and when he met with words and expressions which he did not understand, he wrote them down, and asked the school-master to tell him what they meant. This the school-master cheerfully did; for he was much pleased with his scholar. Whenever he asked the children of the school some difficult questions so that all were silent, and there was none that could answer, it generally ended with: "Well, Christian, what do you say?" Christian would arise and answer; and though he was not always right, yet there was always wisdom in his reply. Pastor Wahrmuth often visited his honest neighbor Hans, for he valued him highly for his truth, his industry, and his great skill in all kinds of work. As he nearly always found Christian at his books, he said to him one day: "It is very well to be fond of books; there is much to be learned from them; but there are also many things that can not be learned from books. Those that live only in books are often perplexed when they come to apply what they have learned in real life. Just as a book has many pages to be read, so also the world and human life has also many sides, which must be studied and known. Nature also is a great and glorious book, which lies open before us, of which God himself is the Author. It is a good thing to be able properly to read it."

This was an impressive word to our Christian. Now he began to turn his attention not only to the dead letter, but also to the living lessons in the great book of nature, and he soon found much pleasure in the study.



When he went with his guardian to the fields or into the woods, he gathered all kinds of plants and insects by the way, observed and studied them, to see their similarity and difference, and to admire their variety and manifold beauty. A neighboring gardener took a kind interest in him, told him the names of his plants and animals, and told him also many curious and interesting things in regard to them. In these visits to the gardener Christian heard many Latin names of plants. This awakened in him the desire of learning this excellent language; and the good Pastor Wahrmuth kindly showed his readiness to start him in its rudiments.

Christian's desire to become acquainted with the various objects in nature increased daily; and his ambition did not confine itself to the earth, but extended to the beautiful blue heavens above him. Often in the evening, as he sat by the side of his foster-father who was resting on the bench before the house, he gave expression to all kinds of imaginings in regard to the stars that glimmered so gloriously in the heavens. He soon observed that there was much variety and difference among them, both in their brilliancy and in their size, as also in their relations to one another, and in their movements across the firmament. To the brightest among them he gave special names. Thus, for instance, one of these heavenly lights, on account of its redness, he called the "Golden Star;" two others, which always set together, he called the "Two Brothers;" five bright stars, which shone in the bright street that extends across the whole heaven, he called the "Latin W;" four other splendid stars, between which stand three smaller ones in a line as if they had been located by a compass, he called the "Heavenly Table." Thus he fixed in his mind many stars in connection with these symbolic names, and it gave him great joy, when he could call out to his father: "Behold, father, yonder from behind the mountain come forth the Two Brothers;" or, "My Golden Star now looks down directly upon the church-steeple;" or, "The kind Father in heaven has already set out his Table." He observed that many of the stars did not change their relations to each other, and that others rose sometimes earlier, then later, then not at all, and were ever changing their places; but he could not explain to himself the reason of these variations. Then the school-master told him that those which never changed their relations were *fixed stars*: and the others *planets*. How exactly it comes to pass that of the planets many on some nights appear at the same time, and that in other nights only some were visible, the school-master could not fully explain to the boy, as he himself had not mastered the science of Astronomy.

Christian had passed beyond his fourteenth year, and it was now time earnestly to inquire to what station and what profession it would be proper for him to devote his future life.

On Sunday, after the afternoon service, Hans Ehrlich stood a long time at the church door in earnest conversation with Pastor Wahrmuth; and when he came home he sat for a long time behind the table in deep reflection. Truly he had in hand a solemn subject for meditation, for it had reference to the whole future life of his foster-child, whom he had long since loved as if he were his own son. When at length the good Hans had come to a firm conclusion in his own mind, he called Chris-



tian, who was just then observing the make and ways of a spider which was spinning a web between the joice with wonderful skill. The boy answered quickly to the call, and came reverently to his benefactor to know his will.

"My son," he began, "many thoughts are passing through my mind, and I have also to-day spoken to the Pastor of that which rests upon my heart. True I am well satisfied with you, Christian, for you have always conducted yourself well, and been industrious; but this I must say, that I do not believe that my work is suited to you, and that you are not likely to succeed at it; nor need you be distressed when I say this of you. God has not, as you have lately showed me, made even one leaf exactly like the other; how then should all men be exactly alike in talent and adaptation. There is a variety of stations and professions, and hence every one has been furnished with his own peculiar gifts. One can work well with his hands, another with his head, and one cannot say of another, I have no need of thee. What think you, my son, if on to-morrow we should go to town to the school director, and bring him a letter which the Pastor proposes to give us, in which he will make application to have you received as one of the pupils. As to the necessary support, the Pastor thinks that can be provided for; and he says that a useful man has often been made out of a poor boy!

Christian's face grew red, and for some time he could not answer a word. Then he fell upon the neck of his good guardian and shed tears of joy; and as soon as his full heart permitted him to speak, he uttered only words of gratitude. With the same full and grateful heart he called also on the venerable Pastor, who handed him the promised letter of recommendation, accompanied with a present, and imparted to him his blessing upon his new path of life. Such a fortune our good Christian had never hoped to reach; and the prospect of now devoting himself wholly to study, filled his soul with raptures.

The next morning Hans Ehrlich drew on again his Sunday coat, and started early with Christian through the beautiful fresh woods in which all the birds seemed to hold jubilee, toward the town in the valley.

The school director's countenance glowed with kindness as he read the letter of his old friend Wahrmuth; and when he had cast a closer look upon Christian, and asked him a variety of questions, he became still more friendly. After a short interview he proposed, at once, free of charge, to take the young pupil into his own house. He was also much pleased with Hans Ehrlich, on account of his honesty and good sense, and invited him to dinner, causing him to sit by his side as his honored guest. When evening was coming on the good man emptied his knapsack in which he had some articles of clothing for Christian—secretly wiping away his tears as he laid out one piece after the other. Christian wept too; for they felt their parting. That the new town-pupil could every Saturday every evening walk home to the dear native village, this was a great comfort.

The school director knew how correctly to measure the powers and talents of a youth; he therefore put our Christian into a class corresponding, it is true, with his age, but not with his deficiency in acquirements. "I do not fear for him," said the worthy director, "he will soon work his way up to them." He was not mistaken in this favorable



judgment. Christian was diligent, and every morning found him at work like an ant in Summer. He gathered in the sweet nourishment of his mind like a bee its honey, and was as cheerful at his work as a bird in the grove. First, it is true, some of his fellow scholars smiled at his somewhat awkward efforts; but in a few years matters looked differently; and many a one who had before made merry at his expense, now came to seek counsel and aid from him in difficult studies.

After the labors of the week it was refreshment to him to visit the humble home of Hans Ehrlich and the church of Pastor Wahrmuth. Both of these assisted him according to their means; and, to these, other benefactors were soon added; for industry and good behavior will always and everywhere secure friends. Then, too, that blessing on which all at last depends will not be wanting.

The time came at length when Christian, encouraged and rewarded with the best of testimonials, and as a strong, promising and well trained youth, made his way to the Seminary, to prepare himself for the office of the holy ministry, desiring ardently to become a Pastor after the type of the revered Wahrmuth. It was easy to see how the heart of our good Hans Ehrlich swelled with joy that he was able to say: "My son, the Student!"

The life of a student, when it is of the right kind, is commonly very simple. It is turned mostly upon the inward; the more quiet and meditative the more improving and useful. There is therefore not much to be said of Christian's life during this period; we may soon close his little history with as much simplicity as we began it; and we are glad of this for his sake. For the happiest and most peaceful men are always those in whose life there are not many changes or remarkable surprises of incident.

Six years have passed since Christian entered the high-school; and after he had long left it he did not abate his diligence in preparing himself for his future solemn and responsible station. He retained his great love for natural science. In a strange land, where he had been appointed for a time as family Tutor, and later still when he accompanied his private pupils in long journeys, he found opportunity to increase his stock of knowledge in that department, in which it is so highly important that he should be well at home who expects some day to preach on the words: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

In the little village, where his benefactors, Ehrlich and Wahrmuth lived, not many changes had in the meantime taken place; only both felt that they were silently growing older. Alas! this experience was the more sensibly felt by Hans Ehrlich on account of a particular circumstance. He had some time ago suffered a fracture in his arm, received accidentally while felling trees, the consequences of which at first seemed unimportant, but which gradually became a great hindrance to him in his work. Though the good man in many respects still felt ready and expert, he had nevertheless now to cease from many kinds of labor which formerly he had dispatched with ease. Thus it was that often he was found sitting before his door, leaning his whitening head upon his hands, and sighing: "Alas! if only my Christian were with me!"

One evening as he sat buried in such thought, he had grown some-



what sad in consequence; for since many months he had not heard a word of his foster-child, because he was just at that time on a distant journey. Just then a carriage rolled down the mountain, and suddenly halted not far from Hans Ehrlich's door. He supposed that the honorable gentlemen intended to inquire for a hotel, and he went forth to give them the necessary information. But the carriage door opened and a fine looking elderly man came toward him reaching him his hand in a very friendly manner; and before he had time to ask the man's name, a young man that had followed him out of the carriage, fell upon his neck and embraced him. It was—Christian!

The strange gentleman was the owner of the estate including the garden which Christian used to visit to receive instruction from the gardener in regard to the names and nature of plants. At such times the wealthy man had often observed him with pleasure, and sometimes also talked with the lively and sensible youth. Afterwards—as it often happens with such wealthy men of the world—the youth passed out of his recollection. It happened however that they met again in their travels; and a great service which the young man had rendered him in the snowy Alps, by which he saved his life, filled his heart with gratitude towards him. Now it happened that just about this time the pastorate in the village was vacant; and Christian seemed in every respect to be suited for the place. It was not long till this wealthy man had arranged the matter with the authorities, and his young friend was appointed to that station; and now for the first time he made it known to him. What a happy return home was this to the young Pastor; and what unspeakable joy was awakened in the heart of Hans Ehrlich, when the gentleman heartily shook his head and said:

“Thanks to you, most excellent man! you have raised a noble son, to whom I owe my life. He shall henceforth be my friend and Pastor. You shall live with him and with me, and shall be well cared for in your honorable old age.”

It was a long time before Hans Ehrlich could utter a word, overcome with emotions of joy and gratitude. But as soon as he could speak his first words were: “O, if only soon all this could be told to our dear Pastor Wahrmuth!” Even while he spoke Christian was already on the way walking fleetly up church hill towards the dwelling of the good Wahrmuth. The venerable man soon returned with him; and now only was the cup of joy full in the humble dwelling of Hans Ehrlich, for it was now consecrated and sanctified by the blessing of the Pastor.

Thus these excellent men now lived together in blessed peace, and active usefulness. Hans Ehrlich took such oversight on the estate of his wealthy friend as was pleasant to him; the owner himself withdrew from the noise and bustle of the great world, and devoted himself to the highest interests of his dependents; the young minister, beloved of all, preached to his dear people the God of wisdom, power, and love in Christ Jesus, with humility of heart; and became, after some years, the father of a happy family. The aged Wahrmuth was often brought over in the carriage of Christian's wealthy friend to share in the joys of the company, and to make their social intercourse more profitable by his words of long experience and sound sense.

Once, as they sat together in the garden which Christian had visited



in his childhood, and saw how the "Two Brothers" ascended along the heavens, and how the "Latin W" shone so brilliantly, they were all moved with deep and strong emotion. They felt that to the pious even this earth is already a kind of heaven. Especially did Hans Ehrlich feel from the depths of his honest heart, the great blessing which God had so kindly bestowed upon him. Then he said, smiling: "It is true Hans Ehrlich cannot now do without his Christian; but there was also a time when Christian could not get along without Hans Ehrlich." And as the young Pastor was about to break forth in words of gratitude toward his foster-father, the wealthy gentleman, his voice trembling with the emotions of his heart, said: "Only let every one stand in his place, and do the work to which he is called with faithfulness, then he can meet the future with comfort: his reward will come of itself. None of us all who are here together could have gotten along without the other; and, O that every member in our village church would ever so speak to the other. We are members one of another."

The venerable Pastor, Wahrmuth, was more quiet this evening than at other times; for he believed, from many signs, that the time of his departure was near at hand! A tear stole over his mild cheek while he listened to his three friends speaking with one another of the past and the future. As one transfigured, he looked up to the glorious starry heavens, took off his black velvet cap, and with solemn reverence and devotion, as if he stood before the altar, said:

*"To God alone be all the glory!"*

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#### NAME IN THE SAND.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

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ALONE I walked on the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand,  
I stopped and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year and day;  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast,  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my line away.

And so, methought, 't will quickly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea,  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and be to me no more;  
Of me, my day, the name I bore,  
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands,  
Inscribed against my name  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory and for shame.



## REV. JOHN JACOB HOCHREITNER.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

[SOURCES.—Hall. Nach. p. 82. Evan. Zeit. der Deutschen Ref. Kirche, vol. 1 no. 11, Nov., 1831. Minutes of Synod, 1817.]

BETWEEN 1746 and 1748, the congregation at Lancaster had been vacant. In this condition they applied to Rev. Mr. Slatter, requesting him to send a call for a minister to Holland, which was done.

In July, 1748, Mr. Slatter received information from Rev. De Bois of New York, that the synod of Holland was sending two ministers in answer to the call, and that they were already on their way to this country. As early as the 13th of August, Mr. Slatter had the pleasure of welcoming them to his house in Philadelphia. The one was Rev. John Jacob Hochreitner, and the other Rev. Dominicus Bartholomaus, who was intended for the congregation at Tulpehocken. We are incidentally informed in the Hallische Nachrichten, that Mr. Hochreitner was a Swiss, and that he was sent in from Switzerland, although, as already noticed, he came in under the auspices of the synod of Holland.

After these two newly arrived ministers had rested and refreshed themselves from their sea voyage, for a few days at the house of Mr. Slatter, he accompanied them to various parts of the country to visit vacant charges.

Mr. Hochreitner preached at Lancaster, and some other places with much acceptance, and was immediately called to become their stated pastor, to which he consented, and at the synod in September the call was approved and confirmed. In October, when all the arrangements for his removal had been made, an elder from Lancaster was sent to fetch him from the house of Mr. Slatter in Philadelphia, to his destined home and field of labor. The elder with a horse for him to ride was already at the door in readiness to take him away, but how mysterious are the ways of Providence! He never saw the place which had been assigned him as his field of labor. He had brought with him from Europe a gun, which he had loaded on board the ship under the impression, it seems, that he was about to enter a wild country where he must be prepared for his defense in sudden and dangerous emergencies. Having found from a short residence in the country, and especially from his late visit to Lancaster and other settlements in the country, that his fears were only imaginary, he attempted, before starting with the elder for Lancaster, to extract the load from his gun, when it exploded in his hands, and suddenly laid him low in death!

The written sermon which he intended to preach as his introductory in Lancaster, was found in his pocket, after his sad and sudden death, which, upon the solicitations of many friends, was afterwards printed. Though we have diligently searched and inquired we have not yet been

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\* From a work in course of preparation by the Editor on the "Lives of the Old Deceased Members of the German Reformed Church in America."



able to obtain a copy. Alas, has time buried the interesting relic; and has this, perhaps the only fruit of his mind and heart which seemed to receive permanent form, met the doom of his own mortal remains: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

Mr. Hochreitner's pilgrimage in the New World was but short. The joy of the congregation which awaited him as their pastor was turned into mourning; and the messenger who was to bring him, only brought the sad intelligence that he had fallen asleep, and had "no more any portion forever in anything that is done under the sun!" Thus are the ways of God hidden. His footsteps are in the deep.

His ashes no doubt repose in Philadelphia, beneath the green sod of Franklin Square. Mr. Slatter speaks in high terms of his work and piety. Rest in peace until the resurrection morning shall dawn, and bring with it the eternal deliverance of the just from death and the grave.

Should any of our readers be in possession of farther information in regard to the subject of this notice, they will confer a favor by communicating it. The sermon referred to is no doubt still extant among the neglected papers of some old families. How interesting it would be to have it brought to light.

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## THE FAITHFUL HEART.

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BY H. M. COBB.

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BLEST is the heart whose every beat  
With Heaven's sweet lyre of Love accords;  
Which marks its time with labors meet  
For his rewards.

A blessing on that heart shall fall,  
As sweetly falls the Summer rain:  
Its hope, though darkness cover all,  
Shall never wane.

And every morn an angel hand  
Shall tune anew its thousand strings;  
And it shall labor, soothed and fanned  
By angel wings.

And blest are they, who, crushed by wrong,  
Shall call unto that heart for aid;  
Its love, as deathless as its song,  
Cannot be stayed.

That heart shall never reckon life  
By weary days, and months, and years:  
Nor shall it waste in constant strife  
With doubts and fears.

No cloud its star of faith shall dim:  
For when its mission here began,  
Its strings were tuned to praising Him,  
Through good to Man.



## THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY EDWIN.

ON the sunny banks of the Potomac, nine miles above Washington city, stands Mount Vernon; and there in the side of a little hill is the tomb of Washington. A small arched excavation with a brick breast-work, overhung with the wild vine and careless shrubbery and an iron-grated door in front, represents the exterior appearance of the old hero's resting-place. In front of it, towards the south, lies a deep woody dell. To the left, along the slope of the hill, is a thicket where the grape-vine and greenbrier, creeping upon the wild-wood make many a shady summer bower. To the north, and round the hill, is the house in which the hero resided. To the east, and far below, the deep blue Potomac murmurs by in tranquil glory; fit scenes are these to embosom the hallowed spot where the father of his country slumbers.

But these scenes, though lovely in themselves, do not long attract the attention of the visitor to Mount Vernon. He looks at the little vault in the side of the hill and feels that there is more than magic there. The marble pannel above the door is probably the first that attracts his attention. No doubt he expects the writing upon it to be some pompous eulogy on his heroic deeds; but is no doubt agreeably disappointed when, instead of it, he reads these impressive lines: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live." While France wrote upon her graveyard gates, "Death is an eternal sleep," Americans are bold in publishing to men and nations from the gates of this tomb that they believe Washington lives.

Next the visitor looks through the iron grate into the silent vault. Here the ground begins to be still more sacred. A deep silence reigns within the charnel; nothing stirs save when the mellowed light of a sunbeam falls through the grate upon the emblems of death within and is chased again by the shadow of the spectator. Even at noon-day there is a gray twilight within which hangs its semi-transparent drapery on every object. After looking, however, for a few moments into the dusky vault, the objects begin to stand out more distinctly. Then appears the sarcophagus or marble coffin from its deep retirement, in which are deposited the remains of Washington. On its lid are sculptured the United States arms and insignia, with a shield and flag of thirteen stripes upon which is perched the American eagle, with open wings, clutching the arrows and olive branch with her talons. Near it, on the lid, towards the foot of the coffin, in bold and deep-sculptured letters is the simple name—WASHINGTON. The spectator feels that there is a world of meaning in that single, modest name, Washington, and yet it seems naked. He asks himself, Why is it not written General Washington?—why did they not write the hero of Yorktown?—why not First President of the United States?—and more than all, why not write "Father of his Country?" He looks again, and concludes that



the one word means all, and more than all the rest. To one who has been taught to prattle long titles before kings and emperors, it may seem naked and unmeaning; but we know what it means. It has been music to us in childhood; we learned its meaning upon a parent's knee, or from some old revolutionary grandfather, who told us with tears in his eyes, of the victories he saw achieved by the good old general. And as we gaze upon that single name upon the lid of his coffin we wish nothing added. It is encircled by a halo of joyful remembrances that can never die. And though that tomb should be despoiled by the hands of tyrants, and the marble slab be left to moulder in loneliness away, yet will the shades of Mount Vernon be a shrine for the pilgrim patriot. There will he sit, though a tyrant should reign over the land where his fathers bled, and feed his grief on that remembered name. To him the winds would have a voice. The zephyrs of evening, though they sighed over ruins, as well as the murmurs of the quiet-rolling Potomac, would whisper—Washington!

“So sleeps the brave who sinks to rest  
By all his country's wishes blest!  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck his hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

“By fairy hands his knell is rung,  
By forms unseen his dirge is sung;  
His honor comes a pilgrim gray  
To bless the turf that wraps his clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Some may have thought this is a rustic cemetery indeed. No pyramid, no obelisk, no monumental column, no sculptured mausoleum from Italy, no exotic shrubbery, no flowers from the climes of the sun to bloom on his grave. True—neither were his notions on government sculptured and polished by a foreign hand: neither did he learn the *means* of war from Hannibal and Caesar, who “whelmed nations in blood and wrapt cities in fire.” His sword was not made in the East, and dipped in the poisonous ire of tyrants, nor was it baptized, like that of Alexander: “Conquest and Power.” It was made in the land which it guarded, and baptized: “Our Country and our Homes.” The rural and rustic bushes, then, that hang over the hoary vault at Mount Vernon, are its proper ornament—enough that they grow in Freedom's soil. The only proper tower that can be raised to the memory of Washington must be built of grateful hearts. Such an one has long since been reared, broad as this empire, and high as our thoughts soar when they visit him in bliss.

Every one must ornament his own grave or it will not be ornamented. Every action he performs in his life will be either a flower or a thorn for his tomb. Every one must plant his own laurels and cypresses, and the tears of posterity will water them; and if, when he dies, he has not planted them they cannot be planted by another. Think you that pyramids high as those of the Ptolemies, overhung with ivy, in groves of cypress and willow could ever hallow, the names of Arnold and Burr? No. Traitors and tyrants, though dead, are in the hearts of the people



traitors and tyrants still. And though their monuments should reach the clouds, they would but serve as so many channels to draw the vengeance of heaven and earth upon their unhallowed ashes. On the contrary, when a name is connected by good deeds with history and song—and more than all, if it is embalmed in the affections of the people, no monument is his best monument.

For the tomb of one who has acted well his part in life seek the loneliest spot on earth. Let not the hum of cities intrude on its expressive silence. Let not the tramp of busy feet waken a listless echo where the good man sleeps. Let it be away from the noisy whirl of man's little play. Like that of our hero, in the wildness of nature, by the side of a sunny stream, where twilight falls earliest, where summer lingers longest, and where the eddying sound of the far-off church bell delights to linger. Let the soldier who falls in battle sleep on his battle-ground with his trusty sword beside him. But let the hero whom God preserves return, like one who has run a good race, to take his rest amid the scenes of his home. Here let the same lonely wild-flower which he loved in youth, when like him it first opened to greet the smiles of the joyous world, be an emblem still, and shake its fading petals over the bier.

Such is the tomb of the great father of his country. He rests on the green banks of his own loved river. No pyramid there to kiss the lightning. The small marble slab tells no boisterous tale, yet there is "a spell that holds the passenger forgetful of his way."

Do you ask why we invite you to go to the house of mourning. We answer, if you are a citizen, you go to strengthen your love of country. If you are a politician, you go to learn calm lessons on Government. If you are a soldier, you go to learn the mercies of war; and if you are a traitor, you go to shake and tremble. Lafayette left the bosom of his friends and his country, and fought the battles of freedom for us. Lafayette came also years afterwards to weep at the tomb of Washington.

When a friend whom we have followed and loved through life dies, we love to go to his tomb to meditate, to call to mind his kindness, and sorrow over our conduct if we have injured him. His virtues appear green as the sod that covers him, and though memory should remove the veil from some error that slumbers with him we are content to—

"Weep over it in silence and close it again."

Many a lesson may be learned at the tomb of the departed. In the cities of the dead is the place to learn the language of another world. The very stones teach a deeper lesson than is written upon them. Their language is "dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" and the neglected wild-flower that hangs over the bier its lonely head, speaks in language which cannot be misunderstood how soon the glow on beauty's cheek must fade and die. Ossian never breathes such sweet and mellow strains as when he sits sad and unfriended amid the wrecks of his country, and from the tomb of a fallen hero, teaches the note of grief to the silence of Morven.

Mount Vernon is the center point from which the nation's spirit evolves itself. In it is embosomed the nation's patriotism. It receives the voice of the nation and echoes it into the heart of every citizen. The spirit which actuated Washington does not sleep with him. It has become the life of the republic. The fountain at which the genius of Liberty



drinks—the atmosphere in which she soars. The boasted republics of the olden time nourished the genius of their Liberty upon the tripod—feeding it upon the fumes of the Delphic Oracle—which made it rise towards Heaven in fitful starts to fall back more fearfully to earth. But Washington taught the eagle to soar into purer heavens. He found the rock of true freedom, and upon it he plumed the eagle's wing—and it rose successfully. It was not like the sky-lark of the Emerald Isle which had too much of the mists of ignorance on its wing; and when it did attempt its way towards heaven, the lion of England howled, it fell back bleeding to the earth, and again built its humble nest in the shamrock. Not so the eagle, which has its nest at Mount Vernon. Though the strong tower upon which it there had its ærie lies low, it has others rocks cut from that, for refuge throughout the nation. The lion once howled at New Orleans, unchained by Packingham; but the eagle flew to its ærie in the Hickory and mocked him. He howled again at Perrysburg and Tippecanoe, joined by the wild war-cry of the Red man, but the eagle perched upon the green Buckeye and was safe. Ever since it hovers for pastime over Mount Vernon; casting ever and anon a glance at the hero's tomb, and then at the people. Let no sneaking sycophant presume on its destruction; by decoying it with wily ruse from its citadel, as long as the Hickory and Buckeye are green on our shores.

Every nation, like an individual, must have a soul—must be a living organism. And though the soul of a nation lives in part in each individual citizen, yet it has a centre of activity from which it continually expresses itself. In a monarchy that centre is the throne and its minions of power. Its first expression is the pomp and pride of kings. The second is that retinue of power which clusters around the court. The third is the aristocracy which are the branches of the kingly tree, spreading themselves over the whole country upon which, lastly, the laboring class is the fruit, subject to be plucked and shaken as the pleasure or wants of their lordly masters may demand. Such is the constitution of a monarchy. Its soul is composed of power built up of the ruins of man's dearest rights; its evolution is the wielding of that power by those to whom it does not belong for their own aggrandizement—and its perfect efflorescence is abject tyranny—a daring attempt to abrogate that eternal law of liberty by which God has constituted each individual within the sphere of his own will, a free and independent spirit.

In a republic like ours there is also a soul; but it lives in a different organism. It has a different centre—a different evolution—and different fruits. Its soul is composed of the proud spirits of Seventy-Six, who have fallen asleep; among whom Washington still wears the diadem, though it be in his lowly bed. True, he sits not on a throne with a kingly sceptre. His spirit sits upon a *viewless* throne at Mount Vernon, and sways, not *one* but millions of sceptres; for he sways one in the heart of every true American. There at the tomb of Washington sits the spirit of Liberty holding its mighty spell. There with mystic hand she touches the thousand strings which make, throughout our Union, between heart and heart, a wondrous harmony. This explains the secret of the astonishing concord between the States. They are like an instrument of many strings played and kept in tune by that same unseen



but powerful hand. South Carolina thought once it could play best upon its own string, but it was countermanded by a voice from—

“The dead, but sceptered sovereign, who still rules  
Men’s spirits from his urn.”

No doubt that voice came to many an one during that rebellion in all its power. And as that State had raised its hand to strike the blow which was to sever them from the Union, it was as if Washington himself was calling to them from heaven, like the angel to Abraham on Mount Moriah: Tear not that stripe from the banner upon which it has been painted by the blood of your fathers.

Such is the influence which flows from Mount Vernon into the minds of the people, which shows it to be without a figment the soul of the nation—the patriot’s Mecca, towards which every one who loves his country will direct his eyes. And especially in these days of political darkness and turmoil; when anarchy and misrule are sitting with brazen fronts in high places—when party spirit is shaking our institutions—when the public press, like an adder’s tooth, is transfusing both political and moral poison throughout every avenue of society—when those in whom the nation reposes its most sacred trust are ready for self-interest to betray their sacred trust, and the rights of the people often become, in the trust of their legislators, like sacred incense in the hands of devils—is it not time that we arouse our love of country, and our love for the simple power of truth and honesty, by which Washington steered the ship—

“Not in the sunshine and the smiles of heaven,  
But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with storms.”

Let us learn at his tomb a lesson in silence from this great and good man. To make a pilgrimage to his tomb on the anniversary of our country’s freedom, is the best celebration of it. Stand and look upon his sarcophagus. There is the eagle bending over his slumbers with its olive-branch, as if it would beckon to party spirit to cease its rankings lest it should disturb the old hero’s repose. There lies the flag—nobly did he bear it up amid the storms of war—no stripe is soiled, no star is blotted out. There lies the sword—it made tyrants tremble, but never caused a widow or an orphan’s tear; its motto was: “My conscience, my country, and my home.” It has done its work well and lies at rest upon the arm that wielded it.

“After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.”

He sleeps well, the hero-soldier. Should you ever be called to stand between the tyrant and your country in the fearful fight—should ever the drum which you now follow in peace become the tocsin to call you to meet the foe at the cannon’s mouth, it will nerve your arm in peril’s hour to think of the tomb of Washington.

He sleeps well, the Christian. Let the boasting infidel retire and ponder. He who would not bow before British minions did not hesitate to bow before his God. We are informed that when the army was encamped at Valley Forge, the hero was seen to pray in a retired grove. It is known that that was darkest time in all the conflict. The country



lay bleeding under the tyrant's lash; and the army which was to defend it was destitute, starving and mutinous. The stripes and stars seemed fading like blighted innocence; and the eagle which had hovered over the camp seemed ready, like Noah's dove, to take its flight back to its native heaven because it found not where to rest. At this dark and awful crisis Washington leaned upon the God of battles. It is said that a cherub never looks lovelier than when it bends, with veiled face, before the throne on high—and never was the father of his country greater than when he kneeled in the grove of Valley Forge. Think of it when you stand upon his tomb and see if it does not cast a brighter beam of glory on his laurels. Let the skeptic point you triumphantly to the names of Jefferson and Paine; tell him a greater than Jefferson or Paine is here. And when he holds up to you the "Age of Reason," and say this was Paine's creed, you can raise up your Bible and tell him this was Washington's creed. He leaned upon it in life. Upon its promises, in death, he "sleeps well;" and we know that if—

"An angel's arm could not snatch him from the grave,  
Legions of angels can't confine him there."

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#### L A B O R .

In Life's vast field fulfil the work of duty,  
Oh! ye who serve the one great power and true,  
For Labor sheds on worth the bloom of beauty,  
A flower unfading of celestial hue.

Whether to spread the truth thy sacred mission  
Thro' darken'd hearts of ignorance and crime,  
Nobly to strengthen faltering indecision,  
And lead the erring soul to hopes sublime.

Whether from forge or workshop, echoes ringing  
Of that dull music unattun'd by Love—  
In all ye yet may hear sweet angels singing  
The sacred melodies that float above!

Let your heart to them beat perfect measure,  
'Mid hopes of time remembering Life's great aim,  
Work, ceaseless work, not for the cankering treasure,  
But for laurels of immortal fame.

A fame surpassing that of man's creation,  
By angels trumpeted, by God bestowed,  
Attends the spirit in its exaltation  
With hymns of praise to Heavens unseen abode.

And toil with earnest faith; for faith to labor  
Is as the spirits to the outward frame,  
It ever vivifies, and prompts its neighbor,  
And steadfast stands in storm or calm the same!

Else dead are all our acts; in self beginning,  
With loftier purpose they shall never blend;  
And whilst true faith the crown of Life is winning,  
Unquicken'd deeds in Death eternal end!



## PROMPT AND PUNCTUAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

To act always at the proper time and to do it with quick decision is a great virtue. This is something to be desired and sought after by every young man and woman. Begin any particular business promptly—answer letters promptly—answer questions promptly—pay your debts promptly—do your duty promptly. Look around you and think of those men whom you love to meet, and with whom you love to deal—and who are they? Not your slow, sneaking drones who come to you by a process, and leave you by a process; but your frank, open, decided men—those on whom you can rely because you know that they are prompt and punctual. Porches before the house are pleasant, but they are for pleasure and liesure; so long introductions and drawling approaches, may answer when there is nothing else to do, but they are intolerably to earnest men, who do not sit on the porch but serve in the temple.

Be prompt. Do what you say, and do what you intend to do, quickly and with decision; then shall you be known, and called for, and depended upon, because it is known when and where you are to be found. There are few things which go so far to reduce a person in the confidence of others as want of promptness and punctuality. Men will not rely readily and with pleasure on their word or on them. There are hundreds in business, and social life, in church and in state, who have lost all their influence by a want of these virtues. A little item of business has been committed to them, and they have neglected it—or put it off to the last moment, and then attended to it hastily and only half; and if they are unfaithful in that which is least, how shall men commit to them that which is great.

He that lacks in promptness keeps others in continual suspense, and subjects them to delay and disappointment in their work. Thus time is lost, and a great deal of vexation caused. He has an appointment with one or more others to transact certain business. The rest, or some of them, have made their arrangements so as to be able to spare only that time and no more; but Droney comes not at all, or comes half an hour after the time. They wait with impatience, and when their time is up, and another appointment is pressing them, behold he comes dragging himself along like a wounded snail. Perhaps part of the business has been dispatched; but now the whole matter gone over must be reviewed so that Droney may be posted up. What moral right, we earnestly ask, has any man to rob one or three, or half-dozen men of half an hour while they are waiting on him? What is the difference, in morals, between stealing a pen-knife and stealing a half hour, which is worth more than a pen-knife to him. Who has not seen a body of ten or more men waiting over an hour on one Droney to make a quorum? Here are ten hours of valuable time gone to waste, through the want of promptness of one man. Can one who is in the habit of doing this keep up respect for himself in the estimation of others? Never. The first offense, will cause



doubt of him, the second will awaken disgust for him, and the third will place him among drones where it will require a long effort till he gets himself into credit again.

Not only does this vice derange the business of others; but it fatally interferes with Droney's own business. He gets his affairs into endless confusion. In a well ordered life the duties of a day or week are strung together, and dependent on one another like cars in a train; if one runs off the track all will feel the jolt. The whole train will be delayed; and as in rail-roading, those who fail to make time are ordered off the road, so are drones soon pushed out of the line of business. It has been amusingly, but truly said, that some persons seem to have been born half an hour too late, and are never able to make it up, hence they are always just *almost* up to their business but never reach it. Now if all Dronies could be transferred into a world of their own, a world-moving half an hour behind ours, it would work well enough. The trouble comes from their being mixed in the established order of *this* world. Here they are an intolerable drawback, hanging like a loose shoe-sole to the feet of the diligent.

We propose—no—we give up all hopes of getting this wrong thing right. They will never catch up. Still we propose this, namely, that our young readers of the Guardian never fall into this inexcusable vice.

We commend to the attention of our young readers the anecdote of Washington and his Secretary. The Father of his country was distinguished for his promptness and punctuality, and he expected the same virtue in all who held office under him. On one occasion his Secretary came a few minutes after time to an appointment. Washington chided him. The Secretary excused himself by saying that his watch was a little out of time. Washington said: "You must either have a new watch, or I must have a new Secretary." So little allowance did this great man make for a want of punctuality.

It is moreover said that Washington never waited beyond the fixed time in an appointment with others. If they were not on the ground he immediately left. This example is as much to his credit, as it is a re-proof of all those time-pirates who by their tardiness steal the precious life of others by inches.

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#### STANZAS.

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[Impromptu in an omnibus while riding with a party up the side of a ravine along the Susquehanna.  
Penciled down by a Lady.]

Ox the river  
Sunbeams quiver  
Bright and pure and fair;  
Just so brightly,  
Just so sprightly,  
Opening joys of childhood are.

From the mountains  
Sparkling fountains  
Leap and laugh along;

Just so sweetly,  
Just so fleetly,  
Glides our childhood's song.

Clouds are flying,  
Always hieing  
From the earth away;  
So the wildwood  
Hopes of childhood,  
Are a fleeting lay.



## THE STUGGLES OF DEATH AND LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

REPENTANCE in its true sense moves hand in hand with conversion; they have one ground in regeneration, work together towards a holy life—having as their end the entire renewing of the outward and inward man into the spirit and image of Christ.

This process of renewal consists in two things: “The mortification of the old, and the quickening of the new man.”

This conversion involves two things because it lies in the very nature of a *change*, or conversion, that it is *from* one thing *to* another. As turning from sin is not yet a conversion; it also requires a positive turning to Christ. So also a turning to Christ necessarily pre-supposes a turning from sin. These God has joined together, let no one put them asunder.

The scriptures speak of the *natural* man—by which they mean man in his state of depravity, man dead in sin, and at enmity with God. 1 Cor. 2: 14. This is the same as the *old* man. Eph. 4: 22; Rom. 4: 6. The scriptures also speak of the *outward* man. 2 Cor. 4: 16. By this is meant his mortal body, including also those evils which most naturally exercise themselves by means of the body.

This is one side of the christian man. Now we have corresponding expressions, designating the other side. Thus we have mentioned the *inward* man, (Rom. 7: 22; Eph. 3: 16,) by which is meant the new life of grace in the soul. This is same as the *new* man. Eph. 4; 24; Col. 3: 10. This again is the same as the *hidden* man. 1 Pet. 3: 4.

According to the teaching of the scriptures all men are born in this natural, old, outward state—depravity pervades man entirely, and sin reigns. In order, therefore, to be saved, he must be born anew. This is not done by a mere reforming of the old, but by the death of the old. This is done by generating in him a new life, or a new man, which under cover of the old unfolds itself; and by unfolding itself it kills the old nature.

There has no greater, no more sublime mystery, ever transpired before the eyes of men—except the incarnation of the divine in the human in Christ—than this blessed and glorious generation and evolution of a new creature amid the corruptions and death struggles of the old nature. How wonderful this life in the midst of death! This life out of death! This life triumphing over death! This life born of a birth, the pains and pangs of which are the groans and dying agonies of the old man! As this double process is mysterious, it can only be seen by us in its effects, and can only be represented by figures and symbols as is done in the scriptures.

Let us see now how this double process of the dying of the old and the quickening of the new life is exhibited and illustrated in the holy scripture. It is done by processes seen in lower spheres—in the kingdom of nature. It is well known to careful students of the sacred writers that they continually make the lower world of nature utter pro-



phesies of the higher world of spirit and grace. On this fact are based all our Saviour's parables.

I. If we begin with the lower—the vegetable kingdom—we find some passages in which the unfolding of the new man in and under the old is presented under figure of a seed in the earth.

The new life in the heart is as the germ of the seed: the old nature is as the outer and grosser substance which covers the germ. "All seeds are composed of two parts: the germ, which contains the rudiments of the future plant, and the lobes, or body of the seed, which, by their decomposition in the ground, become the first nourishment to the extremely fine and delicate roots of the embryo plant. The body dies that the germ may live." (Clark on Rom. 6: 6.) The new life of the plant is not quickened except the old die; and it is only quickened *as fast* as the old dies. The new also is quickened under cover of the old and in connection with it, till, at a certain stage of the process, the old entirely disappears. "So is the kingdom of God, as if the man should cast seed in the ground; and should sleep, and should rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Mark 4: 26–28. The kingdom of grace, in the world and in the heart, works in this way. Christian life has been lodged as the germ of a seed into the bosom of the corrupt world—it has laid hold on what surrounds it in the way of growth. It does not at once destroy the old, but begins to renovate it. Hence it works under and in the old forms. Its movements are in secret. It cometh not by observation, and yet it comes renovating and triumphing. In the individual man, where this kingdom also dwells, it works by the same laws.

II. If we ascend into the sphere of animal nature we have the same mystery referred to. There are a number of passages in which there is evidently an allusion to a similar fact in animal life. Though there is no direct reference to the transformations of animal existence in its lower forms, yet there is a direct reference to the animal life of man: and this in a way which shows that the conception has been suggested by what is familiarly known from lower grades of animal life.

There are some insects which begin their being in a larva or chrysalis state. In this state their life is covered by a rough and vile exterior: under cover of which the beautiful insect which at length emerges from it is undergoing a transition. Its life, at first feeble and scarcely conscious, becomes ever stronger. It appropriates to its growth what can be so assumed from its larva or covering. Thus in one sense, and to a certain extent, it renews the larva itself by assuming of it to itself, and penetrating and pervading it with its own life. There is, however, part of the larva which the life cannot use except as the rough covering under which it is protected in its own grand evolution. This it casts off at length and escapes from it.

In like manner the old, natural, outward man, is the covering of a new creature mysteriously begotten in Christ Jesus. This new being unfolds his powers under the larva of the old; till the time comes when the "body of death" is entirely cast off. Now the perfected and emancipated man mounts away to heaven; while the power of renovation, in



due time completes itself by changing even the "vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." Phil. 3: 21.

With this figure in mind many passages become at once plain. "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." 2 Cor. 4: 10, 11, 16. "Put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Eph. 4: 22-24.

III. The same double process is represented as manifesting itself in the higher life of the mind or soul and spirit.

All the faculties and affections are brought under the power of a new and higher life, by which they are elevated and glorified. The natural affections become spiritual—the natural understanding becomes spiritual—the natural will, reason, conscience are all glorified in a higher life. In short the inner loses the old by its being taken up in the new. Thus Paul: "For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life in the flesh, I live by the faith of the son of God." Gal. 2: 19, 20.

IV. Indeed we have this double process imaged forth to us in the life, death, and glorification of Christ himself. His life reigned in him under a servant-form: it was lost at last to outward view in the grave, where it was for a space buried. But from death came life. From the bosom of the grave burst forth immortality. The eternal life triumphed over death and was openly glorified. In the buried seed was the germ of a glorious resurrection. To this our Saviour himself alluded: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." John 12: 24. That this is the type of what awaits all the saints is plainly asserted: "We are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in the newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection: knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Rom. 6: 4-7. Rom. 7: 5-6.

What forcible illustrations are all these of that mysterious process going forward in every one in whom the life of grace has begun. The old is given over to death more and more: The new is quickened more and more. The resistance of the old life draws out the strength of the new. The corruption and decay of the old, feeds, and at the same time stimulates the new to rise out of it. The tears of penitence which are caused by a discovery of the old and evil still living in us, are like refreshing dews to the energies of the new man, giving the new nature an impulse by which it rises towards its liberty and perfection.



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## MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

### III.

BY NATHAN.

"To SEE the wonders of the world abroad," and to read of them in books are things which differ very materially. Travels can be read as a pleasant diversion during the apathy consequent upon a good dinner, or to relieve the fatigue of mental labor. They always serve as a welcome dessert after the strong dishes have been despatched. But they are *made* with a far more solid relish, where the strong dishes and dessert, the shade and shine, are served up together. And a very happy arrangement this is, for it gives variety and stimulus to the feast.

I went to Ireland with the determination to visit Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Its lovely shadow still lingers about one hundred miles west of Dublin. All that remains of "sweet Auburn" are a few dilapidated walls. The few huts in the vicinity are of more modern origin. About thirty yards from the road are the gloomy, roofless relics of "the village preacher's modest mansion." Here Goldsmith's brother lived, of whom we have such a glowing description in the "Deserted Village." In front of it "still many a garden flower grows wild"—a few of which I plucked to send across the Atlantic, freighted with good wishes for my friends.

"The decent church that topt the neighboring hill"

is still seen from the old parsonage, several miles off on the distant hill top. It was remodelled fifteen years ago, and is still devoted to its original sacred purpose. A shorter distance, in the same direction, is "the never failing brook." "The busy mill" is busy no longer. The old wheel has become insensible to the water dripping on its paddles. The building bears its age very well, a thatched stone edifice that promises to survive all its former contemporaries. About an eighth of a mile from the parsonage, over a small hill, is "the three jolly pigeons,"

"The house where nut-brown draughts inspired."



Every thing is gone except the moldering walls. None of its original ornaments remain, except "the hearth," over whose chimney broken tea-cups were ranged and "wisely kept for show." The "white washed wall" has been soiled by time and rain. Opposite from this a vacant spot is shown where stood "the hawthorn bush." One can easily discover the vestiges of faded beauty in this once lovely plain. But a shade of sadness has settled upon it. Its glades confess the tyrant's power. Its forlorn desolation is a sad monument of the tyranny of land owners in Ireland.

"Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen  
And desolation saddens all the green,  
One only master grasps the whole domain  
And half a tillage stints the smiling plain."

I rambled through this melancholy solitude until evening's close, when I sat down on the moldering wall to listen to "the village murmur." Though there were only a few straggling peasant huts near me, it was at an hour when the life of Nature was all astir. The geese gabbled, the dogs barked, the cattle lowed, the children whooped and shouted, so that with the help of my imagination I could easily picture to myself the scene of sweet confusion in Auburn's palmiest days. Goldsmith used to say that he had received nothing from Ireland but his blunders and his brogue. He should have given her credit for furnishing the occasion and spot of the "Deserted Village."

Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place and home of Shakspeare, is less deserted. But even this seems to be on the decline. The villagers say they could not live were it not for Shakspeare and the farmers. His house is very old and will not bear the burden of time much longer without crutches. The walls of the room in which he was born are covered two and three times over with the autographs of visitors. The church in which the poet lies buried, on the banks of the Avon, is an ancient edifice but in a good state of preservation. It is somewhat remarkable that the remains have never been removed to Westminster Abbey. The dreadful imprecation on his tomb has doubtless secured undisturbed repose to his dust. Shakspeare has a singular epitaph for so great a man. It is strange that England's greatest poet had no more encouraging sentiment for his race to place over his grave than the following lines:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here:  
Blest be the man that spares this stone,  
And curst be he that moves these bones."

It is exceedingly interesting to visit some parts of northern Europe during the month of May, when it is customary for the Romish church to decorate her chapels and cathedrals with flowers. Some of the churches in Brussels and Antwerp were ornamented in a style irresistibly impressive. The buildings are imposing models of the later Gothic style of architecture, hung with the most celebrated paintings of the Dutch school; their altars surrounded with large pyramids of living flowers—flowers pendent from the ceiling, pulpit and the organ—all these combined to produce a very pleasant effect. It is certainly not wrong, nay it is right, to make Nature and Art tributary to the interests



of Religion. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Antwerp, is one of the most beautiful churches in the Netherlands. It is said to have taken eighty-four years to finish it. It contains the master-piece of Rubens—"Christ's Descent from the Cross." The steeple is four hundred and three feet in height, and contains a set of chimes composed of forty bells. The largest weighs fifteen tons and requires sixteen men to ring it. I tried to ascend to the top, but found it hard for flesh and blood to rise so high above the attractions of earth around a narrow cylinder. I reached the height of three hundred feet, which was high enough for all practical purposes. From here I had a view of a large district of Belgian country, intersected by the crooked windings of "the lazy Scheld."

Holland has become justly celebrated for its school of painting, and its prominent activity in the cause of Protestantism. The building in which the famous Synod of Dort was held is still preserved, but has been degraded into a misery-brewing public house. The peculiarities and social habits of Holland are often made a subject of ridicule by those who have less than merits the serious respect of mankind. The geography of a country has much to do in forming its manners. In consequence of the omnipresent abundance of water in Holland, its inhabitants, especially the female portion, have become fastidiously cleanly. But after enduring the nausea and disgust of filth, the most punctilious cleanliness is a grateful fault. It is not agreeable to come within the reach of its concomitant influence, but as a finished fact it is always pleasant. It is not always safe to venture into the streets of a Dutch city or village in the mornings, while showers of scrubbing-water rain from upper stories; but all that is needed is to keep away until the clouds disperse. Within doors every thing is arranged with faultless precision, and notwithstanding the tumbling and huddling, the dashing and splashing attending these scrubbing evolutions, order is the first law of nature in the domestic economy of Holland. A person will naturally partake of the element in which he moves; and so the Dutch, living among such vast quantities of water, and addicted to these scrubbing and scouring habits, cannot always make the purity of their garments correspond with that of their dwellings. On this account Goldsmith, in a letter from Holland while living there, said that a Dutchman's house reminded him of a temple dedicated to an ox. This, however, is a very unfair comparison in fact; for the Dutch ladies look like all other ladies while they are scrubbing, but when that is over their dress is as faultless as their dwelling. In Holland, where there are so many stagnant waters emitting noxious vapors, cleanliness has become an absolute necessity. The women must either scrub or suffer pestilence.

To see cleanliness carried to its greatest possible perfection, I visited Brock, several miles from Amsterdam. This is celebrated as the cleanliest village in the world, and I believe not without reason. The streets are all too narrow for either cart or carriage to pass through. Not a speck is seen on these polished pavements. It is said there is a board at the end of the village forbidding strangers to smoke without stoppers on their pipes, so as not to spill the ashes, and to dismount and lead their horses through the streets at a foot pace. The streets look desolate, because the front rooms are never occupied save at weddings and



funerals. At other times no person is admitted. Even the Emperor of Russia was refused admission on a visit there. Yet they receive their weekly scrubbing. At almost every door you find a lot of shoes, belonging to visitors within, who are required to pull them off before entering, so as not to defile the dwelling. Desirous of getting an inside view, I lunched at a restaurant. The nicely sanded floor, streaked with figures, looked as if it were covered with a matted carpet. The furniture was disposed in the most precise manner, and so clean that I feared lest by a slight touch I might vitiate its purity. The villagers, as usual, were busy at scouring. This, indeed, seems to be their daily labor morning, noon and evening, from year to year.

On my return from Brock I had the privilege of seeing a Dutch dairy. By the purchase of a few glasses of milk, I procured an admission. It is rather out of taste to take the reader through a stable, but I can not get him into the house without it, for the front doors are always locked, and the back doors lead through this apartment. The building was a large square brick edifice, with a tiled semi-octagonal roof. The cow stable extended around three sides, and the fourth was occupied as a dwelling. The cows were placed around the outside wall in spacious stalls painted red and green. Where these stood, under their feet, were boards as clean as the pales in which they were milked, and under their bodies sloping pavements covered with white sand, printed in mosaic. Pulleys were fixed to the ceiling, over which lines were drawn, with a weight at one end and the other fastened to their tails to prevent them from being polluted by dipping into the gutter behind. This gutter is depressed below the pavement so as to keep their beds perfectly dry and clean. Adjoining this was a broad pavement with a matted carpet covering its middle passage, and this ended in a long room in which was a bed, chairs and dairy furniture. I could scarcely believe that these apartments had ever been occupied by cattle. I must say that they really looked cleaner than their attendants.

Reader, have you ever suddenly been tumbled from the downy bed of a pleasant dream into the dismal streets of an unknown city, whose hotels were hid by midnight darkness, and whose police you had been taught to regard as so many harpies, ready to pluck you to pieces? If you have, you will agree with me that it places a man in a most uncomfortable predicament. Coming up the Rhine on a steamer, I was roused about midnight by the cry of "Dusseldorf" out of one of those pleasant dreams which we would gladly receive as a reality, and hurried ashore with scarcely time enough to get rightly awake. I felt my way through the uninviting streets, and vainly tried to read signs which darkness had made invisible. After much fruitless wandering I concluded to sit down quietly till dawn, when I spied one of the police, who assisted me in procuring lodgings, than which a more welcome kindness I have seldom received. After seeing the sights of Dusseldorf and the surrounding country I proceeded to Cologne, the fountain head of "Cologne-water." But like many other places that once were the sources of pleasant things, Cologne has lost its original fragrance. Some of its streets are sluices of filth, emitting the most offensive odor.

The Rhine is unquestionably the most interesting river in the world. "As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile



regions, into the sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of neighboring nations." Along its banks repose the bones of emperors, and on its crags are the crumbling remains of their castles. Each of its mountain peaks has an unwritten history, dating back to remote elemental wars in nature. Its ruins have descended from the days of Rivalry and Chivalry; its fortresses show the power and weakness of Love and Hate. The ruins and picturesque scenery of the Rhine are principally between Bonn and Mayence. I passed along here in the month of June, when the mountains were covered with spring verdure and busy vine-dressers. To appreciate the scenery it must be seen. It would be interesting to know how the Rhine could ever work a channel through such barriers. Sometime the mountains recede from the river and form a large fertile basin, then they close up again and form a long vista at the end of which they seem to meet, but when you get there you find that the river worms and winds its course in zigzag style around the most threatening precipices. In some places the mountains form a succession of defiles into large valleys that recede into the country, and finally terminate on the top of another mountain. And then almost every crag is crowned with a ruin, whose mossy, moldering walls form a striking contrast to the sprightly verdure of the surrounding scenery, while far below, just where the feudal lords lived and fought on its banks,

"The river nobly foams and flows  
The chasm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round."

The hills on the east bank of the Rhine are mostly covered with vineyards. These consist of a succession of walls forming terraces. The hills in many places are so steep that the breadth of terraces is little more than the height of the walls. Many of them are bare rocks covered with soil which the vintagers carried up on their shoulders, and every particle of manure must be borne up in this way. Passing along here you can see men and women clambering up fearful precipices with heavy burdens on their backs, sometimes hanging seemingly from projecting rocks one thousand feet above you. A single shower will often sweep their precarious possessions into the Rhine, which years of patient toil had acquired. These pendant little terraces are their little all—when these are gone they are poor indeed.

A few miles above Bonn the hills of the Rhine commence with a group called the Siebengebirge. The most interesting of these is the Drachenfels. The Cave of the Dragon is still shown, which the horned hero of the Niebelungen Lied is said to have slain. The ruins on the summit were once the abode of a warlike race now extinct. It commands a view down the Rhine beyond Cologne, twenty miles distant. Higher up is Hammerstein Castle, the refuge of Henry IV. of Germany, and further on the Castle of Marksburg, where he was imprisoned. A singular fatality attended this unfortunate monarch, which throws a veil of uncertainty over his subsequent history and his death. I saw a large iron coffin in the Cathedral of Chester, in England, which tradition says



contains his remains, and where it is said he died as a hermit. Ehrenbrestein is no longer a ruin. It has been repaired by Prussia and made the strongest fortification on the Rhine. Opposite this is Coblenz, where the grandsons of Charlemagne met in 743 to divide the Roman empire. Above Coblenz two castles crown the brow of a hill, called the twin castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein. The legend says their owners were two brothers who happened to fall in love with the same fair maiden, and settled their rivalry with the sword, which terminated in their death. Every ruin has its legend, a species of literature in which the Middle Ages were prolific. The castles still show their confused clashing energies, and the insecurity of property and life in these massive, moldering walls. Every village must have its wall of protection, and a fortress on a neighboring hill from which to repel invading foes. All these are monuments of the turbulence, perfidy and social chaos of feudal times, in which too we gratefully discern the germs of principles to which Freedom and Civilization are immeasurably indebted.

The Germans regard the Rhine with a sort of religious reverence. It is to them almost what the Nile is to the Egyptians. It was the boundary of the old Roman Empire, and is now the burden of a hundred songs, which have floated down on the stream of an eventful Past, gradually incorporating in themselves the sympathies and hopes of a great people. These form their stirring *Volkslieder*, which, like the *Marseillaise Hymn* with the French, inspires them with an intrepidity and patriotism which fear neither foe nor defeat. At Caub, a village between Coblenz and Bingen, the place is still pointed out where Blucher's army crossed the Rhine in the beginning of January, 1814, on their return from the battle field where they had delivered the Netherlands from the dominion of its foes. As they reached the top of the hill, the Rhine suddenly burst upon their view, when they fell on their knees and shouted with a torrent of grateful enthusiasm, in the stirring poetry of Claudius—

“Am Rhine! am Rhine! do wachsen unsere Reben.”

As one regiment after another reached this lofty summit they knelt alike and shouted still “Am Rhine!” and so from morn till night the rocks and ruins on its banks were vocal with exulting joy, and reverberated with the rolling shouts “Am Rhine! am Rhine!”

Near Bingen is an old tower called the Mouse Thurm. When I was a boy this legend was a great favorite among the little members of our household. And many a time did our father gather around him an evening group to tell the legend and moral of the Mouse Thurm de Bingen. It runs as follows: During the middle ages, when it was still customary for bishops to provide for the temporal wants of their flock, it happened that the grain through this country was destroyed by rain. Bishop Hatto had his granaries well filled, and was appealed to by the multitude for bread. He invited them into his barn to get provisions, but when they were in he barred the doors and burnt it to the ground in order to get rid of their entreaties. Soon a horde of rats consumed his remaining grain, and then assailed his person. He fled to his tower in the Rhine, barred the doors and windows. But when his head press-



ed his pillow a scream came from beneath it, and lo! rats were above, beneath and around him.

“Down on his knees the bishop fell  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder drawing near  
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

“And in at the windows and in at the door,  
And through the walls by thousands they pour;  
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below,  
And all at once to the bishop they go.

“They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop’s bones,  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him.”

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### THE ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.

THE invention of Paper Money is much more ancient than the establishment of the earliest Banks. The Bank of St. George, of Genoa, the most ancient we know, was founded in 1407; but before the thirteenth century, Koblat, grandson of Genghis, Khan, the Tarter conquerer, introduced paper money into China, and his example was at once followed by his cousin, Kaigation, the sultan of Persia; both were obliged to abolish it on account of the great disorders it produced in their extensive dominions.

Since this epoch, the Chinese government has again established paper money, and in Russia they can now show a “Chinese assignat.”

In Turkey, also, the collectors of certain taxes delivered receipts to those who pay them, and those papers have the currency of money.

It is not pretended that paper money was first invented by the Mongols; on the contrary, its invention was everywhere as easy as its use was obvious, and particularly attractive for all governments, for its temporary advantage in crisis of difficulty.

The idea of substituting a token or promissory obligation, for a present intrinsic value, could occur even to simple or barbarous people, of which there are many examples.

Aristotle, in his *Economics*, tells us that Denis, the tyrant of Syracuse, coined money of tin, which he declared to be legal, and equivalent to silver.

Timotheus, the general of the Athenians, in a moment of difficulty, coined brass money, assuring his murmuring soldiers that he would receive it in the purchase of spoils he was to make. We have heard much of the leathern money used by the Carthagenians.

It is true none of these are paper money, but they resemble it, as merely “tokens of value”—the money of confidence—the I. O. U.

We read also of the iron money of Byzantium, and some of the ancient cities of Greece.



In England copper money is only a token or sign, current for nearly double its value in metal.

In Russia, skins and furs have been used for money, but their inconvenient bulk gave rise, in early time, to an ingenious representation of these natural coins, which was small pieces of leather stamped, which were used as money, to be liquidated by furs and skins, as expressed. This leathern coin was used in some parts as the fractions of the silver copeck, down to the year 1700.

Among the simple Hindoos, whose wants are few, and the produce of the earth acquired with little labor, gold and silver and even copper and iron are of no great value in comparison; and their small money is cowry shells, collected on the shores of Ceplon, and of the Maldrive Islands; these shells have been the current money of the Mongols, of Bengal, and Botan, as well as of Guinea. On the discovery of America grains of Cacao served for money. In Abyssinia their merchandises are valued by salt and pepper; on the island of Newfoundland by cod-fish; in Iceland by a sort of wool; pieces of nankeen serve for the money of comparison in the exchanges between the Chinese and the Russians at Kiaktu; among the Greeks of the lower Empire pieces of silk performed this function; in ancient chronicles gold, silver and silk are mentioned equally as money.

The basis of the currency of the Chinese and of the Russians seem to be more curious and substantial than any other. The small coins of the Chinese appear to cost more in the labor of fabrication than any are worth in their currency; they cannot, therefore, be forged, and the material is a mixed metal worth less in the crucible, or for exportation than in its use as coin.

In Russia the abundant base of their currency is copper, whose value in coin is less than in commerce as a metal; this is an unusual condition, but a happy one as far as it extends.

As riches and circulations increased with civilization and confidence, and after the discovery of America and the working in its mines, gold and silver took with advantage the place of all those expedients; one step further has been taken on the basis of credit in paper money.

Metallic money in its value, its quantity, its facility and rapidity of circulation—in its transport and presence, can no longer be suitable or equal to the exigencies of our trade and exchanges; paper has become indispensable everywhere in foreign commerce, and as useful as necessary in the great internal trade of an improved, active and productive country.

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IN a grave-yard in England may be seen the following on a tombstone over four infants :

“ Bold Infidelity, turn pale and die ;  
Beneath this stone four sleeping infants lie ;  
Say, are they lost or saved ?  
If death's by sin, they sinn'd, for they are here ;  
If Heaven's by works, in Heaven they can't appear.  
Ah, reason, how depraved !  
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied—  
They died for Adam sinned ; they live for Jesus died.”



## SUMMER NIGHT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

WITH whispers any heart would trust,  
And loving hand, the wind doth thrust  
The curtain folds away—  
So waiting ear  
Might better hear  
What willing lips might say.  
Upon the floor, like silver flakes  
Or blossoms that the south wind shakes,  
The noiseless moonbeams fall;  
While on the sky  
All over lie,  
Like beads the nun-like moon has dropped,  
The stars:  
And bars  
Of darker clouds the light ones stay  
That else would drift serene away.

The sash around, above, below,  
In curls a belle would love to throw  
Back from her snowy brow,  
The ambitious vine doth climb;  
And more aspiring yet, and bold,  
Of lightning-rod, it taketh hold,  
And mounting to the very eaves,  
Looks down upon the train it leaves!  
Of trust how sweet  
An emb'lem meet!  
Its love in green festoons it shrouds,  
The route of lightning from the clouds!

So calm and still is ev'ry thing,  
The brooklet doth not care to sing!  
But starts a strain,  
Then stops again  
Like one would strike the soft guitar  
When thought is with a heart afar!  
Laggard on the air the thistle floats,  
Upon the moon the night owl gloats;  
The dog on guard  
Within the yard  
In thrilling dreams of chase is lost—  
A sentinel asleep upon his post!

Amid the gentle, falling light,  
Amid the grandeur of the night  
I softly tread;  
Around my head,  
And shutting half my form from view,  
The curtain hangs; and looking through,  
My heart doth beat  
Like to the feet



Of children patt'ring on the leaves—  
 While within my inner life there breathes  
     A gentle prayer  
     For watchful care  
 And all the Lord hath done for me!

Ah! rather by that window would I be  
 Than in courts of "Kingdoms by the sea!"  
     My heart is here—  
     And only where  
 The heart is found can pleasure dwell!  
 An adulating tongue might tell  
 Of pomp and power; and flattery kneel  
 To worship when it did not feel!  
     But heart would sigh  
     Again to fly  
 Where would fall on listening ear  
 The breathings of the loved ones near!

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### OH GIVE NOT UP TO SORROW.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIS.

Oh give not up to sorrow,  
 And never know despair—  
 Let Hope light up the morrow,  
     With all its holy cheer,  
 Why should we mar the moments  
     That past us swiftly fly,  
 By cruel, dark forebodings,  
     When Joy itself is nigh?

Though dark misfortunes meet us,  
 And friends and fortunes fail,  
 And many objects greet us,  
     To tell the sadden'd tale—  
 Let's view it as our share of toil,  
     That's nobly to be borne—  
 And light will be the burthen,  
     Howe'er the heart was torn.

Oh give not up to sorrow,  
 And never know despair—  
 Let Hope light up the morrow,  
     With all its holy cheer.  
 He who can light the darkness  
     Will every care disarm—  
 The storm of life will rage to-day;  
     To-morrow brings it calm.

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### THE VOYAGE OF A DREAM.

SWEEP downwards, streams of air!  
 And thou, my cloudy chariot, drop thy shade  
 To roll like dust, behind thy silent wheels,  
 And draw round earth the triumph of our march!  
 See where, from zone to zone the shadow moves—  
 A spot upon the desert's golden glare—  
 A deeper blue upon the far-stretching plains  
 Of ocean's foamy azure.



## FIRST EFFORT TO HELP THE FAMILY.

BY SELDOM.

FORTUNE had changed, and with it the once happy condition of our once happy family. Almost the first recollections of my childhood are associated with the bitter loss of our family estate. The farm, the mill, the beautiful home on the banks of the lovely stream, the early play grounds—all crumbled into ruin by injudicious endorsements. All was swept away, and with a father gone, the family began to be in want, while sad experience wrought its changes.

Right well do I remember the first time money seemed to me to have value. For singing Jackson songs my uncles had often given me pocketsfull of small change, and when they wanted it again would tell me that it was not Jackson money, and immediately it was rolling on the floor or flying in scattered pieces through the yard. But now money seemed scarcely ever in my pockets, either to keep or throw away. In some way the distress of the family made itself felt by us all.

One day our mother told us that she had “but *half a dollar* in the world,” and knew not when, or where, or how to get more to meet our wants. Expenditures were not small, for besides herself six hearty, hungry mouths must be supplied with food. We lived not in the country then, but had removed to an expensive town, since grown to the rank of a city. In such a place everything costs money, and is no place for the poor.

The most rigid economy was introduced in all departments of the family, and to be sure we felt it now, though its necessity had been known before. The family must be reduced, its circle broken, and accordingly one sister and a brother were sent to live at grandfather’s. With cheerful resignation we agreed to eat bread made of a kind of coarse meal called “middlings,” which could be bought at half the price of common flour. Some articles of furniture were disposed of at a sacrifice, which at least supplied present necessities. One of our two cows was sold. With a heavy heart I helped to drive her from the yard. Not that I knew so much how to value a cow in a poor family, but from sheer fondness for her as a pet. We still had old “Spot” left yet, and God knows she served us well in many a trying time. What luscious milk and butter! oh, it was good just to look at it—and how we relished our milk and bread, or better still, our milk and mush!

Something more must be done. What it should be, was the question with us all. No demand was then, as is now, along the railroads at the stations for fruits and refreshments. But some how I thought the good early apples in our lot ought to bring money. My plan was adopted. Though other people had fruit, ours was very fine, and we kept the nicest to sell. I was the oldest boy at home, having just past my sixth birth day, and having taken many preparatory lessons from my mother and sisters, I was sent out at last to sell the apples. It was all a venture, as there was no certainty that apples would sell there for money.



Provided with a small basketfull on my arm, I started out one day in painful anxiety as to the result of my first direct effort to help the family. There was a responsibility resting on me that made my boyish shoulders bend, and childish features settle down with care-worn lines. How often have I seen such since! God pity the poor! Oh, if the thoughtless sons and daughters of wealth and affluence knew the greatest joy, there would be less suffering!

"Will you please buy some apples," I at last said to a woman in a house I was passing, after having gone down street a good way, and met many persons whom I had not the courage to ask.

"Yes, my little son—they are proper fine ones too. How much do you ask for them?" said she, taking hold of the basket, which I now found getting heavy on my arm. "How do you sell them?"

"Oh, I don't know—any way you like, ma'am," I stammered out.

"You do not seem to understand much about the business yet." Then looking me in the face she inquired, "How old are you?"

"Six, in August," and I began to feel like moving away. She saw my embarrassment, took the apples, paid me fifteen cents, and with a glad heart I hastened home.

"There!" shouted I, as the money was thrown into my mother's lap, where my head has often nestled. It was all I could say, and my heart would not keep still. It was the first violent fit of palpitation in my experience; and its throbbing pulsations of triumphant joy are not yet forgotten. Years have passed by since, bringing in their course vicissitudes of trials and success, but none are half so fresh as these. What would have been the pleasure of eating the fruit ourselves in comparison with the satisfaction now experienced in being able in this small way to assist the family!

Again and again, with a lighter heart was my basket filled by cheerful hands, while I was required to rest between the trips down street. How eagerly my feet pattered home, while the cash was tightly grasped in my hand sunk deep in my pocket. Yes, I had a pocket made for the occasion. That itself was then some reward to a boy of six.

A tin box was our bank. There was soon money enough in it to jingle. And it was part of the evening's recreation to feel how heavy it was—to shake it till it rattled, and count it as it increased from day to day. Sometimes the apples were dull sale. At such times the task seemed heavier. At retail and wholesale, for eating, for pies and for sauce we sold them. A regular trade was established, my customers looked for me regularly, and the apple-boy as regularly came.

One of my best customers was a widow lady who made her living by sewing. She always bought some, if it was only one cent's worth. But at the private residence of the Mayor I was always sure to sell. His two daughters would call me "a dear little fellow," and treat me so kindly that I feel now like writing them a letter of acknowledgments, if I knew how or where to address them. They will doubtless have their reward.

My basketfull generally sold for ten, or twelve, or fifteen cents. The fruit, however, could not last forever. The last trip was made, and when the money was counted the proceeds were four dollars and sixty-seven cents. Money sometimes is worth more than its par value—at



least our little treasury seemed to be worth much more to the family then than the same sum multiplied is now. I have earned larger amounts since, that have not afforded me as much satisfaction.

Removed far from those scenes we have been called to struggle and strive in other ways, and yet success has Providence vouchsafed to us. Honest, faithful effort meets with its reward. Though distance and years have intervened, on revisiting those scenes of my early struggles with adverse fortune, I recognized the streets, the houses—but the faces, these were gone—perhaps to eternity. Looking at my own checkered pathway, the hand of the Lord is plainly seen, turning me now to the right hand and then to the left. Truly, “He hath brought me by a way that I knew not.” Our whole family have reason to bless Him for the adversity that has probably been the chief means of bringing us all into His fold. He alone does all things well.

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## A SAD SCENE IN THE CONESTOGA.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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“Woodlands around me roar—  
Wavelets do lave thy shore—  
Sing me much—sing me more—  
O Conestoga!”

SATURDAY evening! What a peculiarly interesting time is Saturday evening. Still more especially peculiar is Saturday evening in summer. How sweet to see the wave of business and care retire; and await the spirit of Sabbath peace as it comes silently on, and broods like a joyful earnest over every limb of the body, and every faculty of the soul. How silently the shadows lengthen over the fields—how calmly the sun sinks in the west—how softly the night steals on, while the hopeful farewell light yet lingers upon the red evening sky. Then we think of absent friends with a kind of solemn cheerfulness, and send up to God a silent prayer that we, with all life's wayfarers, whom we love, may safely find the way through the wilderness and the night, into the land of eternal morning.

It was such a Saturday evening in and around Franklin and Marshall College, of which we speak. The studies of the week were over. There was no sound of recitative voices in the halls, nor did any echo of footsteps roll through the corridors. The students were gone—some sitting with book in hand, or in silent meditation, at the windows of their study rooms; some cheerful in social circles, some strolling, two by two, in the rural walk, far in the fields and woods. One group was winding its way to the banks of the calm Conestoga. In this company was one more buoyant than the rest, stronger than the rest, with apparent promise of longer life than the rest. On still they go, cheerfully and joyously. The bank is reached—clothes are thrown aside—preparation



is made to plunge into the cool waters—and the youth of whom we speak is ready sooner than the rest.

“Awhile he stands  
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
His ebony tresses and his rosy cheek  
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,  
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,  
With arms and limbs according well, he makes,  
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;  
While from his polished sides a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.”

It is young WOMMER,\* the buoyant, healthy sophomore. See how he lays his strong arms upon the yielding wave, and moves in triumph upon the dark depths! His companions fear and warn. But his young heart is courageous, even as his arm is strong. Now he passes into the deepest part of the stream. See, he sinks—disappears—hush! it is only a playful dive. He appears again, with a shriek for help! He sinks again—he appears again, throwing his hands violently over the water, his face disfigured with an indescribable look of anguish and horror. His fellow students in consternation run to and fro, and look unutterable things at one another. He is gone again!—he appears again. One student is near enough to reach him a pole—he takes it, but his grasp is too feeble to hold it fast. He lets it go, and sinks again! Rails are cast in towards the place. A bold swimmer, from another part of the stream, hurries towards the spot;

“But all was still—the wave was rough no more,  
The river swept as sweetly as before.”

Behold it was all over! Life's solemn experiment was at an end; and young Wommer, the strong, buoyant, hopeful sophomore, has no more any portion forever in all that is done under the sun!

In a little while, all that remains of Wommer is laid a lifeless corpse upon the shore, where but a few minutes ago he had stood in the full strength and hope of life. Again in a little while a small wagon moves toward town, on which lies the cold body of the student—on, over the same ground which but an hour before he had measured with firm and manly step. And now—see!—they carry him in at the door of his boarding house, amid the shrieks of the family and neighbors, and the silent tears of the stricken company who went with him so happily, and have now returned with him so sadly. The subdued whisper goes from lip to lip, from house to house, from street to street, from student to student, from professor to professor, “A student has been drowned!—they have carried young Wommer dead to his boarding place!” His fellow students think of him as they saw him in the class, as they met him in the social circle; and many through town remember the healthy,

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\*This young man, a student in Franklin and Marshall College, was drowned in the Conestoga on Saturday evening, June 28, 1856.



manly form of the young student, and say: "Can it be!—carried home dead!"

How suddenly, how awfully, in that sad hour, came death to young Wommer! DEATH came to him, the "last enemy," the "king of terrors," the terrible rider of the "pale horse," who gives no release to those whom he meets in war. The merciless, relentless conquerer, whose stern uncompromising features melt not into pity at the tearful pleadings of youth and beauty, and who listens not to the earnest supplication of the unwilling and unprepared—this grim enemy met, and fought, and conquered young Wommer in the dark waters of the Conestoga.

"O sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!  
Black as night he stands,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shakes a dreadful dart!"

Was he prepared for the conflict? Was he ready for the passage? If he was, well, for there was no time then. The fig-tree has no more time to bear fruit, when the axe sounds at its roots. If more favorable seasons have been neglected, and failed to secure the hope which smiles in the arms of death, how shall this great boon be secured in such a moment of terror! "If thou hast run with footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses! and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

Let the living lay it to heart. A bolt from heaven has fallen into the College, and its fearful glare has lit up with sudden consternation the faces of students and professors. A voice from heaven has cried: "As thy soul liveth there is but a step between thee and death!" And to all the young, to whom The Guardian shall bring these doleful tidings, there is the sounding of a heavenly voice: "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little."

Alas!—and thou, lone Conestoga! thou hast another sad note added to the ceaseless song of thy waters. The winds will now wail more dolefully along thy dreary banks in winter—the willows will sigh more sadly in the summer breeze—and the moonbeams will play with a calmer smile in thy wavelets in the holy night. Future students, to whom tradition will bear the sad story, will grow more quiet when they stand upon thy shore, and hear anew in thy murmuring flow the dying shrieks of Wommer, whom sudden, fearful death met, fought, and conquered in the lone Conestoga.

"Still roll these waters on,  
Still do they sing me;  
As roll these waters on  
Thus do they sing to me:  
Life, like the summer leaves,  
Fades once, forever!  
Life, like this gliding stream,  
Flows backward never!  
On to the silent sea,  
On to eternity!  
Thus sing thy scenes to me,  
O Conestoga!"



## "THE LAYING ON OF HANDS."

BY THE EDITOR.

THE laying on of hands is called "*a doctrine*"—a truth, important to be taught and known. Heb. 6: 2. It is ranked among "*the principles of the doctrine of Christ*;" it is one of the starting points in religion; it belongs to the fundamentals of christianity; it is, therefore, in religion what a foundation stone is in a building; or, perhaps we may better say, it is what the elements are in science.

It is ranked among such doctrines and principles as repentance, faith, baptisms, resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment. We are impressed with its solemnity by the company in which it appears. This shows us the importance of the doctrine. This should create in us a desire to understand what this doctrine is.

I Let us look at the history of this doctrine and ordinance.

If we look into the history of this ordinance, we find it first practiced by pious parents in behalf of their children, and by patriarches to their generations. Thus Jacob blessed his own sons (Gen. 49: 28,) and also his grandchildren, the two sons of Joseph. Gen. 49: 13–21. It was done to the sacrifices which were to be offered for sin. Numb. 8: 12. It was done by Moses to Joshua when he became his successor. Num. 27: 18–23. It was done by our Saviour to little children, which were brought to Him for that purpose. Math. 19: 15. It was often done by our Saviour to the sick and afflicted, when he healed them. Mark 6: 5; Luke 4: 40; 13: 13. The disciples were directed to do the same. Mark 16: 18. We find also that it was done by Paul to a sick man. Acts 28: 8.

It was done to christians after they had believed and had been baptised, by way of confirming their faith, and completing their baptism, through the communication of the Holy Ghost. Acts 8: 17; Acts 19: 6. In the latter case it was done immediately upon baptism, that baptism might not be only a "washing away," but also a "putting on."

It was done in setting apart sacred persons to office. Thus it was done to Paul and Barnabas. Acts 13: 3. So also was Timothy set apart and endowed. 1 Tim. 4: 14. So also did Timothy endow others. 1 Tim. 5: 22. Such is the scripture history of this ordinance.

We find that in all these different ways has the "laying on of hands" been continued in the practice of the church.

The act of blessing children, by laying the hand upon their heads, after the manner of Jacob, has been imitated by many a dying parent—a solemnity of which we have all read, and which we have perhaps all witnessed. It is an act prompted by piety and parental love, sanctioned by scriptural precedent, and wonderfully significant, solemn and impressive.

The custom of blessing little children, after the manner of Christ, though it has never been a formal ordinance in the church, has always existed in the familiar practice of the pious. Many a child has felt



upon its head the hand of a pious elder, sponsor, pastor, or aged saint, accompanied with a "God bless you, my child," and some simple word of pious admonition. Who can fail to see in this the natural and appropriate spirit of childlike piety? Who will say such a blessing does not truly bless, when it is imparted devoutly, by prayer and by faith.

Do not some of us recollect such acts of piety and love bestowed upon us in our childhood—and has not the remembrance of such acts often reminded us anew, and with increased solemnity, of our early consecration to God? The very thought that hands, which are now turned into ashes in the grave, and pious spirits which are now before the throne, have once blest us, is full of inspiration, and holy savor to our hearts.

The laying of the hand upon the sick, as Christ and his apostles did—though it does not pretend to impart any miraculous healing power—is an act of piety, of love, and of sympathy, which is as truly prompted by warm christian feeling as it is sanctioned by precedent of the holy scriptures.

Even as a merely natural act it is not without its consolations, its encouragement, and its alleviating and reviving influence upon the spirits of the sick. The pressure of a hand, when we are well, is not without its life to the soul, indicating to us that another cares that we exist; how much more quickening to the drooping spirits of the sick is the pressure of the hand of sympathizing love upon an aching head and fevered brow! This we have all felt. It is as if we had a hold upon the strength of the living, and as if one who has power himself to do so, had said to us in the friendly touch, "Rise and walk—revive and live!"

But we have no right to regard such an act as merely natural. It belongs to the sphere of faith and grace. It is a pious act, like prayer, if it be piously done, and in the name of Jesus. We may, therefore, believe that the natural act is, through faith and prayer, sanctified by supernatural power, and rendered a true blessing by the mighty efficacy of grace.

The laying on of hands in connection with baptism, and after baptism, as the apostles did to the believers in Samaria, has in all ages been practiced by the church. Those who were baptized in their infancy, had that act and grace confirmed to them when they themselves assumed their baptismal vows. It seems to be this rite that the apostle refers to in Hebrews 6: 2. The laying on of hands there comes, in order, after repentance, faith and baptism. It is the act of full initiation into the church.

The laying on of hands, in the ordination of deacons, elders, and ministers, has also always been observed by the church. It is regarded by all christians as the only way in which persons can be lawfully and properly invested with the authority and grace of office in the church.

It would shock the feelings of all, and be regarded as high-handed presumption, should any one attempt to discharge the duties, and exercise the functions of these offices, without having first received the "laying on of hands."

II. What is the substance of this act, and what does it bestow?

We must not regard it as an empty form, as an unmeaning, powerless, graceless act. This would be to charge God with folly. With God



form and power are always one. We must not neglect it, set it aside, and treat it as though it did not exist. This many persons practically do. It exists in the practice of the church as a divine fact, and is presented to us as one of the principles and doctrines of Christ. It is an ordinance that exists for us; and it becomes us to inquire what it is to us, and what we are to seek in it, and expect from it.

1. It is a divine act by which those who receive it are laid hold of by God, and are claimed for Him.

This is already signified to us by the act itself. The person from whom we receive the laying on of hands is one who acts for God. He is God's representative—through his hands God reaches forth to us, and lays hold on us. Hence always the *higher* ordains or blesses the *lower*.

To lay hands on any thing, in the scripture sense of that expression, means to take it, to claim it, to secure it. Obad. 13.

In reference to Paul and Barnabas the Holy Ghost said: *Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work, whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.*" Acts 13: 2, 3. By this act they *separated* them—seized them for God—claimed them for his special service.

So the ram, on which Aaron and the Levites laid their hands, was now, by that act, claimed as the sin-offering. So elders, deacons, and ministers are by the laying on of hands claimed of God as his special servants. So pious, dying parents claim their children for the service of that God whom they have saved, and to whom they now solemnly consecrated them.

So in confirmation, God lays his hands on those who are His by vows, and claims them for Himself.

The act now requires on their part to yield to Him, to own the claim, and not to tear themselves out of God's hands. The solemn act asks from us a consecration to God of that which he claims as his own.

He has a right to claim our services as private christians—he has a right to lay His hands upon us and set us apart as a royal priesthood.

He has a right to claim us as officers in His church—to demand of us all the labor, care, sacrifice, and service, which these offices involve. When He lays hold of us, and binds us in the spirit to His work, we have no right to say, nay, "Send by whom thou wilt send." He has a right to lay this *necessity* upon us. We must find our happiness in yielding to his claims.

2. The laying on of hands also imparts power and grace to act in God's name.

This also the act itself signifies and represents to us. It means to shed forth, to bestow, to communicate. It is the act of blessing—of giving, or transferring power, authority, and grace.

Thus this signification of the act only carries out, and completes the other. For those whom the Lord claims he also blesses. The same hand which claims us for God also imparts to us his blessing, and bestows on us his grace. The laying on of hands is therefore a *double* act: In it God takes us to Himself, and gives Himself to us. Jesus *took* little children to His arms, and then *blessed* them.

God commanded Moses to lay his hands on Joshua, and to give him a charge. Num. 27: 18–23. That this was a bestowment, not only



of office as his successor, but also of power and grace to fulfil that office, is evident. It is afterward said: "And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom; *for Moses has laid his hands upon him*: and the children of Israel *harkened* unto him." Deut. 34: 9.

We find that Jesus always communicated healing power to those sick upon whom he laid his hands. Mark 6: 5; Luke 4: 40—13: 13. We find also that the people expected, and believed, that healing power was communicated in this way. Hence the ruler of the synagogue asked directly that this might be done. He does not say come and heal her, but "Come and lay thy hands upon her, *that she may be healed*." Mark 5: 23. This was known to him as the divine order and way of bestowing renovating power! The apostles bestowed healing power upon the sick in the same way. Acts 28: 8.

We find also that the gift of office—the right, the power, the grace to act for God, was bestowed in the same way. Paul says to Timothy: "Neglect not the *gift* which is in thee, which was given thee by prophesy, with the laying on of hands of the presbytery." 1 Tim. 4: 14; 2 Tim. 1: 6, 7.

This gift or grace was given with the laying on of hands. It was the grace needed in the office to which the same act consecrated him. That grace was now in him—it had not been in him before—and he is exhorted not to neglect it.

It seems that Paul himself had also laid his hands on Timothy—or perhaps he was only assisted in it by presbyters. He says to him: "I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands." Here again he speaks of a gift or grace which was thus imparted. He also immediately adds: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." 2 Tim. 1: 6, 7.

The laying on of hands also bestowed the gift of the Holy Ghost. In regard to the converts at Samaria it is said: "Then laid they their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost. And when Simon saw that through laying on of apostle's hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money." Acts 8: 17, 18.

In reference to the newly baptized at Ephesus it is said: "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them the Holy Ghost came on them." Acts 19: 6. In both these cases they were private christians, and not such as were ordained to office. We may, therefore, claim the bestowment of the Holy Ghost in the confirmation of private christians.

Why may we not expect the same effects to flow from the same act now? We are under the same dispensation. We have still the doctrine of the laying on of hands. God and grace have not changed!

Do we not find also that this is the very gift promised to all believers, namely, the gift of the Holy Ghost. He is given us to abide with us forever. He is to dwell in the saints as in his own temple. Are not christians to live, and to walk in the spirit? Is not He to be the life of all our services—our light, our guide, our sanctifier, and our comforter?

If he strives with us, reproves us, woos us, and convinces us of sin, of righteousness and of a judgment to come, before we are christians, why should not He be given us, in a peculiar manner, when we at length yield to His power and grace? If He is so given why may not this



great and glorious gift be bestowed by the laying on of hands—and bestowed in just such measure as we need. Yea, He is so given, as we are divinely assured, blessed are they who have faith to receive Him!

Let it be remembered that no human being professes, from himself, to bestow such a grace. Human hands are only the means and the medium, the power is of God. It can only be done in His name, and in dependence upon Him.

It is remarkable that when the apostles laid their hands on any the act was always preceded by prayer. When our Saviour did it, it was *not* so preceded. The reason is plain, and at once evident. Our Saviour had the power *in himself*—the apostles had it *by gift* from God, for which they found it necessary to ask. Acts 3: 12.

So now the gift is through the hands of men, but not from them or by them. Yet in answer to prayer it is bestowed. We must look away from the feeble instrument, to Him who has ordained that through “the laying on of their hands all needed authority, power and grace should be freely given.”

As it requires prayer on the part of those who give it, so also does it require preparedness on the part of those who receive it. Even when Jesus himself gave, it had to be received by faith. Even He could only do mighty works to those who believed.

When the apostles gave the gift of the Holy Ghost to those who believed at Samaria, there was one who was in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity desired it, and would have purchased it with money. He had no inward preparation for it—no faith, no prayerful spirit. To him they said: “Thou hast no part nor lot in this matter; for thine heart is not right in the sight of God.” He received it not! Let no one, therefore, blame the ordinances if he fails to receive the gift.

Many of you, young readers of *The Guardian*, as well as he who writes, have received the laying on of hands. O how searching to us is the question: “Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?” Have we the power and the grace which fits us for our high and holy calling, as private members, or as officers in the church of Jesus Christ! If not, why? “Thine heart is not right in the sight of God.” At our doors alone lies the fault.

O may there be devout, believing hearts to receive the grace! Let us earnestly pray to Him who has all the power, that in the blessing we may be now and for ever blest.

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FAMILY LIKENESSES.—Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: “Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance, while the passions and business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in acts (as in infancy) the features settling into their primary characters before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this; a brother and a sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father’s lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear.



## CHOIR TROUBLES.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

It cost me, indulgent reader, some considerable scruple and reflection before I could make up my mind to enter upon the following record, the like of which, I verily believe, is not to be found in those beautiful works, the "Vicar of Wakefield," or the "Poor Vicar." But I have concluded that by so doing, a good purpose might be subserved. He who means well may hope for pardon if he errs.

In the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of the foundation of the parish, and in the thirty-fifth of the administration of the present Rector, or thereabout, a discord began in the organ-loft of a more grating character than that which on a former occasion had concerned the puffed-out cheeks of the probulgent Tubingen. The singing powers of this gentleman had not diminished with his age, and he still gloried in a guttural bass, which told on the seats whereupon the congregation sat. A great deal of new talent had been added to the choir. Moreover the little organ before which the youthful Miss Valeary used to bounce up and down as she pressed the pedals and the keys, had been replaced by one with gilded pipes more lofty and with stops more numerous. This was played upon by an organist whose style was modern and elaborate, and his eccentricities called for occasional restriction and rebuke. His voluntaries affloresced into all the bloom and luxury of his charming genius, which literally disported in the waves of sound; and as it gave up its musical ghost, just when the opening sentences were about to be read, divers of the *virtuosi* would nod and smile, while one would perhaps whisper to another, with a recognizing look, "*La Dame Blanche*." The congregation of St. Bardolph's now prided themselves on their choir, and it was a common remark as they passed out, "What excellent music we had to-day!" But, to tell you the plain truth, it was contemptibly poor music—unfit for the occasion—devoid of religious expression—fit only for the pomp of a village festivity—and inflated with vanity. When you heard the brass rings rattle over the iron rod to which the red curtain was attached, shutting up the choristers in the seclusion of their perched-up loft, then you might know that some grand exploits of vocalism were to come off. The sexton, who had been despatched in good season to the "sacristy," to obtain from the Rector the number of the psalm and hymn, having returned with a small slip of paper on which they were indicated in pencil, a great whispering and consultation having taken place which resulted in the selection of tunes. Mr. Tubingen placed the music book on the rack, and the bellows of the little-big organ were put in play. Never was a more brilliant sparkle and scintillation elicited from the windy bellows of a blacksmith's forge. The head and shoulders of the organist swayed up and down like those of a Chinese eater of the narcotic drug, in the accompaniment of an improvisation upon the keys, which made the whole congregation involuntarily twist their necks and look aloft, and at last with a



full choral blast from tenor, bass, and treble, the magical effect was complete. There were, no doubt, many present who came expressly to "hear the music," and the knowledge of this fact inspired the artists with a desire to do themselves justice. It is true some of the old people did not like the concatenation of sounds. These, however, were considered behind the age, and the opinion of such as worthy of small respect in the onward "march of improvement." They were swept away in their slender opposition by the force of public opinion, if not by a whirlwind of sound. At any rate, Death was fast removing them, one by one, while their deaf ears were becoming sealed to such annoyance. It was to the great surprise of the Rector that the choir one day struck upon the *Te Deum*, which he had been hitherto accustomed to read, and through various turns, and windings, and repetitions, they discoursed upon it for a full half hour. It was, however, the last time that they so distinguished themselves before the musical world. There was no piece of cathedral composition which the choir at St. Bardolph's did not consider themselves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, would have sung the sermon, and made more out of the *Amen* than any other part. Mr. Hivox had indeed composed something original out of the theme of an *Aumen*, full fifteen minutes long, and we are sure that when it was finished no hearer of sound judgment but would have instinctly ejaculated with his whole heart, *Aumen!* But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the *fugue* tunes, in which they emulated to interrupt and outstrip each other, as in the one hundred and thirty-third psalm:

" True love is like that precious oil  
Which poured on Aaron's head,  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
Its costly moisture shed."

In the prodigious effort of this performance the ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance to that oily current poured on Aaron's head, and which—

" Ran down his beard and o'er his head——  
Ran down his beard ——  
—— his robes  
And o'er his robes ——  
Ran down his beard —— ran down his  
—— o'er his robes——  
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard  
Ran down his ——  
—— o'er robes  
Ran down his beard  
h-i-s b-e-a-r-d  
Its costly moist ——  
Ran down his beard ——  
——ure—beard—his—beard—his—shed  
ran down his beard—his—down  
his robes—its costly moist—his beard  
ure shed—his—cost—his robes—his robes—ure shed  
I-t-s c-o-s-t-l-i-e mois-ture——shed."

It was this very composition, similarly performed, that the late Bishop



Seabury on one of his visitations was asked his opinion, and his reply was that he had paid no attention to the music; but that his sympathies were so much excited for poor Aaron that he was afraid that he would not have a hair left. A most appropriate and humorous reply on the part of the good bishop. And this, it must be remembered, was at a time when the "divine Cecilia came" to these benighted realms. A taste for the vocal art began to be fostered in the western world, and especially in the parts adjacent to the Long Island Sound, and various books on sacred music were put forth by professors of renown, and the science had just begun to repudiate a nasal twang. Is it to be wondered that when a clergyman sometimes in the performance of his duty must needs become *maestro* to keep the big-chested gentry of singers in order, that they should lend the compass of their voices to swell the cry of unpopularity which may be raised against him? If he would court favor, let him court the music of the prodigal bass, have no sympathy for the beard of Aaron, and throw his own voice from the chancel-end into the overpowering Hallelujah-chorus. If the church has no organ, then let him defer to the opinion of the bassoon, and dance attendance on the jigging airs of the profane fiddle. So there shall be one discord less.

In the new construction of a more ambitious choir at St. Bardolph's there was one acknowledged element of discord of which it was hard to get rid of. This was a matter which had long taxed the ingenuity of the members; but as it was of an exceedingly delicate nature there was no individual found with sufficient tact or boldness to suggest a plan, or, if so, to carry it into execution. The fact is, that Miss Valeary would continue to sing, and Miss Valeary was no longer what she once was. She was now an ancient maid, with all the characteristics of the lone and melancholy order to which she was attached. Her once plump throat had become sadly shrivelled, for the chin and throat, as well as the brow itself, bear the marks of mediæval time with such distinctness that no deep-cut tomb-stone can tell a truer tale. So had her voice insensibly deteriorated from a somewhat brisk and sparkling shrillness to a lamentable screech. Still the little lady, from the force of habit, when Sunday came was punctual at her post, and though conscious that she sang not with her former ease, yet in the goodness of heart she exerted herself more strenuously than ever. And she did in truth and sincerity believe that she was no unimportant element of that choir, of which she had been a member for so many years. That her assistance was no longer desired was a thought which had never come to her in dreams. That it was even indispensable was what she innocently believed. Hence she was always present at rehearsals, and actually screeched from a sense of duty, when if she had consulted her own desires she would have long since retired from so conspicuous and invidious a post. But although the task had been at first disagreeable, and in the modesty of her nature she had shrunk from its performance, she had gradually trained herself to perform it. She did not hear the remarks which were made because she had recently become a little deaf; and she did not see the winks and sly glances in the choir, when she ventured upon the higher notes of the gamut, because she had begun to wear glasses and her eyes were a little dim. The other vocalists were profoundly vexed



to have the effect of their execution marred. At last, as no one would volunteer to act alone, they resolved to share the responsibility, and actually appointed a committee of three to wait upon Miss Valeary. She was practicing on an old piano when they arrived, and she rose to meet them with a chirping cheerfulness. In order to pave the way to the disagreeable business, and introduce the subject of music, they asked her to play, and Miss Valeary performed an antique piece, called in antique Latin, *Dolce Domum*. Then she inquired whether the choir had selected any new chaunts for the festival of Christmas.

"It was on some such subject that we called," said the big-chested Mr. Tubingen.

"Indeed!" said the narrow-chested Miss Valeary, her eyes sparkling with animation, and swinging her reticule as she turned upon the bench and looked into the abashed faces of the formidable trio. They all hemmed and hawed like the choral file in a gallery when the leader has struck his *pitch* fork on the blunt end.

"I have heard our last Sunday's performance highly praised," said she.

"Yes," said Mr. Tubingen, interrogatively.

"Indeed I have. I have been practising a new chaunt composed by the organist of St. John's, in the city, which has been much admired. If you like, we will try it."

"We hope that Miss Valeary will not be offended," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Decorus, the tenor.

"We have all frequently remarked that no one in the congregation feels a deeper interest in the music than Miss Valeary," said Mr. Hivox, the alto.

The little lady looked a little disconcerted, and cast a sharp, penetrating glance upon the delegation.

"We are fully aware that you will do any thing for the interest of the church," said Mr. Tubingen.

"We have not entertained the least doubt of that," said Mr. Decorus.

"Most undoubtedly," remarked Mr. Hivox.

"To be sure, I will," added Miss Valeary.

"It has been a matter of remark," proceeded Mr. Tubingen, "well it has only lately—well, yes I may say, not for a length of time—but only recently—it has been, no doubt, it has been—I think I may say mainly—I don't know—I kind of think"—

"People have got to be so very fastidjus," said Mr. Decorus.

"And so very critical," added Mr. Hivox.

"Indeed!" said Miss Valeary.

"Yes," replied Mr. Tubingen.

"Yes," said Mr. Decorus.

"Yes," said Mr. Hivox.

"Gentlemen, you need not be afraid to say what you wish," remarked the scrutinizing lady, who had by this time become aware of the confusion of the trio.

"We knowed that you would not be offended," said the gallant Mr. Tubingen, squeezing with his big paw the little hand of the little lady, which was full of rings.

"How you hurt me," said the offended Miss Valeary.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Tubingen.



"Will you explain yourself?" exclaimed the lady, with peremptory tone, and with flashing eyes, almost transfixing the speaker.

"A—yes—ma'am—we are sorry—we do not speak for ourselves," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Not at all," said Mr. Decorus and Mr. Hivox.

"Have I given any offence?" said Miss Valeary.

"None at all—none in the least—none whatever—far from it—on the contrary"—exclaimed all three, with intensity.

"What then?" said the little lady.

"It is a subject which we feel the greatest delicacy in approaching," said Mr. Tubingen, the speaker, "but it may not be unevident to Miss Valeary that Miss Valeary's voice—which is, I may say—on ordinary occasions—in a room—at the social meeting—so creditable to Miss Valeary—does not so fully—that is, I may say—highly as we think of it—so adequately—kind of *chord* with the present composition of the choir to do that justice to Miss Valeary which Miss Valeary's voice—in the opinion of good judges, is—so—so—so——highly cap'ble of——on the part of Miss Valeary!"

"Is that it?" said the lady, bursting into an offended cackination. "You have been a long time coming to it. Put your minds perfectly at rest, gentlemen. So long as I live, if it be a hundred years, you shall never suffer annoyance on my account. I will listen to your melodies, though they should happen to come through the nose," she said, looking smilingly at Mr. Tubingen. And with that she jerked out of her seat, and began to arrange flowers in a vase with dainty judgment.

The committee bungled out of the room immediately. "A hundred years!" said Mr. Hivox, the alto, with witty cruelty, as they walked along; "If she lives a little longer, the *if* will be out of the question." As this was uttered, all three joined in an admirably-executed laughing chorus—to which Miss Valeary was only a listener.

After they had gone, she was in a state of nervous agitation, and flitted about with the agility of a grasshopper. She arranged her tidy French bonnet on her head, and with her cheeks in a high state of inflammation, and her little eyes full of eagerness, passed out of the gate with trepidation, and speaking to no one whom she met, arrived out of breath at the head-quarters for all sorrowing, complaining souls, the Village Rectory. Admitted into the study, she sat down, and with many sobs and sighs and pitiable inflections, in the midst of drowning floods and with a hystericky abruptness, told the story of her wrongs.

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THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—The Cocoy queen beetle is about an inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which affords light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in day-time she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light.



## MERCY IN SORROW.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

"Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Is. 48: 10.

WHEN we return from the grave of a fellow being we always bear in our minds some prominent circumstance of that person's life. We say or think: We have buried a rich man, a poor man, a useful or useless man; some feature of the person's life comes up to view more prominently than another.

When our thoughts revert to her whom we have borne to the grave, how naturally do we say, *We have buried a sufferer!* She was for years, long years, emphatically a sufferer—day and night a sufferer. Little did those who passed along the street know of the pains that were endured in quiet within. Little did those who enjoyed sweet sleep at night realize her painful watchings and wakings.

She was a sufferer; and those sufferings were greatly sanctified to her soul's good. In her experience was fulfilled the divine declaration: "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

Gold and silver are found, not in a pure state, but mixed with dross. This dross is so fully one with the metal that it must pass through a severe fiery process, before the metal is pure. Nor is it fit for use until it is thus purified and refined.

This is a picture of the life of grace in the soul. It is the gold of glory amid the dross of sin. It must pass through a fiery trial—a furnace of affliction—before it is pure and fit for heaven.

It is the plain testimony of scripture, and it ought not to seem strange to us, that the way to life lies through tribulation. We naturally lie in sin, are captive in its power: no wonder that we should have to rise to life, and freedom, through sighs, and groans, and anguish.

Our Saviour's life is, in this respect, a true picture of the life of a saint. It commenced in sorrow and ended in joy; first the cross and the pain, then the crown and the glory. Through night into day—through death into life—through pains into peace. This is the king's royal road—this is the way that ends well!

The world reverses the divine order. They have first the joy and then the sorrow—first the day and then the night—here the crown and there the shame. The world cries: Hail Dives in purple, and power, and prosperity, and pride! Christianity says, Hail Lazarus, in poverty and pain. "Wo unto you that laugh now, for ye shall weep then."

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." These words show us the mercy and love which lie in affliction. God says: "I have chosen

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\* Funeral thoughts on the death of Mrs. Maria Kuhns, for many years a great sufferer.



thee"—chosen thee as my own. But I have chosen thee in a furnace. There I will prepare thee. This shall be to you the evidence and sign of my love. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If you endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

We have here the true meaning of affliction. It is *disciplinary*—it is a nurture of the soul—it is a means of grace. It works mercy to the soul! It is easy to see how, in more ways than one, it does this.

It melts and *softens* the spirit. The dross cannot be removed from the gold till it breaks, melts, flows. Is not this the effect of suffering? See how it breaks down stubborn self-reliance. See how the strong man is tamed by affliction. See how the unfeeling man becomes tender. See how the dull, stupid heart awakens and opens, as anguish after anguish shakes and rends it. This is the plougher for the fallow ground. This is the beating that makes the oil to flow. "Father, I have sinned," exclaims the once hardened soul, when the arrows stick fast in him, when the waters come unto his soul!

The furnace of affliction not only softens, but also *separates*. It cuts the springs of our wordly energies. The pleasures and pursuits which engaged us before have now lost their charm and meaning. What once seemed so important now seems so vain.

Even outwardly affliction separates a man from the world. He is drawn aside into the still eddy of life's onward stream. Confined to bed, or the chair, or at least to the room or house, He only hears the din, or sees from the window the flow of busy life driving past. He hardly feels himself to be any more a part of the world. How perfectly vain then seems this world with all its glitter of hope, with all its show of reality! Palaces and position, power and pomp, possessions and pursuits, seem but toys when viewed from a sick room, with a shattered constitution, with aching limbs, and a bleeding heart. This is part of the separating process. So do afflictions turn the heart away from the passing and perishing toward the unfading treasures of a better life. Thus does God graciously make the earth dark around, that the heavens may become more bright and attractive above. Thus, as in nature, so in grace:

"Darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day!"

Thus also the furnace of affliction *purifies*. The flail of tribulation breaks and cripples sin. It is a fire that consumes lust. It levels pride—it subdues vanity. Its waters quench the fires of ambition. "Before I was afflicted, I went astray: but now have I kept thy word." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." "In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord."

O how often have the pains of the body occasioned the peace and joy of the soul—the sorrows of the earth, led to the joys of heaven. How



often have even light afflictions wrought out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How many have found it better to lose a right hand, a right eye, yea the whole health of the body, than that soul and body should be destroyed in hell!

This will be known yonder! This will cause thousands on thousands in heaven to praise the mercy of tribulation in a louder and more grateful song. "What," it will be asked in adoring wonder, "what are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" To which it will be answered: "These are they which came out of *great tribulation*, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. **THEREFORE** are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Here is the mercy of sorrow. Here is the love of God in our pains. Here, "behind a frowning Providence, he hides a smiling face."

How often is weak faith counfounded? How often do the sorely afflicted and their friends "think it strange concerning the fiery trials," as though some strange thing, yea, even a wrong thing, "had happened unto them." How often have even the pious in sorrow cried out: "Why dost thou shake off the unripe fruit, and cast off his flower as the olive?" "Why go I mourning? Why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture? Will the Lord be favorable no more? Is His mercy clean gone forever? Doth His promise fail forevermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" This is their infirmity. This they say in the weakness of their faith.

Yea, the pious in their sore afflictions are even sometimes envious at the wicked, whose strength is firm, who are not in trouble as other men, and who are not plagued like other men. So foolishly did even the Psalmist, when he was plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning. Behold, he counted the wicked happy: But when he went into the sanctuary of God, then he understood their end: "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places!"

It is not strange—it ought not to be so regarded—that the favorites of God should suffer under His chastising rod. The principle on which these dealings of God rest is a plain one, and well understood, and fully approved. "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence." The child that has been trained in right paths by a parent's chastising hand, afterwards approves of what was done, though it cost pains and pangs, terrors and tears, at the time. "Shall we not much rather be in subjection to the father of spirits, and live." Shall we not joyfully, in the midst of darkness, pains, and tears, bless the hand that leads us through the night of wo into the light and blessedness of an eternal day. "What I do," says the kind Father, as he lays stroke after stroke upon His dear children, "you know not now, but you shall know hereafter."



“The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night :  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.”

Such being the holy ends to be secured by affliction, it is implied in the strongest manner that God will mercifully sustain his children in their affliction. It is He that afflicts, and not another. The rod is not in a hand that will unmercifully and extremely use it. It is not in the hands of one who uses it willingly—not in anger—not as a punishment. The Father weeps while he lays on stroke after stroke. He says, Oh, that it were not necessary! “For though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.”

This is the very best assurance that no affliction will be beyond endurance. It was a murderer—one who had forfeited all claim to sustaining grace—that said, “My punishment is greater than I can bear.” The saints are sustained by an unseen presence. Who, of God’s people, ever *sunk* finally even under the sorest affliction? Though trials came fierce as a lion from the swellings of Jordan—though they came in troops like horsemen—though they hung on like hungry vultures till the flesh and marrow were consumed, yet the end came with its glorious victory over every wo! Behold the great cloud of witnesses, of suffering prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and saints of all ages, of whom the world was not worthy; who were tortured, not accepting deliverance, bearing about in their bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus, in trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, in bonds and imprisonment, stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword, subjected to every torture that earth and hell could devise, and yet the end came, and the victory over pain, in eternal peace and joy.

Thousands of sufferers have found by blessed experience that, in a way which the world knows not of, God’s presence sustains the suffering pious. It is as though He called them aside to speak comfortably to them. Through every pang flows the refreshing current of grace. On every wound an unseen hand lays the allaying balm. Grace, and the merciful intentions of love, underlie every pain. From the unseen and eternal side the sufferer hears voices, sees ministering hands, and feels the power of mysterious sympathy.

The suffering saint is not cut off; but, because he suffers, is only the more sweetly in union with Christ. He stands in “the fellowship of His sufferings.” “In all their afflictions he is afflicted, and the angel of His presence saves them.” The Holy Spirit dwells in the saints, and abides with them always. He is especially the comforter—the comforter in us. His mission is an inward mission, presiding over all the sorrows of the heart, opening upon it the fountains of grace and consolation. When the eye sees no more earthly ministering forms around, when the ear hears no more words of comfort from the lips of human friends, then the Holy Spirit, like a faithful vigil, lies around the spirit, soothing each pang as the heart-strings break, and with a sweet blessing dismisses the spirit from a racked and aching body to the bosom of its God.

It is sometimes complainingly asked, Why do some christians suffer so much and others so little? This question may be answered, in part



at least, by another: Why do some children need severer and more frequent correction than others? In this, as in all other things, God adapts his dealings to our wants. We may suppose that such severity is not necessary for us; just so thinks the child in regard to the chastisements of its parent. Yet who would ask that the corrections of a child should be regulated according to the will and judgment of the child? The parent knows best, so God knows best.

Moreover, the severe disciplinary sufferings which sometimes come upon God's people toward the end of life, are no doubt often designed to make speedily right some lingering defect—to break down quickly some giant abnormality in the suffering christian life—to make up lost time by intensifying the process toward the ripeness of the general religious life. The time is growing so short, and there is yet so much dross among the gold of grace, that it is necessary for God in mercy to make more fiery the furnace of affliction. Some child of God has lived slowly in grace—has spent too much time in side interests; or perhaps youth and manhood in sin! Now that which should have been the work of years, must be crowded into a few months or weeks. Oh, how sorely then must the poor spirit groan and cry under the merciful strokes of that God who makes the wounds of the body to be for the eternal health and life of the soul.

Then, too, it must not be forgotten that these sufferings are to be regarded as a *talent*, with which God is to be glorified. How much has God's grace been honored by the meek and patient sufferings of His children. How many has Job comforted in all ages by his affliction; how many have seen in him "the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

Thus these sufferings, while they are a blessing to the sufferer himself, are to have also a direct reference to others. Especially are they designed for a blessing to those who are near to the sufferer, by the tender ties of human life—to members of the family, to relatives, and to companions. O, what a solemn sermon it is to have one of our dear friends—a wife, mother, sister, father, husband, brother, lying in the furnace in our own house!

"Smitten friends

Are angels sent on errands full of love;  
For us they languish, and for us they die.  
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?  
Ungrateful shall we grieve their hovering shades,  
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?  
Shall we disdain their silent soft address?  
Tread under foot their agonies and groans,  
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their death?"

O let us learn to make the sufferings and death of our friends, as well as our own afflictions, a blessing to us. A blessing they will be to us, or a curse. They will make us harder or softer, better or worse. The furnace will either refine or consume us.

In no way does a merciful God so condescend to our infirmities in his gracious appeals. In none of his dealings does he speak in plainer language. At no other time does he so solemnly and tenderly come home to our business and bosom. The written word we may suffer to lie un-



opened—the preached word we may avoid or apply to others; but the language of sickness and death in our own circles of love we cannot avert, refuse to hear, or apply to ourselves. To us has God spoken. *One of his bolts has fallen at our feet!* One of His messengers, the dread angel of death, has appeared in our house, in our room, at our bed, and has said in our hearing: “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” O how can we close our ears against that voice and hope to be forgiven!

Behold, one more has gone from us through the gate of death. One less in the pew, one less in the family. There is another vacant chair in the house, another lonely place in the heart, another mound in the graveyard, and, as we have reason to believe, another ransomed spirit “forever with the Lord.” O let the living lay to heart the solemn, glorious thought. May the thought of a parent, a mother, a near friend in heaven, stimulate those who are yet in conflict; and may any who are still out of Christ be reminded that the last look into the coffin was to them the last look forever, unless they are reconciled to God by the blood of His son, Jesus Christ.

Behold, the time is short. Behold, the judge is at the door. Behold, the shades of evening are gathering solemnly around. Sickness, death, the grave, the last judgment, heaven and hell, are crowding up toward us! “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor decree, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

“Great God! is this our certain doom,  
And are we yet secure:  
Still marching downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more.

“Grant us the power of quickening grace,  
And fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh  
We’ll rise above the sky.”

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#### THE TWILIGHT VOICES.

In the twilight faint and dreary,  
Sat an old man, sad and weary,  
Of his household band, he only,  
Lingered here a pilgrim lonely,  
Some were over the sea away,  
Some within the churchyard lay,  
Sighed the wind—a harper gray!  
Far away!

Rising, like a dusty column,  
Stood the old clock, tall and solemn,  
To his thoughts still making answer,  
Like a holy necromancer;  
Where were hopes of Fancy born?  
Where were faces bright as morn?  
And the grim old clock ticked on,  
“Lost and gone!”

Sinking he in his quiet slumber,  
Which no earthly care might cumber,  
And his inner care unfeeling,  
Came a gush of music stealing  
Through the twilight shadows gray,  
As if loved ones far away  
Murmured in that silver lay:  
“Come away!”

Morning came, serenely shining;  
In a dreamless rest reclining,  
Strangers found the old man sleeping,  
Never more earth’s vigils keeping;  
Loved ones from the starry dome,  
Where the spirit finds its home,  
Bade him never more to roam,  
Welcome home!



## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

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THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA: Being a condensed translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopedia. With additions from other sources. By Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D.D., assisted by distinguished theologians of various denominations. Part II. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856.

The Second Part—sorry the publishers did not also send us the First Part—brings forward the work to Arminius. This truly great work is abundantly certified to by the eminent names of Germany associated with it. Dr. Bomberger is rendering the American church a lasting service by getting it out in an English dress. We leave the critical examination of the execution to the Reviews; and only ask the privilege of commending it to our earnest readers as a work worthy of all acceptance. We know of no treasure any inquiring young christian could possess which in the same compass, and for the same amount of money, would enable him to inform himself so well upon all subjects connected with Theology, and the general study of the Bible and the church. Here he can turn to any point and find all its sides brought into the light. This work is issued in parts of 128 double column pages, at 50 cents for each part. It will form when completed two super royal octavo volumes. "The numbers will be sent by mail to subscribers free of postage, upon the receipt of the subscription price in advance." Address Lindsay & Blakiston, Publishers, Philadelphia. The mechanical execution is in the usual tasty style of this enterprising publishing house.

A COLLECTION OF THIRTY THOUSAND NAMES OF GERMAN, SWISS, DUTCH, FRENCH, PORTUGUESE AND OTHER IMMIGRANTS TO PENNSYLVANIA—Chronologically arranged from 1727 to 1776. Edited by I. Daniel Rupp. Harrisburg. 1856.

Our readers will recollect that we noticed the first number of this work favorably in a former number of *The Guardian*. The second and third numbers are now before us, and we are more than ever convinced of the usefulness of this novel work. It is a laudable curiosity which begets in us the desire of tracing our ancestors. Here one important means of doing so is brought within our reach. Mr. Rupp, who has already received many thanks for his laborious perseverance in bringing out the local history of Pennsylvania, deserves prompt encouragement in carrying out his present undertaking. The whole work, sent in numbers to subscribers by mail, costs only \$1.

MISCELLANEA.—The library of the poet Rogers, which took six days to sell, has realized, after all, no very great sum; and by far the larger proportion of even this is due rather to volumes of engravings and etchings, and to those works which are decorously disguised in the catalogues under the title of "*facetiae*," than to the value of the works properly so called. To indicate the extent to which the class above referred to existed in the collection, we may mention that two copies of the "*Hypnerotomachia*" of Poliphilus were put up for sale: one copy (an *editio primaria*) realized £13, and the other £7.

....In New York there are four hundred and forty-four booksellers and one hundred and thirty-three publishers, and in Pennsylvania, four hundred and two of the first and seventy-two of the last. Most of the publishing, and the largest number of the booksellers, center in the three great cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, which are the leading publishing cities of the country. New York has the most capital invested in the business.

....Bayard Taylor, who sailed in the *Asia*, goes to spend two or three years in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Russia. He contemplates returning home by the route across Northern Asia, Siberia and Mantchouria to the mouth of the river Amour, whence he will take ship for Oregon or California.

....The Royal Library of Hanover has increased its collection by the purchase of 12,000 volumes, forming the library of a gentleman named Siemsen. The greater part of these works are relative to ancient German literature.



# THE GUARDIAN:

A Magazine Devoted to the Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

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## MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

IV.

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BY NATHAN.

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To one whose heart is rightly attuned to the sweet influences of sanctified friendship, there is an indescribable pleasure in discovering a little world of blood relations who, though branches of the same parent stem, have long since disappeared in the hazy distance of the Past. The discovery of a vein of gold, or of a new world, may gratify the heart of avarice or ambition, but the discovery of a mine of friends, in whom we can trace the lineaments of kindred descent, touches new chords and opens new fountains in the breast, from which issues a stream of the most exquisite delight.

Will I meet with relatives in the Old World? This was a question of which I daily thought on land and sea. Twenty years had elapsed since they were last heard from. In little more than twenty years a generation passes away. My mind oscillated between hope and doubt. Early on a pleasant Saturday morning I left Coblenz with the steamer for Bingen. Soon after three o'clock the sun already gilded the lofty summit of Ehrenbreitstein, and the pleasant groves were vocal with the songs of many warblers, whose familiar notes had become pleasant household tones around our American homestead. As I parted from mine host, who seemed pleasantly concerned for the issue of that day's journey, he fondly hoped that I might be welcomed by many kind and happy hearts. Between Coblenz and Bingen the Rhine is surpassingly beautiful. No tongue can adequately tell its merits. My heart leaped for joy as our boat floated swan-like through this world of wonders. But ever and anon would mind and heart dart away from these enchanting scenes, to the terminus of evening. When we passed the Mouse Thurm, whose legend has beguiled many a long winter evening of my childhood, I felt as though I should leap ashore and strike a near cut across the fields. The boat landed, and I, heedless of all the nameless beauties of Bingen and its environs, pushed my way through the crowd



into a coach for Kreuznach, which I reached in a few hours. My impatience would scarcely allow me to take a little refreshment before I set out for Freilanbersheim, a distance of five miles. The road wound through a rolling succession of little hills, which reminded me at every turn of the broad fields of my native Lancaster. A mile before I reached the village the road was arched with trees. When I came to the old graveyard beside the church, I leaned against the wall and yielded to a short spell of meditation. Even (so reasoned I) should I meet no living relatives, it is a source of some pleasure at least to stand by the dust of my ancestors and see the church in which they worshipped. At an inn I made inquiries with circuitous questions, that provoked curious questions, which I evaded so as not to let the news of my arrival run before me. Finally I was told that my paternal uncle was still living. I repaired to his dwelling, where I was received by his son. I inquired after a man from a neighboring village who formerly lived in America. He knew him not, and seemed rather unwilling to have much to do with me. And I must confess that, after climbing mountains for several days through rain and mud, I had somewhat neglected the outward man, so that my appearance was rather against me. Then came his father tottering under the weight of almost four score years, but bearing such a marked resemblance to an old friend of mine, "and more than friend to me," that I could with difficulty conceal my emotion. He knew nothing of the person inquired for; asked me where I was from, and said that he formerly had a brother in America, but evidently must have died, as he had not heard from him for twenty-one years. His son replied that there could be little doubt of his death. I asked where he had lived. I then handed him my father's likeness and asked whether he had ever seen that man. The old gentleman could no longer see it. His son looked at it, then at his father, for it looked so much like him, then at me, while his face expressed a mingled feeling of wonder, joy and regret. I handed him a letter from father, and the sequel I must here let the reader to imagine. In a few moments I was surrounded with a cluster of newly-discovered kindred, and a flock of prattling little cherubs, who seemed unspeakably happy in the acquisition of a new uncle.

There are several interesting ruins near Freilanbersheim. The Castle of Rheingrafenstein, perched on the pinnacle of a rock six hundred feet high, having one side more than perpendicular. Near this is the Castle of Ebernburg, which formerly belonged to Franz von Sickingen, the Knight of the Reformation, and the last of the knights-errant. From here he hurled destruction at the enemies of the Reformation, sheltering within these impregnable heights Melancthon, Bucer and Oecolampadius. And Ulric von Hutten wrote several of his works within its protecting walls. In the immediate vicinity are extensive saline springs and works. They are composed of a collection of long, lofty sheds, filled with faggots. The salt water is raised to the top and repeatedly made to trickle through these so as to evaporate. After this it is boiled in large cauldrons and converted into salt.

The rural life of Germany is very different from that of the United States. Here the farmers all live in villages. The country is entirely clear of scattered farm houses. The farms lie in little patches over



the whole village district. You can seldom find a whole acre together. Farmers owning fifty acres leave their lands in small beds varying from an eighth to an acre. In some villages they approach so near a line that parents are forbidden to divide them any longer. The country is entirely innocent of fences. The larger cattle must be kept in the stable the whole year. Morning and evening the streets are alive with busy females, carrying home large bales of grass on their heads, almost as large as themselves! Every village has its geese-herd, swine-herd and shepherd. Every morning these respective functionaries blow their horns along the street, when geese, swine and sheep come running out of every gateway and alley, each to join its kind, to be led on a common village pasture. Long lines of gabbling geese run through narrow, fenceless foot-paths, without daring to touch a single blade not their own. The shepherds sometimes remain on the neighboring hills for whole weeks. At night they commit their flocks to their dogs. These animals, not very unlike sheep in color and hair, possess a remarkable intelligence and faithfulness. I have seen the shepherd walking carelessly ahead of his flock, while the dogs would run guard on each side. The hungry sheep were tempted to browse among the rank wayside grass, but their inflexible canine honesty would check the slightest appearance of depredations. Landed property is pretty equally distributed. With few exceptions, the poorest have a few patches on which to raise their bread, and the richest have seldom more than fifty acres. In this valley good arable land sells from five to eight hundred dollars an acre, just the bare land, for dwellings are distinct property altogether.

The villages are almost as close together as our farm houses in America. Within four miles of Freilanbersheim there are at least twelve villages, containing a population of from five to fifteen hundred each. Every village has a chief magistrate called Burgermeister, assisted by an adjunct and a town council. Next to the minister the Burgermeister is the most important man in the community, and in some respects even above him. Every marriage must be solemnized by the Burgermeister before it can be done by the minister. The latter is optional, but by the omission of the former the bridegroom will forfeit his citizenship. Moreover, whether villain or saint, he is chief member of the church council—an office corresponding to the eldership in the German Reformed Church of America. Usually my first acquaintance in the village was the minister, and then the Burgermeister. I always found them a gentlemanly and hospitable class of men, worthy to be at the helm of their little commonwealths. Every village has a protestant and catholic church. Sometimes both denominations worship in the same building. Each has a distinct school, in which the pastor is allowed to give religious instruction. On Saturday evening about dusk the church bell rings to announce the end of week-day labor, and to remind the villagers to prepare for Sunday.

When I reached Freilanbersheim there happened to be a wedding in the town. Now a wedding in these rural villages is an occasion of rejoicing in which all the inhabitants feel and take a warm interest. Old grand-ma's take their frolicing little posterity to greet the bride; shy lovers bashfully congratulate the novices in wedlock, while their hearts



beat hopefully for a similar event in their history. Messengers are sent to every house with wedding-cake gifts—in short they are designed to diffuse universal merriment and joy. The news of my arrival was soon carried to the hall of rejoicing. The Burgermeister was consulted to have me brought thither as their guest. He replied, that much as he desired to entertain the son of their ancient Burger, whom a few of their number still remembered with pleasure, that it would be contrary to the rules of etiquette to take so newly arrived a stranger away from the retirement of his happy relatives into the jumbling jollification of a merry marriage day. Weddings are often a key to the manners of a people, and on this account it might have been interesting to the mind of a curious traveler.

The dwellings of these rural villages are all arranged after the same plan. The front is invariably closed. A gateway opens into a court, two of whose sides are occupied by the house and barn, and the remaining sides are usually formed by the rear side of a neighbor's buildings. From this court man and beast enter their respective dwellings, but of course the latter sometimes take undue liberties. This arrangement possesses the advantage of compressing the premises into the smallest possible compass, an important consideration where there is such a scarcity of money and land. In America, where there is enough of both and to spare, man and beast need not be kept in such close proximity. The stock of cattle, like their farms, must necessarily be small. A few farm with horses, more with oxen, and most with cows. In Belgium I saw donkeys struggling along in carts large enough to carry a dozen like themselves. In Holland I saw four and five dogs hitched to wagons and dashing along the streets with reindeer-speed, and here I have seen a cow galloping along the road in a truck-wagon, as if she had been created for that purpose.

Notwithstanding their many oddities, I found much to admire and love in the simple German manners of these rural villages. In this region at least two-thirds of them end in *home*, such as *Bosenheim*, *Engelheim*, *Badenheim*, &c., in itself an indication of the predominant home-feeling of the German family. Their home attachments are intensely strong. Many still live in the house in which their ancestors had lived for five hundred years, and very probably they may remain a family inheritance for five more centuries. For German homesteads are not as evanescent as those in America. Nothing but absolute necessity can compel them to part with their twofold inheritance—their dwelling and the good name of their ancestors. Though devoted to severe and constant toil for a bare living, they are always cheerful and contented. Often did their unsuspecting hospitality press me to their homely fare, where old and young were entertained with mirthful and mournful tales.

“Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around,  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.”

The country around Kreuznach is all drained by the Nahe. From the heights of the Niederwald, opposite Bingen, I took a long parting



view of this charming valley. The view extends near thirty miles. Right before me was the gorge through which the Nahe empties into the Rhine, from which the valley widens into a lake of vegetation, its hills and uplands forming emerald waves, and its valleys dotted with busy villages, here and there some gray ruin raising its frowning walls into the blue sky, while the Nahe like a vital thread binding the whole scene into living harmony, wound its crooked path around ruins, cliffs and meadows, higher and higher, until its attenuated roots were lost in the gorges of the far-distant mountains.

Immediately below Bingen "the Rhine cuts across a chain of mountains running nearly at right angles to the course of its stream. There are good grounds for supposing that at one time (before human record) this range entirely stopped its further progress, damming up the waters behind them into a lake, which extends as far as Basle, and whose existence is further proved by numerous fresh water deposits, shells, &c., to be found in the valley of the Rhine above Mayence. Some earthquake, or perhaps the force of the accumulated waters, must have burst through this mountain wall, and secured for the river a free passage to the ocean." From Bingen upwards the Rhine gradually becomes less interesting, its ruins disappear, while its banks subside into flat lowlands more fertile than romantic.

Germany abounds with mineral springs, which, during the summer season, are numerously visited by persons from all parts of the world. The Germans have a universal custom to visit at least one of these places during the year. Kreuznach has extensive salt springs, whose waters have precisely the taste of epsom salts, a flavor to which I have never been very partial. At Wiesbaden hot springs gush out of the earth, constantly sending up curling clouds of vapor. The water tastes not very unlike chicken broth. While hundreds of invalids had resorted thither to wrench the fruits of over-exertion or dissipation from the system, I happened to find relief of an affliction which had resulted from a very different cause. Every country must have its plague, so Rhine-Hessen must have its fleas. Of all the little annoyances in the wide world of animated nature, whether quadruped, poliped or sinaped, there are none of such taunting annoyance, which are so much everywhere and yet nowhere, as fleas. And here these little airy-nothings possess ambiquity like the frogs of Egypt. I did not inform myself of the chemical properties of these waters, but their medicinal virtues for the cure of fleas are beyond dispute.

In a little more than an hour the cars whirled us from Wiesbaden to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Here for the first time in a foreign land I had the pleasure of leaning back in an easy chair, and opening a budget of news—letters, papers, and above all, The Guardian for May and June, with a group of familiar friends talking wisely therein. This is one of the free towns of Germany, an *imperium in imperio*, and the seat of the German Diet. Its present population is 77,000, of which 6,000 are Jews. The latter all live in one section of the city, called the Judengasse, in which is also the house where the Rothschild family were born. Frankfort is the most interesting German city I have yet met with. Founded by Charlemagne, afterwards a rallying point for the Crusaders,



once the capital of the German Empire, the birth-place of Goethe, and, along with these, possessing beauties of natural scenery—bounded on one side by the Main, and its other sides fringed with parks and promenades. These properties make it a city which few visitors leave without regret. Here you have all the advantages of the Past with the conveniences of the present. In fact—

“The Past  
Contending with the Present, and by turns  
Each has the mastery.”

Outside the wall a new city is rapidly rising, composed of princely dwellings, mostly the homes of bankers and retired gentlemen. Some of these also reside in a new part of the old town within the walls. The old town proper has narrow streets, quaint, lofty buildings, five and six stories high, each ascending story projecting over the others, until the attics almost meet. During rainy weather, which I had the misfortune to meet here again, these overhanging projections form a complete shelter. From the narrowness of the streets those in the upper stories can not well observe the passing crowd below. To obviate this difficulty mirrors are placed in front of the windows, consisting of two pieces of glass, the one reflecting up the other down the street. These form a certain angle with the street, so as to reflect the scene below and bring it right on the window. While the German lady sits quietly sewing or reading at the window, she can see all the fashions and follies of the crowd passing before her window alone, the unobserved of all observers.

The Romesberg is an old building containing the Kaisersaal and other rooms used by the old German emperors and their senates. In one corner of this is a building which Luther occupied. In the Cathedral is the Election Chapel in which forty-six emperors were chosen and afterwards crowned in front of the high altar. The house in which Goethe was born looks remarkably fresh for its age. Here his stern, unamiable father had his altercation with the French officer. Here his tender mother played the mediator between the harsh father and his affrighted son. Here the boy-Goethe played and powdered, dreamed and despaired over his “Gretche.” And not very far from this, at the Cathedral, was the gorgeous display of the Imperial Coronation, which wrought so powerfully on his youthful imagination. On the middle of the bridge over the Main, on an iron post, stands the golden cock, at which the little fellow used to marvel with curious cogitations.

Hitherto I have had little to do with commisionaries, or special guides. In Brussels, where I was ignorant of the language, I yielded to the importunate offers of one at a stipulated fee, who said he could “*explicate*” every thing in English. But I soon found this about all he knew. He regretted that I could not understand German. I told him he should let me have it in German, but he knew still less of that. He ran me through muddy streets for an hour after the very objects least worth seeing, and took me through an ordeal of gesticulating “*explications*” that were painful to see and hear. While passing through the Cathedral I noticed him making his devotions and genu-



flections at the images, and thought the man after all had some religious principle about him. But we had scarcely crossed the threshold before he demanded a double fee! Poor man—

“Even in penance planning sins anew.”

At Antwerp I was besieged by a set with unusual tenacity. I told them in German, English and broken French I did not want them. But still they followed, placing themselves before me to hinder my progress until I felt my situation exceedingly awkward. I put down my traveling bag and drew myself up at full length in an attitude which they interpreted very correctly and speedily disappeared. At Worms a crowd discovered me at a distance coming from the depot, who tried to outrun each other for the job with such scrambling speed, that I narrowly escaped from a serious collision.

After spending a week in the monotonous plain of the Rhine, I found a pleasant relief in getting to Heidelberg. It is situated in a mountain opening through which the Neckar issues into the valley of the Rhine. It stretches its narrow length along the banks of this stream, with a towering range of projecting and receding mountains on both sides, and the view on the third blocked up with the same at a short distance, so that the only clear view is towards the Rhine through the mouth of the little Neckar Valley. One would suppose that a city surrounded by such natural ramparts could easily avert the assaults and calamities of war; but Heidelberg, like its neighbors, has passed through scenes of terrific carnage. It has repeatedly been sacked, plundered and destroyed, and its present flourishing condition is a proof of its tenacious vitality. Its university ranks among the first of its kind in Europe. It has a history of nearly five hundred years, and has numbered among its faculty, stars of the first magnitude. These German students have a martial ferocity that is truly appalling. At Heidelberg they sometimes have four and five duels a week. They had several while I was there.

Heidelberg Castle, the residence of the Electors of the Palatinate, is in ruins. But an invigorating atmosphere surrounds it even in its decay. Large gardens are planted around it, with winding, shady avenues, before which its old crippled walls raise their firm battlements, gray with the dust of many a siege. Above the Castle is the Königstuhl, surmounted by a lofty tower 1752 feet above the level of the sea. The spire of the Munster at Strasburg can be seen from this on a clear day, a distance of ninety miles. From the summit of this mountain the army of the fierce and cruel Tilly belched fiery destruction upon the ill-fated city during the Thirty Years' War. On the opposite side of the Neckar is the Heiligeberg; along its side a long road winds through vineyards, called the Philosopher's Walk, because the professors used to promenade along here. I found it pleasant of an evening to stroll along this sequestered path, and listen to the merry hum of departing day. Far below, the rolling stream made a rippling melody, the city swarmed through its doors and streets, while streams of busy idlers from every nation strolled through walks and avenues above the Castle, chattering merrily in indistinguishable confusion. And then, to crown the whole, the town-clock would toll the knell of the expired day. First a



little one would strike the hour in soft and feeble notes, then another in louder peals; and so each in its turn, like so many sentinels heralding along their line important news, until the last and largest struck a deep and mournful knell, which vibrated from hill to hill, until the last of that day died faintly and forever away in the deep solitude of the distant glen.

Spire, on the opposite side of the Rhine, and several hours ride from Heidelberg, is less distinguished for the beauty of its scenery than its interesting history. The Reformed were first called Protestants at Spire, because they protested against the decisions of a Diet held in a church still existing. The Cathedral of Spire is an edifice of unusual interest. There is nothing very striking about its exterior except its massiveness, but its interior merits are rarely equalled. Beneath its pavement formerly reposed the remains of eight German emperors, but the ravages of war have made it uncertain how many are left. In the middle of the 12th century St. Bernard visited Spire in behalf of the Crusades, and preached with great fervor in the Cathedral. One sermon, flashing with impassionate eloquence, had such an effect upon the king that he interrupted him in the midst of his discourse, requested him to hand him the cross from the altar, and from this on the Powers of Germany took a vigorous part in the prosecution of the Crusades. To say nothing of its magnificent fresco workings, of its grand and gilded arches, it contains one of the most splendid collections of scriptural paintings in northern Europe. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and especially when it bodies forth in lively and impressive forms the beauties of Revelation and the graces of the Christian Religion. Its long nave is hung with twenty-four paintings, representing prophecies of the Saviour, commencing with the fall and events of his history until the day of Pentecost. Standing at the west end you look through a long vista of perspective, lined with these splendid paintings, which terminates in a dome above the high altar, towards which they all look, in whose center is a large painting of Jesus Christ, the Lamb, slain for the salvation of the world, and a Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec. Around him, in the two transepts, are "a cloud of witnesses"—apostles, martyrs and confessors, the first ripe fruits of his finished redemption. The paintings are modern and have been procured through the liberality of the King of Bavaria.

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#### THE HOMESTEAD.

It is not as it used to be,  
 When you and I were young;  
 When round each elm and maple tree  
 The honeysuckles clung;  
 But still I love the cottage where  
 I passed my early years,  
 Though not a single face is there  
 That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!  
 The moss is on the roof,  
 And from their nests beneath the eaves,  
 The swallows keep aloof.

The robins—how they used to sing  
 When you and I were young;  
 And how did flit the wild bee's wing  
 The opening flowers among!

It is not as it used to be!  
 The voices loved of yore,  
 And the forms we were wont to see,  
 We hear and see no more.  
 No more! Alas, we look in vain,  
 For those to whom we clung,  
 And love as we can love but once,  
 When you and I were young.



### THE PLOW, THE RAKE, AND THE HOE.

A song for the golden past—  
 And the high old forest trees—  
 A song for the curls of the ladies fair,  
 Out floating upon the breeze ;  
 A song for the knightly halls of Spain,  
 With their chivalry long ago—  
 But a song of songs for the farmers' tools,  
 The plow, the rake, and the hoe.

A shout for the men of war !  
 From the blood-red field they come ;  
 They look for the world to rise with awe  
 At the sound of their life and drum !  
 Hark ! how the rabble cheer,  
 On hill and valley low—  
 We'll heed them not for our song shall be  
 Of the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

Oh, a farmer's the man of men !  
 With sinews like cords of steel,  
 With a kingly step and a flashing eye,  
 And a heart that is made to feel—  
 To feel the boundings of joy,  
 And throb at the sight of woe,  
 Then sing a song for noble knight  
 Of the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

Come forth, thou son of toil,  
 The earth, like bridesmaid gay,  
 Is putting on a carpet of verdure down,  
 For the feet of the blue-eyed May.  
 Come forth—with a lavish hand  
 Thy seed in the furrows sow—  
 While we gaily join in a cheering song,  
 For the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

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### WHAT CHRIST DID FOR YOU.

For you he left his home on high ;  
 For you to earth he came to die !  
 For you he slumbered in a manger ;  
 For you to Egypt fled, a stranger :  
 For you he dwelt with fishermen ;  
 For you he slept in cave and glen :  
 For you abuse he meekly bore ;  
 For you a crown of thorns he wore :  
 For you he braved Gethsemane ;  
 For you he hung upon the tree :  
 For you his final feast was made ;  
 For you by Judas was betrayed :  
 For you by Peter was denied ;  
 For you by Pilate crucified !  
 For you his precious blood was shed ;  
 For you he slept among the dead !  
 For you he rose with might at last ;  
 For you beyond the skies he passed :  
 For you he came, at God's command ;  
 For you he sits at his right hand !



## ATLANTIC CITY.

BY AILIE WILSON.

MIDDLE Pennsylvanians need hardly go to the sea-shore for health. To the jaded and care-worn of the cities, it is a luxury to get a mouthful of God's free, fresh air, and up here amid our grand old mountains we have it. But there is an old Scotch ballad that runs some how this, if our memory is a faithful servitor:

“Too much rest is rust;  
There is ever cheer in changing;  
We tire by too much triest,  
So we'll be up and ranging.”

Therefore, leaving the Girard House at seven, we were taken along Water street to Vine street wharf, where we took the boat for Camden. The annals say that there was a deep gulch came down here, and this street was at first called Valley street, and it was by way of distinction called the landing, as it was the only opening in the bank, and here stood the Penny Pot-House. No trace of Penny Pots now-a-days.

We take the Atlantic city cars at Camden, and, bating a few curves near Camden, we have a straight level road, over the Jersey sand, all the way through, sixty miles. We have heard of Jersey sands before, but never paid such particular attention to them. Where the eternal pine had been cut off there was a second growth of scrub-oak, and this was about all one could see. Occasionally there was an opening at some town. Everything looked Jersey-like—that is, nothing we saw looked out of place. Some of the roofs were painted red—it looked natural. We got a peep at the back part of Waterford; all the houses were age-darkened, a story and a half, perhaps two stories, weather-boarded, with a back kitchen attached, slant and slab-roofed, all exactly alike—it looked quite probable. The corn grew up in fields of white sand—it looked consonant to nature. As a general thing it was a very unmeaning ride, until we got within six or eight miles of Atlantic city; then opened upon us a most magnificent view of what they call the Salt Meadows. Far out one broad sea of green, until bound by a blue streak—if we were up in mid-Pennsylvania we would have called it a mountain, but here it was old Ocean; and what seemed giant trees, towering above the common herd of the forest, were the masts and sails of vessels.

Atlantic City is six or eight miles from Absecon, and about sixty above Cape May. We saw nothing but hotels and stores. The cars ran down to one of the lower hotels, then came back to the United States Hotel, where we got out with the crowd, and followed through a gauntlet of porters, nurses and children, and visitors, who all swarm to the front to see the new comers. Give our checks to the porter, enter our names, get a room—way up—get the Jersey sand and ashes out of our ears, nose and mouth, and come down to look around. Walk into



the bar-room—saw a man drinking a glass full of something, looked like wine, but on drawing water from the cooler, discover that to be the color of the water, perfectly tasteless and good, and said to be healthy.

Not wishing to appear “green,” and wondering where the Ocean is, we stroll to the back part of the hotel, where we hear the roar, and follow a plank walk. On attaining a rise of sand of about twenty feet, the roar is loud and full, and Old Ocean bursts on our sight in all its grandeur. The sand is white, and far out over the blue we see a ridge of white—the crest of the waves that breaks over the bar so dangerous to mariners. The shore is strewn with wrecks. This is one of the most dangerous coasts along our Atlantic shore. Here where we stand is a wrecked hull that has been laying here for fourteen years. Down there are two that have been washed in within a few years. One, last spring a year. Here it was that vessel was wrecked and four hundred lives lost. The beach is strewn with spars, masts, rudders, spikes and bolts, telling of deeds “all Thy doing.” There used to be a buoy out there, but a schooner run into it lately and sunk it. The Government is building a light-house, which will hereafter give safety to the mariner. About a hundred yards from the beach are rows of little houses, which look like jew stores; on poles are hung pants, coats and straw hats to dry, and these we discover are hired to the bathers. We walked along the beach, and the waves came up to our feet—“thus far and no farther.” We looked at the bathers awhile, and as each wave came rolling in, there was such a cheery, joyous shout, that we started immediately for the little houses, and issued forth dressed in red-flannel breeches, with a white stripe down each leg, and a jacket that put us in mind of the “witty sark” of Tam O’Shanter’s witch, of the same material faced with white, and a broad-brimmed straw hat. Being rather timid we only adventured to where the breakers dash, and before time for much reflection had our heels knocked from under us, and nose and ears filled with salt water, and left high and dry on the beach by the receding wave. Following others, we soon floated like a cork, beyond the breakers. The waves came in ten feet or more high, and a dexterous duck left you on the other side, while it spent its force on the beach. How possible things are in nature! Here a rope of sand binds the Ocean in its might.

Every wave seemed to penetrate to one’s “inards,” and reinvigorate in a wonderful degree. The sun shines bright and cloudless above, and it, with the sand, made it seem that it must be hot. But the constant breeze makes it cool as a summer evening embalmed by the zephyr.

We dine at two. The dining-room of this hotel is upwards of two hundred feet long; and down that long array of four tables we see not a familiar face. The afternoon is spent in lounging. Up out of the white sand grow stunted pine and chestnut. But they do not grow more than twenty feet—not higher than the ridge of sand between this and the beach. The sharp winter winds prevent further attainment. We saw a map of the city in the bar-room magnificent in its proportions, but now only in its embryo state.

In the evening we took chairs and sat down on the beach. This was the most magnificent and suggestive scene.



“ When evening spreads her banquet in the west,  
And sup’d in glory with her parting guest ;  
When the fair fingers of the night unrolls  
Her starry lettered and mysterious scroll.”

We saw the “departing guest,” and the splendor of his train lingered in our sight. Then the moon, at first dimmed by clouds, rose in full majesty, mounting her white throne, studded with brilliants, and though she no doubt mirrored herself in every wave with unfavorable loveliness, yet there was one long track of light, which seemed a highway far across the waters for the ships to go. The solemn roar of the ocean, the summer lightning that played amid the dark mass of clouds that lay towering upon the right, the storied sky, shaped—

“ With influence of unmeasured might,  
The mind’s creations and the soul’s delight.”

Many groups of men, women and children strolled along the beach, but there was no talking, or if there was it was in whispered words. Many sat gazing out upon the ocean, what their “mind’s creations” were, who can tell? It was indeed a suggestive scene. And as we sat and gazed, there came up from the well of memory, dripping fresh, words which we had read in boyhood, and which seemed clean gone forever, until this “influence of unmeasured might” raised them :

“ Do you ask me how I’d amuse me  
When the long bright summer comes,  
And welcome leisure woos me  
To shun life’s crowded homes ;  
To shun the crowded city,  
Whose dense oppressive air,  
Might make one weep with pity  
For those who must be there ?”

And after telling of many places he would not go, which we cannot read, he continues :

“ No—I’d seek some shore of Ocean,  
Where nothing comes to mar  
The ever fresh commotion  
Of land and sea at war ;  
Save the gentle evening only  
As it steals along the deep,  
So spirit-like and lonely  
To still the waves to sleep.

“ These long hours I’d spend in viewing  
The elemental strife,  
My soul the while subduing  
With the littleness of life ;  
Of life with all its paltry plans,  
Its conflicts and its cares—  
The feebleness of all that’s man’s,  
The might that’s God’s and theirs.

“ And when we came I’d listen  
To the stilling of that war,  
Till o’er my peace would glisten



The first pure evening star ;  
Then, wandering homeward slowly,  
I'd learn my heart the tune  
Which the dreaming bil'ows lowly  
Were murmuring to the moon."

We went out at four o'clock in the morning. It was a grand, glad and glorious scene. Many gentlemen go to bathe at this time, as it can be done without being trammelled with the flannel regimentals, as by an ordinance, between the hours of seven in the morning and nine in the evening, no one is allowed to go into the surf, unless properly clothed.

We left Atlantic city with much regret. Coming up the cars run over a cow, running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and made a narrow escape of being killed. We were amused at an old gray-headed man, who, looking around awhile, said, "Well, I came near being killed, but death wouldn't have cheated me out of many years."

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## W O M A N .

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of a wounded affection. With her, the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshments of sleep are poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

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## THE SLEEPING DISCIPLES.

SLEEP weighed their eyelids down. Oblivion, slow,  
Stole o'er their senses, as upon the grass  
They waiting sat, till that dread hour should pass  
Whose fearful grief—whose unimagined woe  
He, only He, their suffering Lord could know !  
And there they slept ! O, cruel friends ! and ye  
Could sleep while, lone and bowed in anguish, He,  
Your Master, groaned in pangs whose every throe  
Was keen as death ! And there he found them ! Who,  
Oh, who can tell the added pang that wrung  
The Saviour at that sight ! And could ye not  
Watch with me one short hour ? O, how they stung,  
Those words of meek reproach, to be forgot  
Ne'er till their hearts should cease life's pulses to renew ?



## THE BRIDGE AHEAD!

BY THE EDITOR.

Don't cross the bridge before you come to it,  
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

THERE is a class of persons whose troubles and difficulties are always some distance ahead of them. They do not reach them, but have them always in sight, and are in great dread of them. They are getting along very well to-day, but what of to-morrow! They are provided for in the summer, but how will they pass the coming winter? They can get along themselves, but how will it be with their children? There is always some fearful apparition looking with terrible menacing toward them out of the dim distance before them; and oh, when they get there! They are laboring to cross the bridge before they have come to it.

How many of our troubles after all are troubles ahead of us, to which we have not yet come; and, what is more, will perhaps never come to them. They are only crossing our path, or perhaps going away from us, and will not be there when we come. We seek for our troubles like children seek for golden spoons when the arch of the rainbow rests on the earth; when we reach the spot where we see them, or imagine we see them, they are still farther away. They move as we move; and we are always trying to cross the bridge before we come to it.

Could we divide our troubles into two parts, putting those ahead of us on one side, and those actually with us on the other, we should find that the *coming* troubles would be far more than those which have come. Our present troubles may be enough, but we increase them by imaginary ones ahead. The lips of wisdom have said: Sufficient to the day are the evils of the day; and if we crowd the evils of to-morrow into to-day we make them too many, and we are trying to cross the bridge before we come to it.

Here is a man brought suddenly to a stand. He has met a hard knot of duty. He sees that it ought to be laid hold of, and feels that a certain course in regard to it is right; but what will the consequences be! Perhaps he is a pastor: there is a reigning sin in his congregation to be reproved. There is a point at which discipline should be applied. He sees it all, and knows it all. The duty is plain. But what will the consequences be! Ah, the trouble ahead troubles him. Instead of fighting the giant aside of him, he is imagining how dreadful will be the war with the giants before him. Let such an one do present duty, and meet troubles as they come. He will find that there is a God of providence who has made it our duty to do right, and who will make the consequences right when we faithfully do our duty. He will find, like Don Quixotte, that what seemed an army ahead will be but rattling windmills when he gets to them. It is no more our duty to be frightened from the path of right by probable consequences ahead, than it is our duty to cross the bridge before we come to it.

Here is a young man in whose bosom has long burned an ardent desire to enjoy a liberal education. Besides this he has strong drawings



toward the office of the holy ministry. Even now he feels it to be his duty, and he has strong fears that he can never be happy in any other calling. He would long since set out in the way of his desires, but the difficulties ahead! He is poor. His friends will oppose him. The course of study is long. His labors cannot be dispensed with at home. He is entangled in the business of some other calling. He would have to forfeit some important worldly interests and advantages. What an array of terrible troubles lie in his path before him, it is true; yet he feels as if they must all be plain, and the path perfectly clear to the end, before he starts a step. He wants to cross the bridge before he comes to it. How he deceives himself. Does he not see how many others have started out with all these troubles ahead; and how they have overcome them as they met them, and reached the end of their desires? What has been done, can be done; and what is more, what is to be done, ought to be done bravely, and it must be done if the current of life is to run in the right direction. Young man, gird yourself and go forward; and be not so foolish as to spend your time in vain attempts to cross the bridge before you come to it.

Here is a christian—perhaps an afflicted one. He can bear his present trials, but how will he bear what is to come. He has courage now, but fears the giants of gloom in the path ahead. He does not know—or he forgets it—that strength is given as the day is; and that it is given in the day when it is needed, not before—grace suited to prosperity and to adversity; grace for health and grace for sickness; grace to live by and grace to die by; grace in the time of need, as it is needed, and in the degree needed. He forgets all this, and is quailing in view of troubles ahead; he is in agony to cross the bridge before he comes to it.

Ho! all ye who are ready to fall before the war begun, give your folly to the winds and be wise. Remember who hath said: Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; why then seek ye to crowd to-morrow into to-day, and thus increase the troubles that are by the troubles to come. Why do you labor to cross the bridge before you come to it.

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#### LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little children, flowers from heaven,  
Strewn on earth by God's own hand;  
Earnest emblems to us given,  
From the fields of angel-land;  
    Life adorning,  
    Gems of morning,  
From the fields of angel-land!

Little children, blessed creatures,  
Kindly sent with us to stay;  
Let us ever kindly treat them—  
Childhood's hours soon pass away.  
    Yes, we feel it,  
    Years reveal it—  
Childhood's hours soon flee away.



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"DARK CORNERS."

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BY THE EDITOR.

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MEN do not feel as they ought, how much the well-being of individuals, of families, and of nations depends upon the influence of the church. It is truly the salt of the earth—the great, all-pervading preservative element: It is truly the light of the world, shedding beams of brightness and beauty upon all individual thought and feeling, and upon every social relation in the family and the State.

As a plain illustration of the truth of what we say, we need but refer to communities and circles of social life where the influences of the church is only feebly felt. There are in all country regions, as well as in cities, places which are familiarly called "dark corners"—places of ignorance and immorality, where the inhabitants are sunken to a low level of debasement, and where there is little refinement and higher social cultivation. In such places there is no church-going, and all its elevating influences are repelled and debarred. Parents are ignorant and low in their thoughts and feelings; youths are permitted to herd about without any aims or impulses above the instincts of an animal mind; the minds and affections of children grow wild and wayward without any direction as to the true meaning and end of human life. Such "corners" are always the pest-spots of the communities in the midst of which they exist. They are like stagnant pools, breeding reptiles and fearful things, while they send sickening and death-working malaria into all healthful regions around. What do such places need but the purifying and preserving salt of religion. Let the light of the church penetrate their darkness, let religion enter those abodes, let those families be made christian families, let the youth be brought under the elevating power of the church, and let the children be nurtured in its sanctifying bosom, and the "dark corner" will soon become bright, and the moral swamp of stagnant pools will give place to a garden of the Lord.

The influence of the church, if permitted to enter such a "dark corner," would not only change the thoughts and feelings of those who have dwelt in darkness, but it would silently work change in their outward temporal condition. Idleness would give place to industry, cleanliness would take the place of filth in their abodes and in their clothing, rags would disappear and children would go forth in that tidiness which is a mark of true civilization; and a higher interest in one another would appear between husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, as well as in social life generally. No one can deny this influence to religion. Its influence upon industry, cleanliness, and general outward refinement and prosperity is as clear as facts existing around us everywhere can make it. The degradation of the spirit is the source of all degradation; and when it is without religion there can be no true elevation beneath it. Christianity is the golden cord which binds hearts,



families and communities up to God and heaven; when that is broken off, hearts, and families, and communities will soon be turned into "dark corners."

Such "dark corners" always have some prominent ruling peculiarity about them. If they are in the country, they generally surround some low tavern or beer-shop. They are the places where shooting-matches, rafflings, and rude "hoe-down" dances are held. Here the old vultures linger and hang about, to allure the younger ones to the carcass. The ruling spirit of the place is ignorance and vice. You also generally find one or two "smart" infidels, or some pert universalists, who "know the scriptures," around the place, acting in the way of pastors to breathe a pleasant, soothing influence upon any troublings of conscience that may arise. Hence you almost always find that such a "dark corner" is at the same time either an infidel or universalist nest. It can only preserve itself, and keep out the influence of religion by keeping up some bitter prejudices against the church, its ministers and its people. We recollect one instance in which the tavern-keeper himself acted as priest over the "dark corner" which surrounded him. He "knew the scriptures," he could "speak out of the scriptures like a preacher," and he could make it as plain as daylight to the red-noses ranged around him, that inasmuch as "there was no hell," that therefore of such as they were would be the kingdom of heaven! On the way home to their desolate families and ignorant children, they would blubber to one another, "What a smart man; how he can explain the scriptures; that is just what I always said." Thus are the festering wounds of the soul soothed, and there is the cry of peace to those who sit in the darkness of their own misery, in sure prospect of still deeper gloom.

What does such a "dark corner" need?—what but the church. There is no help for it, but in that which it hates. It is strange that such corners are often so long and entirely neglected by the church. Do you ask what is to be done for them? The answer is plain—plant a church into their midst. But you say there is one long-established within a mile of it, so that there is no room for one more. True—but they will not go to it, you must take the church to them. We mistake when we expect the darkness of the world to advance toward the light. They will not do it—they never did it. The light must seek them out. Christ did not wait for men to seek him, he went in search of them. Christianity is aggressive—it must be so. Go ye into the lanes, and dark places, do not wait for them to come to you. Go into these "dark corners" with the Sabbath-school, the Bible-class, the Church. Raise the standard in the midst of them. The light will then work its way. If it is too late to redeem the old, you can preserve the young; and if the church has the children of the present generation, it will have the parents of the next.

He that plants a tree is so far a benefactor to those who come after him; how much more he who erects a tent of the Lord in a "dark corner." Let it be ever so humble, it is a beginning that will work its own way. The tent may become a temple in the end; and there may be a "latter house" which will be greater in glory to that of the former. Christian reader, turn your attention towards that "dark corner" near



you. There is a work for you there to do. Christian pastor, see that a small church is built in that neglected by-place, and you may live to see that "dark corner" a city on a hill.

### FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT.

[The newspapers announce that some man of wealth is about making arrangements to erect a monument in memory of Dr. Franklin. The writer of the following lines deems such a movement is derogatory to the honor of Franklin—implying as it does the apprehension that Franklin may be forgotten.]

BY JAMES AIKEN.

AYE! build his monument; but make it not  
Of stone. Never insult his glorious memory  
By the most false and stupid implication  
That, like a hot-house plant, it must be nursed.

The mighty fame of Franklin!—what is 't like?  
'Tis like the flaming pillar sent of God,  
To lead the hosts of Israel on their way.  
And now behold ye! this rich man is troubled  
Because this pillar has no stone-heap built  
On which to lean when weary! Kind-hearted soul!  
Go get some sticks and prop the azure sky,  
Lest peradventure it may tumble down  
And its blue fragments, though they are made of nothing,  
Shall spoil the shape of that soft head of thine!

Build Franklin's monument! I'll tell you how!  
Take up the work which Franklin had begun:  
Go teach the ignorant—go feed the poor,  
Harness the lightning to Progression's car,  
And make the mighty elements perform  
For lordly man the drudgery of slaves.  
Make man supreme—let matter be the serf,  
And toil as Franklin toiled for this great end:  
To snatch from slavery every human soul.

Build Franklin's monument! Why look ye, friend,  
Seest thou that row of telegraphic posts,  
With wires overdrawn across the continent?  
While these remain, they utter Franklin's name  
In thundertones which echo round the world,  
Waking the nations to the morn of Freedom!  
Build Franklin's monument! Why only look—  
See yonder stately dome with lofty spire—  
Beauty and grandeur blended into one!  
High above all, and pointing to the sky,  
What see'st thou? Why Ben Franklin's monument!

I almost fancy 'tis old Ben himself,  
Standing with head erect, and eye serene,  
To catch and strangle with Herculean strength  
From the black cloud the burning thunderbolt!  
Rest safe below, sweet smiling sleeping babe!  
Ben Franklin's genius guards thy gentle head,  
And when thou art a man, within thy heart  
Shall be erected FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT.



## LIFE AND TIMES OF ZWINGLI.\*

Too little, we are sorry to say, is known in this country by the majority of readers concerning the eventful career of Ulric Zwingli, the compeer of Luther, the fearless champion of truth, and the religious warrior of the Reformation. Hitherto our means of information in regard to him have been extremely limited, being confined, for the most part, to several extremely meagre and defective biographies, written by men differing from him in doctrinal points, and totally deficient in that sympathy of thought and feeling which is absolutely necessary, in order that his motives and his course be presented to the reader in a proper light, that a just estimate of his character may be formed. The lucid narrative of D'Aubigne, on the Reformation, it is true, gave us a more complete and authentic sketch of him than any we before possessed; but still, the necessity of a life, well written, sufficiently comprehensive, and relieved from all foreign and extraneous matter, was felt to be a desideratum. Germany has long had several valuable biographies of him, but for want of a translator, their contents have remained inaccessible to most American readers. The book we have placed at the head of this article, we are happy to say, obviates this deficiency, and we are placed in possession of the best and most reliable history of this great man and his times, that has thus far made its appearance. Professor Porter, well known as the translator of numerous valuable works from the German, among which we may mention a most excellent and graceful version of that masterpiece of German literary art, the "*Herman and Dorothea*" of Gœthe, has accomplished an undertaking for which we thank him most heartily. In this article we shall attempt to give the reader a general idea of the work, quoting liberally therefrom as our purposes may demand, although well aware how imperfect such an attempt must necessarily be.

Ulric Zwingli was born on the first day of January, 1484, in the small village of Wildhaus, of parents in moderate circumstances, but pious inclinations. So far as can be ascertained at this distant day, the creed of the old Arabian philosophers, who maintained that the advent of every great man was heralded by some wonderful supernatural manifestation, was not verified at the birth of the Swiss reformer. Neither the heavens nor the earth gave mysterious signs that a child was born who in his manhood should wield a spiritual power which caused monarchs to tremble, and kingdoms to totter, and whose mighty influence, increasing day by day, will yet give the final blow that is to overthrow the spiritual ascendancy of that church, whose corruptions and wickedness form so foul a blot upon the religious nature of the human family, that the purification of ages seems almost unable to obliterate the stain.

Although partaking somewhat of the nature of the rugged Alpine region in which he lived, the youthful Zwingli early displayed a lively

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\* THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ULRIC ZWINGLI. Translated from the German of J. J. Hottinger, by Prof. T. C. Porter, of Franklin and Marshall College, Pa. pp. 421.



appreciation of the beauties of his mountain home, and a taste for learning, which placed him far in advance of his young associates. It was his fortune to have two uncles who had embraced the clerical profession, and to their early instructions it is doubtless owing that his own inclinations were directed towards the church. So far had he progressed in his studies, by the assistance of these relatives, that in his tenth year he was prepared to enter the grammar-school at Basle. Our author gives us a most lively and interesting picture of the manner in which instructions were imparted at that day, which it would afford us much pleasure to quote did our space permit, but we must hasten on to the stirring times that awaited the school-boy of Wildhaus. To an extreme fondness for scientific studies, Zwingli added an ardent love of the classics. The Greek and Roman authors were a source of constant pleasure: the matchless odes of the fiery Pindar were his particular study and delight; "and no author," he was accustomed to say, "serves so well for the interpretation of the holy scriptures, especially of the Psalms and Job, which rival him in sublimity." Besides giving his mind the necessary mental discipline, to the study of the early classic historians, may be ascribed those political views which had so important a bearing upon his after life. His sound judgment and sagacity well qualified him to detect the intrigues and corruptions that were practiced by those in authority during the palmy days of Greece and Rome, and the lessons thus taught him went far in molding his religious as well as his political career. To his other attainments he added an extraordinary talent for music, and his proficiency in this department was a source of constant remark.

From Basle he went to Bearn; three years of constant study at this place qualified him to enter the University of Vienna, which he accordingly did in 1499. A residence of two years at this renowned seat of learning put him in possession of such attainments as would insure him success in whatever direction his inclinations might lead him. Shortly after leaving the university he accepted the situation of teacher of languages in a school at Basle. This was in 1502, at which time his public career may be said properly to commence. It was at this time that Zwingli was first led to think of the church as a profession. Hitherto his devotion to his studies had been so constant as to leave him little leisure to look about him, but now the errors and corruptions which he saw existing everywhere around him in the church, induced him to turn his efforts in that channel, hoping by a bold and upright course to bring about the reformation which was so much needed. The Bishop of Constance ordained him to the ministry in 1506, and shortly afterwards he entered upon the discharge of his duties as pastor to the congregation in Glarus, the principal town in the Canton of St. Gall. Here were first enunciated those truths from which the Roman church never has, and let us hope, never will recover.

Zwingli now devoted himself entirely to the arduous duties of his new calling. Henceforth to study and expound the scriptures was to be the chief aim of his existence. Discarding the verbiage and hollow philosophy which ignorant commentators and ambitious controversialists had thrown around the Bible, he sought by a thorough and accurate



examination of the Holy Scriptures, in the original tongue, to acquire their true meaning and spirit. Not only did he thus labor for his own improvement, but the circle of young friends whom he had gathered around him, were stimulated by his example, and encouraged by his friendly and unostentatious aid, to pursue a similar course. He lived to obtain the reward which these exertions so well deserved. In the trying times of his after life, the friends to whom he had imparted his own firm and heroic spirit, rallied around him to a man, and were prepared with strong arms and resolute hearts to sustain their leader in the fierce conflict of faith that gathered over them. The disposition of Zwingli seems to have been of a most amiable and attractive character. Every one with whom he was brought into contact, was drawn into still closer bonds of fellowship and love by the quiet humor and geniality of his nature, and so strong was his desire to know all in whom he thought he recognized a kindred spirit, that he left no means untried to gain their friendship: this it was that induced him, soon after his installation at Glarus, to travel to Basle for the purpose of obtaining the friendship of Erasmus.

Before Zwingli was much known in the religious world, he had already taken an active part and was well known in politics. A nature as ardent as his could not stand aloof and quietly contemplate the political questions that were agitating the Swiss Confederacy at that time. If the study of the classics had taught him to hate the corruptions that had crept into the administration of governmental affairs, they had no less stimulated and roused the slumbering warlike spirit within him, and we accordingly find him following the banner of his Canton to the field, in the war that was then existing between the Pope and the French. Although it may appear somewhat singular to us, to find the minister accompanying the warlike hosts to the field of conflict, yet we find it to have been the general custom in those days, and so well did the chaplain of Glarus acquit himself in his Italian campaign, that the Pope granted him a pension as an acknowledgement of his valuable services. He espoused the cause of his countrymen with his whole soul, and incited every one to do likewise. To a wavering friend he writes thus: "Read Sallust's description of the wars of Jugurtha and Catiline's conspiracy. See in the former the insolence, the artifices and the lust of power of a single aristocrat and how far the love of money can lead; in the latter, what gifts can do, and how they can embolden those who are bribed by them. Let Appian of Alexandria then picture to you the distraction of citizens and civil war, with banishment and its consequence." The earliest historical production of Zwingli extant is a most graphic account of this campaign in Italy, written in Latin, an admirable translation of which is given in the work before us. It bears the stamp of sincerity, and shows how strongly he was impressed with the justness of the cause in which he had participated.

Notwithstanding the manifold duties that demanded his constant care and attention, Zwingli also cultivated at this time the graces of polite literature. Many of his poems, written at this period, are still in existence. As a specimen of his vigorous and lucid style, and also to show how thoroughly republican he was in all his thoughts and feelings, we append the following extract, from a poem called a "Poetic Fable:"



“Where Bribery can show its face,  
There Freedom has no dwelling place.  
And such a blessing Freedom is,  
That boldly Sparta, as we wis,  
Unto Hydarnes gave reply :  
‘Freedom must stand by Bravery  
Sheltered and guarded evermore.’  
Amid the bloody ranks of war,  
Amid the fearful dance of death,  
Let gleaming swords drawn from the sheath,  
And sharp-edged spears and axes be  
Thy guardians, golden Liberty !  
But, where a brutish heart is met,  
And by a tempting bribe beset,  
There noble Freedom, glorious boon !  
And name and blood of friends too soon  
Are cheaply prized and rudely torn  
The oaths in holy covenant sworn.”

It cannot be supposed, that the bold and unusual course of conduct Zwingli marked out for himself, could be pursued without attracting the attention of the dignitaries of the church. The universal favor and esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, excited the jealousy of preachers less fortunate than himself, and the peculiar dogmas he advocated, so utterly at variance with the usually received cultus of the Church, furnished them with a powerful weapon to bring him into discredit with the Apostolic See. Nor did they neglect to avail themselves of this potent means to secure his discomfiture. The Roman Church at that time as now, regarded with extreme suspicion and jealousy every attempted innovation on any of its established doctrines, and accordingly his enemies found willing ears to receive these rumors of his heterodoxy. Neither were the accusations brought against him altogether of a religious character. Far from it. Numberless other charges were laid to his account. His participation in politics was held up in a condemnatory light, and so it may even appear to some in our own day; but let such persons look at his conduct in connection with the times, and let them not judge him from a stand-point in the latter half of the nineteenth century. His private life was also rudely, and to some extent, justly assailed. He tells us himself his early years were marked by many indiscretions, of which he was heartily ashamed in after life.

These united accusations at length rendered his stay at Glarus, were they were chiefly circulated, very unpleasant. He was only waiting for an opportunity to change the scene of his labors, and it was not long delayed. He accepted the situation of people's priest in the Monastery of Einsiedeln, one of the most famous institutions of the kind in Switzerland. Zwingli's removal to this place, forms a memorable era in his life. This convent it appears, was a place of much resort to persons from abroad. It possessed the privilege of granting plenary indulgences, which attracted multitudes of all classes; it was a sort of Mecca, and its fame was almost as wide spread as that of its Arabian namesake. The iniquities that Zwingli saw practiced here, stimulated him to still further efforts at reform. The whole history of the Roman Church shows no darker blot, than the cursed traffic in indulgences. It stimulated the commission of every crime, by holding out the means of imme-



diate and entire absolution. Behind its ample and benignant cover, the evil doer found a secure refuge for every act of villainy—an asylum from retributive vengeance. Few persons are aware of the extent to which the trade in indulgences was carried, or the manner in which the venders disposed of their wares.

Fortunately, we are in possession of well authenticated accounts, descriptive of the manner in which indulgences were disposed of. Tetzel, the prince of these nefarious venders, the chief scene of whose exploits was Germany, was accustomed to select some prominent place, generally a church, and then address the assembled multitude in a style of which the following is a specimen: "Indulgences," said he, "are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts." This cross, (presenting a small cross he usually carried with him) has as much efficacy as the cross of Christ. Draw near and I will give you letters, duly sealed, *by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit*, shall be forgiven you. I would not exchange my privileges for those of Saint Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls with my indulgences than he with his sermons. There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit: only pay largely, and all shall be forgiven. Even repentance is not necessary. But more than all this: indulgences save not the living alone—*they also save the dead*. Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens and ye young men, hearken to your departed parents and friends who cry to you from the bottomless abyss, we are enduring horrible torments, a small alms would deliver us; you can give it, and you will not. *The very moment that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies free to heaven.*"

Not only did Zwingli witness this practice at the convent of Einsiedeln, but about this time, Benardin Sampson, a Franciscan monk of Milan, furnished with a license by Pope Leo X. came into the neighborhood selling indulgences, as Tetzel had done in Germany. Zwingli at once denounced the practice, and launched all the thunders of his eloquence against it from the pulpit, proclaiming it an unjust and ungodly act, sanctioned neither by God nor the true christian and deserving of the severest condemnation. He devoted all his energies to throw the practice into disrepute, and left no means untried to bring the people around to his way of thinking, and with such success were his efforts attended, that Sampson's mission to Switzerland was almost a total failure. He took his departure in a short time for a more congenial region, but not before the Zurichers had positively refused him permission to enter their city for the purpose of pursuing his abominable practices. It is worthy of remark, that in his crusade against the sale of indulgence, Zwingli was supported by the Bishop of Constance. This was the boldest stand he had yet taken, and his name with that of Luther, was known in every part of the Papal world.

Zwingli's stay at Einsiedeln was not of long duration. Erhard Battman, the pastor of a congregation in Zurich, having resigned his situation, the friends of Zwingli, endeavored to persuade him, to offer himself as a candidate for the post. Believing that in this new and more extended sphere of action, his efforts would be crowned with greater success, he at length consented to apply for the situation. Notwithstanding the



opposition of his enemies, so highly was he esteemed by the canons of Zurich, that out of all the votes cast, (twenty-four in number) he received seventeen, which secured his election. Henceforward Zurich was the scene of his labors. He continued in this city until his career was stayed by death. Pericles hardly gained a greater ascendancy over the minds of the Athenians, than did Zwingli over the Zurichers. Almost every measure, either political or religious, that he advocated, was adopted by the people of the canton. Availing himself of the popularity he had acquired, he naturally attempted still further reforms. The Papal church, as we have already observed, did not fail to discover at an early day, through its emissaries, the heretical tendencies of Zwingli, and endeavored by gentle persuasions and flattery, to bring him once more within the consecrated fold. It even went so far as to grant him a pension, and the Pope's Nuncio, Antonio Pucei, was instructed to address a letter to him, bearing the assurance of his possessing the distinguished consideration and regard of the wearer of the triple crown. All these bribes were of no avail. The truth as it existed in the heart of Ulric Zwingli, had gone forth, and sooner might the whirlwinds of heaven have been gathered in, than the course of the word of God been stayed. Pope Leo X. saw not the end, neither will the Pontiff of the present day.

Zwingli's means of spreading the truth, did not consist in preaching alone. The press afforded him the means of gaining adherents beyond his own immediate neighborhood, and all the prominent doctrines he advocated were scattered far and wide through the Swiss Confederacy. Everywhere men read and believed, so that when the great crisis had arrived, from every quarter came men, eager and ready to encounter every danger that menaced their religion; this was one of the secrets of its immediate success. So rapidly had it spread, and so numerous had its adherents become, that when the Papal church endeavored to crush this new order of things, it had assumed a magnitude that had never been thought of, and which precluded the possibility of its being overcome or stayed by ordinary means. Persuasion was thought of no longer: pensions and bribes had lost their efficacy, and as the last, and as was believed, the most effective means, the thunders of the Vatican were hurled upon the heretics.

We have dwelt so long upon the early career of Zwingli, that our space will not allow us to follow up his later years with the same minuteness. To show the manner in which the Reformation had its origin, and the means employed for its successful promulgation, was one of our main objects, and for this purpose it was necessary to dwell at some length upon the events of his early life. We have reached the period when its success could no longer be considered doubtful; as a last resort, the Roman church desired to try what efficacy there was in argument, and accordingly disputations were held in every part of Switzerland and Germany, in which the Reformers invariably proved triumphant. Zwingli was a dangerous and powerful antagonist to meet in debate, and for this reason, was both feared and hated. The history of these disputations is related with much ability and minuteness, in the latter part of the volume before us, but our limited space forbids us to make further extracts, and we can only refer the reader to the book itself.

The condition of the Cantons of Switzerland at that time, bears so



strong a similarity to the state of our own republic at the present day, that the attentive reader cannot fail to observe it. Indeed, the entire history of Switzerland is so much like our own, that we cannot forbear alluding to it. Like ourselves, they at first numbered but a few districts. Honest, hardy and industrious, they sought not to change their form of government, until the tyranny of the House of Hapsburg became unbearable. Then, like our gallant forefathers, uprose the heroes of Helvetian independence, Furst, Stauffacher and Melchthal, and like them, they pledged their honor and their lives to the sacred cause. Saratoga, Monmouth and Yorktown are not more proudly pointed to by the patriotic American, than are the glorious battle fields of Morgarten, Sempach and Morat, by the enthusiastic Switzer. Tyranny incited them to revolt, and the preservation of the liberty they had achieved, united them in a federal compact. Thus were they united when the Reformation commenced. Determined and courageous, they commanded the respect of their more powerful neighbors, who left them unmolested amid their Alpine fastnesses. The Reformation at once introduced sectional strife amongst them. While some of the Cantons adopted the new religion with the wildest enthusiasm, others clung with a like pertinacity to the old. Suspicion and discord at once crept within the sacred precincts of the Confederacy, which it was plainly seen, would result in revolt, and perhaps disunion. And so the sequel proved. On the one side were arrayed the Catholic Cantons of Schweitz, Uri, Unterwalden, Zug and Lucerne; on the other Zurich, Berne, Schaffhausen, St. Gall and Bienne. Both parties prepared to appeal to arms. Zurich, deserted by her allies, was left to bear the shock of war by herself. Zwingli fell upon the field of Cappel, gloriously fighting for his religion and his country. "Not in sullen stupefaction, not in a fit of frenzy or of recklessness did he march forth, but with the earnestness of a man, who knows what may happen, and, not girding himself with his own hands, relies on the arm of Him who is best acquainted with the human heart, and pardons us the multitude of our errors, if only redeemed by faith, love, and a spirit of self-sacrifice." Not the black cloud of religious strife hangs over our heads in this land of freedom, but sectional strife of even a more portentous and threatening character is agitating our country throughout its wide extent. Let the history of that little Republic beyond the sea, not be forgotten by the men of our own time, for it speaks eloquently of once glorious days, and points silently to the rocks that threaten the gallant bark of human freedom.

So much has been said and written about the individual claims of Zwingli and Luther, in bringing about the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, that it may perhaps not be amiss to allude to the matter here. Priority in the great work is claimed by the partisans of each, while in addition, many of Luther's adherents contend that Zwingli was nothing more than an active and energetic follower of the great monk of Erfurth. We think it can be clearly proven that neither was indebted to the other for his peculiar views, and that without any knowledge of each other, the work which a Divine Providence had placed before them, was commenced and successfully carried forward.

The following extract from the pen of that eminent Scotch theologian, Dr. Eadie, than whom perhaps no higher authority can be found, throws



some light upon this vexed but unnecessary question. He says: "the contests of Zwingli and Luther on the nature of the Sacraments of the Lord's Supper are well known, but the Swiss proved himself freer from early prejudices and traditional teachings than his great German antagonist. It is needless to discuss the relative merits of the two illustrious reformers, their position and sphere of influence being so very different. The fame of Luther has overtopped that of Zwingli, yet the Swiss divine had perhaps more caution and sagacity, and certainly more learning and refinement than the Saxon. *He was also earlier alive to the errors of Rome*, and though he died a young man, yet in his narrow circle of action he carried out the Reformation farther than Luther did." The testimony of Zwingli himself on these points is of such a convincing character that we cannot forbear giving it. He speaks in the following manner: "the great and powerful of this world have begun to proscribe and render odious the doctrine of Christ under the name of Luther, so that they, by whom it is preached, are called Lutherans. Thus it happened also to me. *But before any one in our country ever heard the name of Luther, I had commenced to preach the gospel in the year 1516, since I never went into the pulpit without placing before me the words read in the gospel of the mass for that day, in order to explain them from the holy scriptures alone.* In the beginning of the year, when I came to Zurich, no one yet knew any thing of Luther, except that a book was published by him on indulgences, but it taught me little, for I had already been instructed concerning the fraud of indulgences by a disputation, which my beloved teacher, Thomas Wittenbach of Biel, held at Basle, although during my absence. Who then shall give me the nick-name of Lutheran? And when Luther's little book on the Paternoster appeared, and I had shortly before explained the same Paternoster in Mathew, I well knew that many pious people suspected me of making that book and adding Luther's name to it. Luther is, as it strikes me, an excellent soldier of God, who with great earnestness has looked through the scripture as no one has ever done in a thousand years on earth, and with manly, undaunted spirit, has attacked therewith the Pope of Rome as no one has ever done like him as long as papacy has endured, yet without receiving abuse from others. Does Luther preach Christ? Then he does just what I do; although, God be thanked, a thousand fold more will be led to God than by me and others, whose measure God makes greater or smaller as he will. Nevertheless I will bear no name but that of my captain, Christ, whose soldier I am, who will give me office and pay as much as seems to him good. Now I hope everybody will understand why I do not wish to be nick-named Lutheran, although I esteem Luther as highly as any man living."

We desire to say a few words about Zwingli as a man, before concluding this brief sketch. So different are the views that may be taken of his life, that what might seem to one as a correct estimate of his career, might perhaps by another be regarded in an entirely different aspect. Zwingli, as is the case with every great man, was far in advance of his age. His early efforts were one continuous struggle to inculcate sound political principles, well aware that such a course would prove of the utmost importance in his ulterior religious designs. Zwingli was a thorough-bred republican. Not with the hope of private emoluments—



not with the desire of personal aggrandizement did he manifest so great an anxiety to reform the corruptions that had crept into the administration of justice in the free cantons of Switzerland. The consideration of self never for a moment swayed him from the path of right. His aim was his country's prosperity, and he never lost sight of it. In religion he was sincerity itself. Too head-strong and not sufficiently calculating, he may, perhaps, at times have been, but unless he had had these very qualities, the great work could never have been successfully accomplished. Had he, with all his abilities and learning, been deficient in boldness and courage, his life would have been nothing more than a splendid blank. Fearless and totally regardless of consequences, he sent forth to the world these truths, which in more timid and shrinking persons, would have slumbered forever. Unsuccessful in many of his projects, his motives nevertheless were ever pure and unselfish. Inflexible determination and strong sense were the great means whereby his successes were achieved. Once fixed in his purposes, no obstacles could discourage and no dangers daunt him. Strong in his love for his wife and children, he hesitated not when duty bade him gird on his armor and march to the field of death. Generous in his friendships, he never forgot or forsook a friend, and was ever ready to conciliate an enemy. He was one of those men whose coming marks an era in the world's history, whose influence cannot be confined to the time in which they lived, but stands out a beacon light through all coming time—the flight of years but adding new rays to its brilliancy. He was a hero in the widest sense of the word, and worthy of the noblest eulogy mankind can pronounce—a firm friend, a sincere man, and a true christian.

Once more we would thank Prof. Porter for presenting us with this most valuable work, from which we have so largely drawn in preparing this article. To have a great want supplied is always a cause for thankfulness, but when the task is so skillfully accomplished as in the present instance, we have additional reasons to be grateful. It should, and will be widely circulated and read, by all who feel an interest in the men and the times that sent forth truths which shall exert their influence when time itself shall be no more.

F. R. D.

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#### THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry-whistled tunes ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
From my heart I give thee joy—  
I was once a barefoot boy ;  
Prince thou art—the grown-up man  
Only is republican :  
Let the million dollared ride ;  
Barefoot trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy,  
In the reach of ear and eye—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy ;  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy.—WHITTIER.



## THE GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. DR. BUSHNELL.

I suppose you will not be offended by a volunteer letter about the big trees of California, which I have just visited, without any engagement to report or thought of reporting to you.

These trees are found high up in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, probably four thousand feet above the sea. A stage ride from Stockton of about seventy miles, due east, brings the visitor to Murphy's, a kind of miner's town or camp, where a new and respectable hotel of stone is just finished. From this, a horseback ride, or if preferred a carriage ride, of fifteen miles takes him to the trees. The road is wrought in places, but in most of the way natural and very beautiful. For the first four miles it climbs a deep gorge, down which a heavy cascade of water is tumbling, poured in there by a miner's ditch. And this ditch is followed some miles farther, sometimes appearing farther on winding along the dells, and sometimes leaping across overhead from one hill to another in wooden trunks supported by a tressel work, fifty or a hundred feet high. This, together with a few little squatter taverns under the trees, a sawmill or two, and here and there a fence run round some scoop of moist land in the valleys, and the only inroads made upon the pure naturalness of the scenery. It is forest, yet nothing that we mean by forest. There is no undergrowth, scarcely anywhere a rock, the surfaces are as beautifully turned as if shaped by a landscape gardener, and dotted all over by myriads of flowers, more delicate, if not more various, than any garden ever grew. Moving along these surfaces, rounding over a hill, or galloping through some silent valley, winding here among the native oaks casting their round shadows, and here among tall pines and cedars drawing their huge conical shapes on the ground, we seem in fact to be riding through some vast park. Indeed, after we had seen the trees and taken their impression, we could think of nothing but to call it the park of the Lord Almighty. The other trees we observed were increasing in size as we neared the place, till finally, descending gently along a western slope among the files of little giants, we came to the gate of the real giants themselves, emerging into the cleared ground of the Big Tree Hotel between the two sentinels, which are five hundred feet high, and stand only far enough apart for the narrow road to pass between. These were the first of the Washington cedars we have seen—it really seemed that we had never seen a tree before. And yet they were only medium specimens. Close by the house lay the first cut of the Big Tree *par excellence*; the remaining part or top had been split up and removed. Near this first cut stood the stump, about six feet high, with an arbor mounted on the top, which had been squared down for this purpose, the posts of the arbor standing out in the line of the largest circuit at the ground, and the space between them and the circuit of the top filled in by a floor of short boards. The diameter of the top is by measurement twenty-five feet three inches one way, and twenty-



three feet six inches the other. The diameter, at the ground, or between the posts of the arbor, was thirty-one feet. To assist the imagination, the top of the stump was the breadth of a common city half-house, and the bottom was six feet wider! Passing round with Mr. Davis, the intelligent conductor and keeper of the hotel, we made a general survey of the group, and afterwards measured many of them with the tape line. They are all included in a space of fifty acres, and nearly all in ten acres, and are only about ninety in number. The ground occupied is a rich wet bottom, and the foot of the moist northern slope adjacent, covered also with an undergrowth.

And why are they here, just here, and nowhere else? This, I confess, is to me the greatest, strangest wonder of all, that nowhere in the whole earth is there another known example of these Anakins of the forest, ninety seeds alone that have started, ninety and no more. Is there, was there no other piece of ground but just this, in the whole world, that could fitly take the seeds of such a growth? Why have they never spread, why has no one seed of the myriads they sprinkle every year on the ground, ever started in any other locality?

And what a starting it is, when such a seed of life begins to grow! Little did that tiny form of matter about the size of a parsnip seed, and looking more like that than any other, imagine what it was going to do, what feeling to excite, when it started the first sprouting of the Big Tree! This small parsnip seed going finally to open a road and turn a course of travel for thousands of people! See them when they come, how they gather about in silent awe before a vegetable! the stump of a vegetable!

It will be very difficult for any one, not assisted by actual sight, and even when so assisted, to form a conception, or receive a just impression of these gigantic growths. Even when he is thrilled with the sense of their sublimity he will not take their true measure. We measured an enormous sugar pine recently felled, about a mile before we reached the place. Sixty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter, and it was two hundred and forty feet high. It really seemed that nothing could be greater. But we applied our measure to one of the prostrate giants, whose dimensions, as it lay upon the ground, we could better take the sense of apart from all definite measures, and found that two hundred and forty feet from the ground it was six feet in diameter! The top was rotted and gone, but it could not have been less than three hundred and twenty-five or three hundred and fifty feet high. And yet this tree was only eighteen feet in diameter where the Big Tree was twenty-five. That a man can ride through one of these fallen trunks on horseback really signifies nothing, when if the Big Tree were hollowed as it might be, one might drive the largest load of hay through it without even a brush of contact.

And yet two things conspire to let down a little our sense of sublimity of these vegetable wonders. Many of the trees and all the largest of them that remain are greatly injured by fire. Their time is therefore shortened, and a long time will be required to bring the smaller ones up to their maximum of growth. This being true, that a man, supposed to have a soul, instigated by the infernal love of money, should have cut down the biggest of them, and skinned the next, one hundred and



twenty feet upward from the ground (viz., the Mother,) that he might show or sell the bark of her body, both sound as a rock at the heart, and good for a thousand years to come—O it surpasses all contempt! The wretch would have skinned his own mother, doubtless, for the same reason. Such a fact leaves one beyond utterance, and vexation does not suit well with the nobler sense of sublimity. And yet to see this Giant Mother still growing up as before, bearing her fresh foliage, ripening her seeds, and refusing to die; hiding still her juices and working her pumps in the deep masses of her barkless body, which the sun of two whole years has not been able to season through, dead as it is and weather-cracked without—it is a sight so grand as almost to compensate for the loss we suffer by the baseness of the human scamp who has moved our contempt so inopportunately.

The other subtraction referred to is the loss of poetry occasioned by a discovery of the certain extravagance of the calculations that are current respecting the age of the trees. The Big Tree, we are told, was growing when Athens left the quarry, in the days of the Pharaohs, in the days of Abraham, and I know not but that some have said, in the days of the old Red Sandstone. The result is made out by taking some inches of the wood from the higher parts of the tree where the grain is fine, counting the grains, and then multiplying by half the largest diameter at the ground, viz., fifteen and a half feet. In just this way, we ourselves made out a proof that this tree was 4,007 years old. But why resort to this artificial method, when a better and absolutely certain method is in our power? The grains of the stump can be actually counted; for they are about as distinct as the teeth of a saw, except that, for two or three inches in two places, where the growth was slow, they are a little huddled, and cannot be made out very distinctly. That we might have a test, I and my friend made separate counts. According to his, the tree was 1,252 years old; according to mine, 1,272. It cannot have been older from the seed than 1,280 or 1,300 years. And this should be antiquity enough. What a conception of vegetable life, that when Gregory was consolidating the papal supremacy, when Mahomet was nursing at his mother's breast, when old Belisarius was knocking right and left among his enemies, this tree was sprouting into the small immortality of 1,300 years, then to die only by violence!

Thus much, in my silent chamber, about trees.

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### THE FROG AND THE EEL.

ONCE upon a summer evening the frogs croaked lustily in the marsh. An eel crept quietly past them. "Ho, neighbor," cried one of the frogs, "will you not join in and help us to sing?"

The eel excused itself, saying: "I have not been favored with a voice."

"No voice!" exclaimed the astonished frog. "Alas, for you, poor pitiful creature. I am sorry for you—you are to be pitied!"

"You may be right," answered the eel; "yet it is only necessary to hear you and your like, to convince any one that a modest silence is better than an everlasting loud and empty babbling."



## EVENING.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

GLORIOUSLY as he rose so she sets, the brilliant king of day. He casts a softened purple light into the regions of earth which, in his daily course, he illuminated and blest. He spreads a mild red veil over the distant heavens. O what a goodly sight! Yonder all glows as in fire—here all lies in serene and rosy light—and there all seems purest gold! How it streams across the waters—how it glistens in the windows.

What a lovely departure! That which so sets must rise again.

No! this is no departure—it is a greeting with promise to meet again—so full of glorious earnest. This look upon the world is a look of promise—a great look of joy upon work completed—a smiling look of triumph and victory into the coming night. That which we see as the red of evening, is but the other half of what others see as the dawn of morning.

Night sets in darkly, to cover, and cool, and bring to rest, what the day has made hot, and weak and weary. Slumber, soft refreshing slumber will soon sink upon all life and embrace it mildly, rocking it into golden dreams. The quiet evening precedes the night—and yet once more does the highest glory of day break in upon the evening—and when the night is past the brilliant day will again usher in its high triumph.

Balmy sleep, how dost thou refresh all weary natures; thou art a priceless gift of kind heaven. How benevolently dost thou bury man's pains and cares, roll from his heart the burdens of sorrow, and cause him to forget the tribulations of life.

Quiet evening—how does thy cool air and gentle dew quicken what the hot sun has made languid. Thou dost invite man into thy fragrant bowers, dost fill his heart with feelings of peace, dost make tender and peaceful, and dost call forth from his eyes sweet tears of gratitude and love.

How is my heart glad in the light—more beautiful as it sets—which proclaims that it will return on another day. Yes, he will come forth again in majesty, the bright sun, when the slumbers of the night have refreshed me. He will come again, the symbol of God's blessedness, and all life will awake and rejoice. I cease not to praise God that my eyes can see, and my heart feel, all this glorious vision.

As the sun sets, so dies a great and good man. Yet greater and better is he in dying than in living. Then the new life rises mightily in his bosom, and sheds the beams of a great hope over his countenance. In the consciousness of immortality he looks with triumph into the face of death. His last look is a look of blessing toward the world, a look of joy upon his finished work, a look of victory upon the dawning day of his new being. Not only the great and good, but also those who have moved in an humble sphere, and blessed the world in a narrower circle, die as the sun sets, in grateful remembrance of the mercies of God which cheered and strengthened them on earth, in a sense of heavenly love by which all their days have been warmed and illuminated, in the consciousness of the good which they have accomplished, and in the blessed hope of the better life toward which they hasten.



## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ULRIC ZWINGLI.** Translated from the German of J. J. Hottinger, by the Rev. Prof. T. C. Porter, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. Harrisburg: Published by Theo. F. Scheffer, 1856.

In the present number of *The Guardian* will be found a full review of this work furnished by another hand. Hence we shall not speak of the merits of the book itself. The translation is free and fluent. We have in former numbers favorably noticed several works translated by the same hand. We regard Prof. Porter as one of the very best translators of the German into English. To a full knowledge of German in letter and spirit he adds a charming and graceful English style. What a pity, so one feels after reading "Augustine," "Herman and Dorothea," and "Zwingli," that such works as Olshausen's Commentary, so badly done, did not fall into the hands of Prof. Porter. We hope "Zwingli" is not the last work that he will *OVERSET*—as a certain one of a different class of translators ridiculously rendered the word *UEBERSETZEN*—for our pleasure and profit. The publishers have done their work well, and have demonstrated that neat, tasty books can be made in the interior as well as on the sea-shore. Zwingli will have a large sale. Every young man should read it.

"**THE KEYSTONE COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC**" is the name of a new book just issued by the enterprising firm of Murray, Young & Co. of this city, and who can justly claim the honor of having published the first work on this subject in this city. The work deserves the serious consideration of every one who desires music to assume the high position which it ought to occupy, whether in the church, the musical association, the singing-school, or wherever it may or ought to be introduced. If it be desirable to sing why may it not be done properly as well as improperly; and if we can possess a work whose elementary principles embrace everything which is requisite to a proper elementary knowledge of music, and are so clear and concise that we at once unconsciously assent to every word and to every direction expressed, we think that is the work which is calculated to afford the best facilities for imparting the necessary instruction.

Our friend Mr. G. E. W. Sharritts, who is favorably known in our community as a choir leader, and who is at present leading the choir of St. John's Lutheran Church of this city, endorses the work fully, as far as he has had opportunity to examine it, and says that the course of instruction meets entirely with views which he has always held, but has not been able himself nor has he ever seen them so judiciously arranged or so clearly expressed as in the present able work. The authors, A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost, are extensively known for their high musical attainments, and are held in much estimation here on account of the impetus which they gave to vocal music in our midst. They established the first musical convention ever assembled here, and the plan adopted at the convention, and which proved so successful, they do not feel justified in selfishly retaining for their own private benefit, but like true scientific philanthropists, they sow broadcast over our happy and music loving country ideas and sentiments which, if properly cultivated and matured, will make us a nation of the most perfect singers upon which the sun ever shone. \* \* \*

**RUPP'S THIRTY THOUSAND NAMES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.**—The fourth and fifth numbers of this curious and valuable publication is received. We understand it is well encouraged, as it richly deserves to be. How often do we hear Pennsylvanians speak of their ancestors as having come from Europe, yet they almost invariably add: "But we do not know when they came in." Our advice is to procure this work for the trifling sum of one dollar and you will soon see and know.

....A Milan newspaper announces that the Rev. Father Secchi, Director of the Observatory at Rome, has succeeded in taking photographs of the moon, and amongst them one in which the mouth of the volcano Copernicus is distinctly represented.



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## THE PULPIT.

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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MUCH has been said and sung of the influence of the pulpit upon the well-being of the world. Scarcely too much can be attributed to it as a moral power. It molds and keeps alive the public conscience, and does more than armies and navies to preserve the peace and permanency of the State. The ungracious and wholesale reflections which it is of late fashionable with a certain class of secular papers to cast upon the pulpit, remind us of a rude boy who curses his mother. For the State without the influence of the pulpit would be something like a rowdy boy who had no mother to warm him into life and love. Secular papers did not teach the American community to respect the pulpit at first, nor will they succeed in teaching them to cease respecting it. When all the semi-infidelity that now so patriotically prates for the public good has gabbled its last, the pulpit will still utter, with holy anointing, that eternal truth which will not only preserve but save the nations.

There is one particular aspect of the pulpit which is perhaps not remembered as it deserves to be; we mean as it conserves and cultivates the public taste in a literary point of view.

Eloquence, it is known and confessed, has much to do in keeping alive the polish of the public mind, and the delicacy of the public taste. Its influence is like that of music, great in civilizing and refining the minds of men, but not easily traced, and measured, and described. An eloquent address, like a lovely song, makes a man better even though not one sentiment may have been permanently lodged in his mind.

Now, where do we find eloquence? It is universally acknowledged, even by lawyers themselves, that there is no more any eloquence in court houses. The legal profession has taken entirely a business shape;



and everything is done in a prosy style, as dry and uninteresting to an audience as to listen to the casting up of a column of figures. No one leaving a court-room, even after having listened to pleadings, feels as if a charmer had held a spell over him, or an Orpheus had raised his spirit higher as with the risings of song. The bar honestly confesses, "It is not in me."

Do we find eloquence in the political arena? Now and then you meet something of the kind, which may be called eloquence; but as a general thing you find political speeches bald and bombastic, vapory and vulgar, full of cant and castigation, abounding in low wit and rude abuse. If such a speech stirs at all in the mind, it is rather the rough, fiery, and tumultuous part, than the deep, silent, and aspiring. The listener's mind becomes rather like a stream, swollen by muddy waters, than like a serene landscape after a shower, when the sun shines mildly upon it. The political forum says, "It is not in me."

Shall we seek for eloquence in our national halls? Here we would be more successful; but this does not reach the masses. Even this, moreover, is only a power that moves in the sphere of this world; and is fast losing its crown, degenerating and taking the form—not only figuratively but really—of fists, brickbats and bludgeons. The men are growing mightier in brags and blows than in words of beauty and power. Instead of

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

they prefer using

"Knives that cut and canes that stun!"

And instead of convincing one another by arguments and ideas, by the power of truth and the charm of eloquence, they seem to think that the best way to make a convert is to bruise his bones or blow out his brains. Alas, dignity has given place to daring. The "old men eloquent" are in their graves. The voices that once rung their silvery tones through those halls are silent amid the shades, and a generation has succeeded them upon which their mantles have not fallen. Our national halls say, "It is no more in us."

Let us now return from the vain chase, amid the riot of passion and the clashing of tongues, to the stillness of the Sabbath and the sacred retirement of the sanctuary. Let us go with the crowd of those who gather around the pulpits of our land. Here, after all, is found that eloquence which eminently deserves the name. The man that speaks is grave, courteous and respectful. He is mild, affectionate and earnest. He falls like a lion upon sin, and hews the Agags of wickedness in pieces, till every heart inly responds, Amen. Then he soothes the sad and sorrowing; and his words seem like angels that wave their quieting wings over the congregation, and, feeling the sacred power near, the weary are at rest.

As a general thing, what may be called good speaking is now confined to the pulpits of our land. We do not mean to say that all pulpit speaking is good, or that all is faulty outside of it; we wish only to say, that the pulpit is the conservator of eloquence. Take ministers in mid-



dle life, and you will be the more struck, the more carefully you observe and listen, with their dignified and deliberate address, the logic of their thoughts, the chasteness of their style, the propriety of their words, the distinction and correctness of articulation and pronunciation, and the mellowness and impressiveness of their intonations.

We know that men sometimes speak of the dullness of preaching; but no censure is more undeserved. The fault is not in the pulpit, but in those who make the charge. The pulpit is earnest, but the taste of hearers is vitiated. That boisterous kind of speaking which is so common on the rostrum and in out-door gatherings is not earnest; it does not carry a struggling soul in it; it is more swell on the surface than a power from within. Nor is anecdote-telling public speaking eloquence, though it may hold an audience on their feet for hours. It is but another kind of comedy to please a very low part of our nature, and always passes away with the hour. The anecdote may be remembered, but scarcely the truth which it was designed to illustrate. But the age loves excitement, and the speaker that can excite the multitude for a moment is called eloquent. How unjust, however, is it to disparage the pulpit by a comparison with such a character of oratory.

He that has a taste for system, substance, and a correct use of language must look to the pulpit for it. The students of the land are the ministers. It is a rare thing to find a literary lawyer, physician, or politician. You may find here and there a noble exception; but as a general thing the scholar is swallowed up in the profession. A letting down to the popular level is found to pay better, and the temptation is often too strong to be resisted. On the other hand you find hundreds of ministers who, while they are diligent in all the details of ministerial duty, keep their minds in living sympathy with the progress of pure science, and make literature in its highest form contribute to the true, lasting dignity and influence of their profession.

The question may be asked with confidence, Who sustains and control the higher institutions of learning in the land? They are not only founded by the church, but their chairs are filled, not wholly, but pre-vaillingly by divines. From them proceed also the majority of text-books in the higher departments of science. The ablest Reviews of the land are the religious Reviews.

Again we say, let all exceptions that can be justly made to what we have maintained have their full weight; let much that cannot be praised be found in the pulpit, and much that can out of it, yet we believe we rightly claim for the pulpit of the land the honor designated in this article. Should the thousands of our pulpits become silent—should these high places around which the millions gather to keep themselves from sinking into the common level of earth and sense, be leveled by the strong force of the lower attractions; what besides could save all true literary interests from gradual neglect and sure destruction, and all social life from rudeness and barbarism. The poet never said a truer word than—

“The pulpit  
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,  
The most important and effectual guard,  
Support and ornament of Virtue’s cause.”



## MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

V.

BY NATHAN.

“Wer reisen will,  
 Der schweig fein still,  
 Geb steten Schritt,  
 Nehm nicht viel mit,  
 Tret an am fruhen Morgen,  
 Und Lasse heim die Sorgen.”

Which being freely rendered into prosy English, might be made to read as follows:

To travel pleasantly, speak sparingly,  
 Walk slow and straight ahead, lie not late a-bed;  
 Take no cares along, and leave luggage at home.

At Basel I forwarded my little baggage to Constance, which I expected to reach after a four-weeks' tour over the Alps, and set out with a small traveling pouch about twelve inches square.

After proceeding to Geneva, I spent several days along “placid Lemman,” whose pleasant stillness admonished the unhappy Byron—

“To forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.”

At the upper end of the lake is the Castle of Chillon, once used as a dungeon for the oppressed. Here is a pillar to which the Duke of Savoy had chained Bounivard, Prior of St. Victor, at Geneva. You can still see the smoothly-worn path on the pavement, where he spent his weary hours in walking around the pillar, so far as his chain reached, to which Byron indignantly refers in his “Childe Harold.”

At Martigny I made my headquarters for a week. The inhabitants of this part of Switzerland nearly all belong to the laboring classes, and most of them laboring hard enough. Their language is a mixture of French and German. The body is French, but the woof is inwrought with fragments of German, and so unlike either that a knowledge of both is scarcely sufficient to understand them. I spent two days in visiting the Great St. Bernard, which I reached through a burning July sun and wintry snows, after a very fatiguing day's journey, a distance of thirty miles, all the way up hill. The second day I returned to Martigny with a more agreeable walk, except the last ten miles which I made through a drenching rain. But even this was not un-mixed with good, as a cooler after a long walk through the hot sun. The following day I proceeded to Chamouny, over the Col de Balme. The first three hours' walk the road steeply ascended through a rough valley, partly cultivated, then again descended for a short distance, and from here ascended three hours again up the Col de Balme. At first awhile the path wound along its shady sides in zigzag style, which finally entered large pastures covered with soft, thick grass, over which



herdsmen and their flocks were scattered. Its topmost cone, 7,000 feet high, was clad with snow and vegetation. I plucked large Alp-violets on the borders of the snow-bank as memorials. The summit of the Col de Balme commands an excellent view of Mont Blanc. But its crown is so frequently veiled with a cloud, that few can enjoy the view. For a few moments the king of European mountains stood out before me in all his white, dazzling majesty, then thick clouds rolled up from below and swept around me such a night-like darkness that I could see my path down but a few paces ahead. Soon I got below the clouds again, and in a few hours reached Chamouny.

Chamouny valley is celebrated for its large glaciers. Seven of these ice-rivers slowly slide their large blocks down from Mont Blanc towards the valley. The origin of these glaciers, and their influence upon the earth's surface, is extremely interesting. The region of ice and snow begins at 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. From here upwards it never rains. The cloud deposits are in the form of granular snows, which in those cold heights have accumulated their everlasting masses for thousands of years. Along the border of the melting temperature large quantities of ice are found. In the day time the sun and atmosphere melt the snow, after night it freezes into ice, with which the falling snow again combines, pushing their masses down the mountain side through gorges and ravines, thus forming the glaciers. They look like frozen mountain rivers, whose tumbling torrents were instantaneously converted into ice by a sudden change of the temperature. Some are from ten to fifteen hundred feet thick. They are broken up into blocks separated by large fissures, which, from a distance, look like frozen waterfalls and ice-waves. The stream moves imperceptibly slow. Some of them only from one to two feet per day. I believe Agassiz ascribes their motion to the expansion of the glacier occasioned by the falling snow and rain, and the trickling of water, melting away from the ice into the fissures, where it freezes again. It is difficult to see what becomes of the immense masses gorging in above, when the stream moves so slowly. Doubtless the action of the sun and the atmosphere consume much, but it seems impossible that it should amount to such a quantity. Every glacier has a stream at its base, through which its meltings rush away. Some of the largest rivers of Europe, the Rhone and others, have their origin in glaciers. They exert an amazing influence upon the earth's surface. Their crushing quantities, with their tremendous lateral pressure plough up high banks along their course, tear up rocks and push them up steep mountains until they tumble back on the bosom of the stream. I met with many large furrows of extinct glaciers, running far down into the valleys, whose tracks were strewn with huge boulders. Many geological phenomena may one day be shown to have originated from the action of glaciers on the motion of ice in some other form.

From Chamouny I ascended Montavert, which commands a view of the Mer-de-Glace, a large lake of ice, into which Mont Blanc pushes its discharges. Hedged in by the lofty cliffs of surrounding mountains, between which its blueish rough surface extends for six miles, it slowly and heavily pushes its contents down through the glacier Des Bois towards the valley. The stream carried on its surface large boulders



Its slow motion produces a singularly cracking and tumbling noise. I walked along its edge, but had no inclination to accept the offers of a guide, who wished to lead me across its rough surface to the other side. Directly opposite, the huge splinters and rough pyramids of Mont Blanc pierced the clouds from their untrodden heights. After descending I entered a peasant's cottage, where I procured refreshments, such as their flocks afforded, and surveyed the arrangement of a farmer's house in Chamouny. Thence I ascended the Flegere, which affords a view of the whole chain of Mont Blanc from the summit to its base. During the ascent I was forcibly reminded of Bunyan's *Hill of Difficulty*. At first the steep path wound over the rough boulder-covered track of an extinct glacier, on which the afternoon sun beat most fervently. Here and there a fresh, limpid spring welled out of the mountain, whose quickening waters were a striking emblem, both in appearance and effect, of the Water of Life. Then the path entered a dense pine forest, and winded through the most grateful shade. As I ascended, the bracing, rarefied atmosphere diminished the weariness of exertion, and when I reached the top, I felt far less fatigued than when I started from the base. Even so it is with the christian's ascent of the sacred mountain—the mountain of God's holiness. Often he must press upwards, under severe difficulties, over a steep and rugged path, but here and there springs of Grace well out of Zion, with which he laves his weary limbs. Passing through special overshadowings of God's pavillion, and rising above the world of sense and sin, he feasts in pleasant places, while the pure, celestial atmosphere of divine communion diminishes his weakness as he approaches the summit. And this, too, commands a view of the valley below, "a vale of tears." But *above*, all tears shall be wiped away.

"Then let your songs abound,  
And let your tears be dry,  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high."

From here Mont Blanc stood before me nearly 15,000 feet high, in all his uncovered snow-crested glory. Along the summit were deep vallies filled with the snow of a thousand years. Far below the falling snow and rain, mingled with their gradual meltings, and gorged down through rough passes into the glaciers, whose arms hung down to the base and looked as if a breath of air might break their brittle hold and start them rushing upon the world below. I spent the night in a village in the upper end of the valley. The sun lingered around its white crown long after the dusky twilight had settled into the narrow valley below. From this threshold of night I watched the flickering glow of glory playing over its pure drapery—then I thought of the mountains of old, which the presence of the Lord made so brilliantly glorious that mortal eyes could not behold them. The light of the sun faded into twilight, and soon darkness crept around its breast; the stars hung tremblingly around those white airy cones and peaks, and night clinging around its snowless base, seemed to sever its white-crested drapery from the earth, while its hazy light hung in the heavens like the "milky way."



I returned to Martigny over the Tete-Noire, a route that leads through gorges and passes fearfully dark and wild. After I reached its summit, marked with a cross, the road led through a barren waste on which former glacier shad left their rolling rocks. It was the picture of a most desolate solitude. When I had passed a small village, where peasants, men and women, were already busy mowing grass, for I had started early, the valley became narrow, and the dark, high pine-clad mountains hung overhead around it like a canopy of gloom to keep out the rising cheerfulness of daylight. If the Swiss Alps were infested by robbers, one would expect to meet them here; and formerly, it is said, a clan had their abode in this region. The road passes along a steep mountain, and seems to hang over a wild, roaring stream, many hundred feet below. It requires a strong faith in the firmness of these rocks to pass over some of these airy roads with a steady nerve. I reached Martigny at noon where, after such a week's experience, I enjoyed the following day of rest with peculiar delight. To a person unaccustomed to worship God amid such monumental temples of nature there is an unusual solemnity in Divine services among the Alps. Here the eye can not wander over the wide world of sin. In whatever direction you look, it will dart upward. And if the heart is right toward God it will follow the eye. Its affections and desires will become elevated. It will look thankfully and believingly to "the Hill whence all our help cometh."

I found the Bernese Highlands, and though forming a somewhat different scenery, no less interesting. I started from Interlacken, situated between two lakes, containing a long street of hotels and boarding houses. During the summer it is so much frequented by the English, that it almost has the appearance of an English village. A few hours brought me to Lauterbrunnen, (All-wells,) a valley which doubtless receives its name from its numerous springs and water-falls. There are some twenty of the latter, which fall wildly over its perpendicular walls. The largest falls from a perpendicular height of over 900 feet. It is said to be the highest waterfall in Europe. Long before it reaches the base the wind diffuses its waters into clouds of spray, which, as they descend, fall gently on the rocks below, and are again condensed into a stream that tumbles wildly away down through the valley. When the morning sun shines on the spray it looks like thin transparent gauze, dipped in the colors of the rainbow, rolling and repeating its folds of splendor, like a cloudy kaleidoscope, into ever-changing combinations of beauty. The village is thinly scattered over the barren valley, from which the toiling peasants with difficulty get their scanty living. I called on the village pastor, a man of no mean attainments, who was whiffing his pipe with an air of unmingled contentment. His parish includes three other villages besides, who all worship in the Lauterbrunnen church. The others are high upon the mountains. Every Sunday morning long lines of toil-worn mountaineers climb down the steep paths to worship God in the sanctuary of the valley. When they have a funeral the corpse is brought down on a mountain sled. I met some of his parishioners living eight miles up the mountain, who said they attended worship every Sunday, especially during the summer, unless providentially prevented.



I was reminded by my guide book to take with me into the Highlands a plentiful supply of patience and small change, two articles which I found of indispensable necessity. These poor people who have to struggle so hard for their bread are tempted to seek relief from the hand of charity. Here some beg because it is profitable, and others because they must. Some post themselves along a rugged path with a worn-out hoe, and when they see a traveler approaching they set themselves to scraping the road in order with all their might. A labor which their only remuneration is the tribute of travelers. Others have long Alp-horns and pistols with which they raise their undemanded echoes, for which they demand a fee. Here and there a cluster of ragged children, the very pictures of wretchedness, issue out of their sides and whine around you most pitifully for a gift. In some places the pastures are enclosed where the path leads through little gates. Here beggars watch for travelers, from whom they ask a charity for opening the gate. Such a state of things would be a disgrace to many a community, but the general poverty of the soil, upon which they solely depend for a living, furnishes at least a partial excuse for this pauperism.

From Lauterbrunnen I ascended the Wenger-Alp. Near the pass on the summit, 5,300 feet high, is a small hotel, where I paused awhile and penned a note for a friend at home. From here I had a view of the Jungfrau, 13,000 feet high, whose head is "veiled in everlasting snows." The view was even grander than that of Mont Blanc from the Flegere. It was separated from where I stood by a narrow unseen valley, and though perhaps eight or ten miles distant, seemed comparatively near. Several times dark clouds clung around its abrupt sides, while the sun dazzled on its snow-crowned head with cloudless splendor. I thought of the beautiful image of the godly person in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village :"

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

Sometimes white clouds hung around its crown like curled locks and ringlets from the head of Innocence. As the sun approached the meridian, its rays softened the snow and ice, which broke loose from their holds, and as they tumbled downward tore off other masses, thus constantly increasing, until they formed "the awful avalanche." At first I heard a noise like the rolling of distant thunder, then the confused fragments of snow and ice disappeared in a gorge, almost like a waterfall. The noise increased until the shocking claps of thunder cracked through the cliffs and rolled across the valley, with sounds that carried terror to my heart. Far below the avalanche would reappear, flinging about clouds of ice and snow, until it would be lost in the valley. Owing to the distance, these avalanches appear comparatively small, though in reality very large.

From here I crossed the pass down into Griudelwald. Descending the mountain I met many vendors of cheese, strawberries, and milk; and further on I met two Swiss minstrels with a guitar. There is a simplicity and sweetness in the pastoral melodies of Switzerland seldom



found elsewhere. I have frequently heard and admired them from poor, ragged street-singers in America. But here were two maidens, neatly clad in Swiss costume, in the heart of Swiss scenery, where the bells of Alp-herds twinkled musically around them, mingling pleasantly with their voices, while before them was spread out a rugged scene of mountains and vallies, ripe grain fields, and fields of ice. Here I fully realized all my former dreams of poetry and song as it still exists in its unmixed complicity on the Alps. Their clear rolling voices fully compensated for the muttering sounds of their tuneless guitar. "The Swiss Mountain Boy" had ever been a favorite with me, but here it had charms I had never heard before. I asked for the "Schweizer's Heimweh," but unintentionally I left them know that I was from America, upon which they threw up their hands with wonder, and all their music was over. Though I freely conversed with them in their own tongue, in their simplicity they seemed to forget that I understood them, for they would make observations to each other about my appearance, which they seemed to regard as an American standard.

The village of Gruidelwald extends for miles up the mountains and through the valley. The inhabitants seem to live entirely from their flocks. Their frame dwellings are of a uniform style, with projecting roofs running over two, and some three, balconies. One side of the house has barely one story above ground, while the others have three. Some of the buildings have inscriptions in homely verse, but not without sense. The following is from the year 1700, on a dwelling worn pale by time, but apparently not half worn out:

"I have built my house along this public street,  
And must let fault-finders find fault, and haters hate,  
Thouge enviers may envy, I put my trust in God,  
The treasures he provides the wicked ne'er shall rob."

Gruidelwald can boast of several interesting glaciers. On the wall of the village church is a simple stone which marks the grave of an unfortunate clergyman from the Canton of Vaud, who, on a visit to one of the glaciers in 1821, ventured too far on the ice and fell into a fissure one hundred and twenty feet deep. After a labor of twelve days his corpse was extricated and laid on their God's acre.

The lake of the four Cantons, on whose borders is the city of Luzern, has become celebrated from its association with Schiller's Tell. The variety of mountains which rise abruptly from its banks impart to its scenery an exceeding grandeur. Our steamer paddling around their turns and windings, looked like a puffing little bubble beside these giant piles. On one side was the Righi, cut off from the other mountains, standing out in solitary majesty like a forepost of a fortified kingdom. On the other rose the bald Pilatus, whose prickly horns and rough uncovered cliffs remind one of a strong fortress in shattered ruins. On the left bank of the lake is a small village scattered over a sloping valley, formed by a depression between two peaks. Though containing only about 1,000 inhabitants, it was a free and independent State for three hundred years, the smallest independent government in the world. It fell a victim to the French Revolution of 1798, and now forms part of one of the neighboring cantons. Then comes Rutli, a little meadow,



green with trees and herbage, sloping down to the edge of the lake, on which in the night of the 8th of November, 1307, thirty-three men from three neighboring cantons formed a solemn league which led to the emancipation of Switzerland from the bondage of the house of Hapsburg. On the opposite shore is a small chapel on the verge of a steep rugged bank, which marks the spot where Tell leaped out of Gessler's boat. I passed the deep cut of the road beyond the Righi, where, soon after, his deadly arrow pierced the heart of the oppressor. Half an hours' walk from the end of the lake is the village of Altorf, where formerly stood the linden tree under which Tell's child was placed when his father was compelled to shoot an apple from his head at the distance of a hundred yards. Before the father, whose bosom heaved with half-suppressed agony, took his aim with painful ease, he tried to calm the mind of his boy by telling him of the joyful home beyond the grave, the "land where there are no mountains." The reply of the child is beautifully descriptive of the undying attachment of the Swiss to their wild mountains:

"Father, I'd feel oppressed in that broad land,  
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanche."

On my return I stopped at *Waggis*, from where I ascended the *Righi*. There is but little shade along the ascent from this side, so that three hours climbing under a mid-day sun, made me feel and appear like most persons do when they labor hard in warm weather. I dismissed my garments one after the other, and at last hired a boy to carry them, and still I was dripping with perspiration. But when I reached the summit the breeze soon made me uncomfortably cold. Fearful that the hotel on the top was already crowded, I took lodging a half an hour's walk below, at *Righi-Staffel*. I spent several hours on the top. The atmosphere was unusually clear, so that I had a full view of the vast world it overlooks. To the South and East were the Alps, through whose ridgy shivered tops I could see into the upper snowy valleys which mortal feet have never trod. When the clouds lowered towards evening these pyramids reminded me of the tents of a large encampment. To the North and West is an uninterrupted view from sixty to eighty miles. The whole looked like a checkered map, the distance dissolved the mountains to a level with the plain; the numerous villages were dots grouped together among the yellow grain fields, foliage and grass; the lakes, ten in number, glistened like large pearls set in this diversified landscape. Suddenly thick clouds of fog started up from below as if they had escaped from some cavern in the mountain. They swept around us like a sea of vapor, entirely concealing the beautiful world below us. Now and then the green fields could be seen through a crack or thin web, but soon it would close up again and all was gone. Then we heard the rumbling of distant thunder. I leisurely repaired toward my lodging to await its approach. The heavens seemed to prepare for a grand effort. Soon, that death-like calm which always precedes a thunder-storm, settled on the mountain. The Alp-herds came from all directions toward their sheds, their bells tinkling softly and sweetly between the claps of thunder. Herdsmen strolled after them up the mountain, singing merrily with ringing voices, as if they felt unusually joyful beneath this element of terror. For awhile a cloud lingered below us, darting about its flash-



es with terrific splendor. "Above the storms career" I could watch its progress with composure. The rain fell so stream-like that it seemed strange the cloud did not empty itself. Then it approached the mountain and rolled its black heaps towards the summit. Those above lowered until they seemed to approach. Then they flung their fiery bolts athwart the heavens and around the mountain. Sometimes it seemed bathed in a sea of liquid light. The large drops that fell heavily on the earth announced their approach, and I regretted that I was compelled to seek shelter from the rain. The grandeur and sublimity of the scene had made me insensible to danger. The clouds swept their torrents around and over us for several hours in a furious storm. While it was raging travelers continued to arrive. Ladies on horseback in a most hapless plight, almost breathless from the drenching violent storm. Guides and footmen had the appearance of half-drowned men, waving their brimless hats and inverted umbrellas as the trophies of their severe struggles. While others denounced mountain climbing in general, and that of the Righi in particular; and declared that they never would be caught in another thunder-storm on the Alps. Our hotel was full of all manner of confusion. Those of us who had arrived early found our beds stript of half their comfort to cover floors and tables for the repose of the later and less fortunate. The following morning all hoped to see the sun rise from the summit, but the clouds had not disappeared. Thus our fate was, that of most other travelers, not to see the splendid sunrise from the Righi. But we saw a thunder-storm, which perhaps was still grander. There are few mornings that its top is not enveloped in a cloud. The Righi is not so much celebrated for its height (5,600 feet) as for its unrivalled view, which it owes to its isolated position, in one of the most beautiful regions of Switzerland. The top is covered with a thick coat of grass, formerly large pastures. In some places winding terraces and paths have been constructed to make them accessible for larger cattle, of which it contains four thousand head. I descended from the Righi, on the opposite side, in a little over an hour. There is generally more of a breeze in descending than ascending these mountains. There is not much difficulty in getting off if a person will only lift his limbs, the downward pressure will make the step for him. It requires a little effort to keep the right side up, but even in the event of a tumble the motion will not be much impeded. In descending the great St. Bernard I passed over a field of snow in a few minutes, which the day before required an hour of the most determinate exertion. Every step I made carried me two or three. I found that the best plan in descending the Alps, to use a horseman's phrase, is "to draw the rubbers then crack the whip."

The rocks on and around the Righi are composed of rounded gravel, like fragments cemented together by hard clayish soil. Long heavy rains sometimes penetrate the cement so that large pieces slide off down the mountain. On the Rossberg, a short distance south of the Righi, a large slide of this kind occurred in 1806. Its long track is still distinctly seen. For two years there had been much rain along here. On the afternoon of the 5th of September, the villagers in the valley saw rocks tearing away above them. Suddenly the alarm bell rang. Men, women and children fled to their sanctuary to pray. The severed mountain thun-



dered down three thousand feet into the valley, crushed the church and the praying assembly, buried three villages, killed five hundred persons, and rolled some of its broken masses to the foot of the Righi. Part of it slid into lake Lowerz, near by, and threw up a continuous wall of water, 70 feet high.

The scenery of Switzerland must be seen to get a clear idea of it. We may know that mountains are so many feet high, but have not the faintest conception how they look in their majestic reality. As often as I looked at Mont Blanc and the *Jugfrau*—and I viewed them for several days—I always felt as though it had been the first time. So strange and entirely unlike any thing I had ever dreamt or thought of before, such palpable monuments of Almighty Power, that I scarcely could credit the possibility of their reality.

“And as o’er  
The level plain I travel’d silently,  
Nearing them more and more day after day,  
My wandering thoughts my only company,  
And they before me still. Oft as I looked,  
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o’er;  
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!  
Oft as I looked, I felt as though it were  
For the first time.”

A person can seldom get to the highest peak of a mountain. Generally you may climb up to the highest accessible point, and still mountains are around you, still high up “hills peep o’er hills, and Alps o’er Alps arise.” Here I traveled without a companion. Like in prayer, so in communing with the Creator through his works, there are seasons when we prefer to be above with Him. So the Alps seem like a closet sanctuary, where it seems so easy and pleasant to walk with God when we are alone. What a world for reflection and meditation! Feelings of unrest and longings after the spirit-land, after that purity of heart with which we shall see God, these crowd upon the soul amid such scenes and produce an impression not easily described.

“Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are least alone.”

There one experiences an elevation of spirit in which he would gladly remain. Bold rugged mountains robed in everlasting snow, while around their base is spread a cheerful vegetation and fruitful valleys, the primitive undisturbed simplicity of these children of the Alps, their faded weather-beaten cottages, the large fields on their pastoral mountains, while here and there you see a musing herdsman seated on a rock with a hundred bells tinkling around him all the day long, high along the steep woodland the grave hunter roams after his game. Ah, it is sweet to ponder over such a scene, to look at the world from such a point of view. Thus, often

“Where Alpine solitudes ascend  
I sat me down a pensive hour to spend.”

I thought of the wide, wide world rushing after gain, governed by earthly desires, bowing at the shrine of Mammon, whose enjoyments seldom rise above the sensual and the perishing, and then of the spirits



of the just made perfect, and those who have ascended by faith above earths infected air, and then methought I too sit in high places watching over a flock, and as I roamed along the borders of unmelting snow, I plucked Alp-laurels and Alp-violets to form a boquet of affection for them, forgetful of the immense distance between us. And yet in the end perhaps I was not far wrong. Christians *do* mingle together though separated by distance. "I believe in the communion of Saints."

AUGSBURG, August 11, 1856.

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### DUST.

Dust we were, and dust will be ;  
Dust upon us, dust about us ;  
Dust on everything we see ;  
Dust without us, dust without us ;  
Saith the preacher, "Dust to dust !"   
Let them mingle, for they must.

Dust we raise upon the road ;  
Dust we breathe in dancing-hall ;  
Dust infests our home abode ;  
Dust, a pall, is over all ;  
'Tis the housewife's daily dread—  
Dust, the emblem of the dead !

When the sky above is fair,  
And the sun upon us streams,  
Floats the dust throughout the air,  
Gleaming in its fallen beams ;  
Every mote is like a man,  
Dancing gaily while he can.

Ere the tempest gathers strong,  
Blows at times the warning gust ;  
O'er the plain it sweeps along,  
Tempest's thrall, a cloud of dust.  
Every mote is like a man  
Flying from oppression's van.

Now the swollen clouds grow dark,  
Comes the long-expected flood,  
Falling deluge-like and stark ;  
Dust is beaten down to mud :  
So are times when men must grovel,  
In the palace as the hovel.

Thus we are but motes of dust  
On the ground and in the air,  
Blown by pleasure, fear and lust,  
Beaten down to low despair ;  
Born of dust, to come to dust  
Let us mingle, for we must !



## HUMBUG TURNED PIOUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“He was a man  
Who stole the livery from the court of Heaven  
To serve the Devil in.”

HUMBUG is the order of the day. There are hundreds who have grown rich from its fruits. These varied schemes of imposition have of late been so diligently sought out, and so frequently exposed, that it takes considerable skill now to get up one that will prove effectual in deceiving the public. The best, very lately found out, by which to allay all suspicion, is to give the thing a pious coloring, to make it sit in the shadow of the Church, and have it in some way religiously endorsed.

The reader will remember that some time ago the *Guardian* presented an account of a “musical” humbug of the pious kind, called a “Musical Convention.” We propose now to furnish the reader with an account of one of the same class, in the medical department. Who has not seen for some time, in the public papers, and even in several religious papers, the following very benevolent advertisement:

**TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.** A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct, Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 59 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Now what impression will this advertisement make on an unsuspecting mind, especially if it is read in a religious newspaper? Certainly a favorable one. The reader will think this is a kind, benevolent minister, who truly desires to make known to others a cure which has blest him. He is a “clergyman,” and “is anxious to make known the cure;” and to do it “free.” What else could actuate him but the best of motives? True, the reader may for a moment wonder how a clergyman can afford to advertize so extensively free, especially in such papers as the *New York Tribune*, where the price is a dollar a line. But then he reads again—it is “a retired clergyman”—some wealthy, benevolent man, who has a heart to feel for the suffering, and can “weep with them that weep.” These considerations will quiet all suspicious fears. Is not the advertisement a most benevolent and pious one?

We suspected a Humbug in this advertisement the moment we saw it—one of the pious kind. We immediately made up our mind to ferret it out. Fearing the Reverend brother might have heard of the *Guardian* as somewhat of a terror to Humbugs, we thought it would not be best for us to write to him ourselves. We accordingly handed a postage stamp to a friend, who kindly consented to write and “direct to Rev. John M. Dagnall,” and thus get the receipt, that we might have a chance to view this humbug a little more closely. But before the letter went off our friend handed us a paper, in which there was already a complete



exposure of the whole business, and in which the Humbug is fairly caught. We give this expose to our readers; it is by Professor J. King, and taken from the College Journal. The case turns out very much as we expected.

"Having frequent inquiries," says this gentleman, "relative to certain remedies which are announced as specifics by their originators, and the formulæ for which are transmitted by mail to various persons, I am fortunately enabled to respond to such inquiries, and give publicity to the formulæ.

"The first is a 'Prescription for general Nervous Debility,' which may be had from a certain Rev. J. M. Dagnall, who it seems has labored under almost every form of nervous derangement, and has permanently cured himself by his *prescription*, which he now *very generously* offers it to others. The prescription is as follows:

"R. Alcohol. Ext Ignatia Amara, grs. xxx.  
Acacia Pulv. grs. x. Mix.

Divide into forty pills, one of which is to be taken in the morning, and one in the evening.'

"As our readers may meet with individuals who have been induced to make use of these pills, a few words of comment may not be amiss. The Bean of St. Ignatius is the product of a tree indigenous to the Philippine Islands; it has an extremely bitter taste, no odor, a horny consistence, and contains a large proportion of strychnia, which is, indeed, its active medicinal principle; while nux vomica seeds yield only 0.4 per cent. of strychnia, the bean of St. Ignatius gives 1.2 per cent., and consequently, an extract of the latter article must contain three times as much of this alkaloid as that prepared from the nux vomica, provided equal parts of each article yield an equal amount of extract.

"Although in proper hands and under proper management, strychnia may prove a very valuable medicinal agent in several forms of disease, yet its incautious and indiscriminate use is likely to be followed by fatal results. Hardly any two persons experience the same influence from it; thus, while some are but slightly affected by doses of one-tenth, or one-twelfth of a grain, others suffer seriously from doses as minute as one-fifteenth or one-sixteenth of a grain. From its exceedingly dangerous character, and the multiform susceptibilities of the human system to its action, physicians employ it with great circumspection; and all authors agree in advising it to be administered with great caution, carefully watching the patient while exposed to its influence; and many physicians regard it as so dangerous an article as never to prescribe it in their practice.

"The dose of the extract of nux vomica, as given by authors, is from half a grain to two grains, to be repeated three times a day; but if the extract be properly prepared from a good article of nux vomica seeds, there are very few persons with whom the exhibition of even half a grain three times a day, would be advisable. In the above prescription, each pill contains three-fourths of a grain of the extract of St. Ignatius' bean, which, according to the preceding calculation, is equal to two and one-fourth grains of the extract of nux vomica, or more by one-fourth of a grain than the maximum dose of the latter extract, as recommended by medical writers. From this statement may be learned the absolute



danger of this Rev. gentleman's prescription, and I should not be at all astonished to learn of many deaths among those who employ it without any prudence or circumspection.

"Again, the bean of St. Ignatius is rarely met with in this country, never being used by physicians, and the person who receives the printed prescription and directions from the Rev. Mr. D., will, in most cases, after a fruitless attempt to obtain the remedy from druggists, be obliged to fee the gentleman for a quantity of the extract, or of the pills already prepared; and in no case can the patient know whether he receives the extract of the bean, or of the nux vomica."

Does the reader now see how this Reverend Humbug can afford to send the prescription "FREE." The benevolent man knows that the patient will not be able to find the ingredients called for in the prescription, and must send back to him for it. ~~What~~ That will *not* be sent "free," you may rest assured; and what is sent may be buckwheat flour, powdered slate pencil, the essence of caterpillars, or some other innocent thing that will not particularly excite nor yet destroy the most nervous. Prof. King suspects that "many deaths" might occur from the use of the dangerous prescription; but we have no such fears, for we feel sure the benevolent clergyman will not go to the expense of procuring the poison called for in the cure, when he can gather so many articles "free."

We have given the history of this case of Humbug not merely to expose *it*, but also to present it as one of a class, by way of specimen. Whenever the reader sees an advertisement of the kind, seemingly benevolent, professing great interest in patients, let him be on his guard. There is a trick in it. When, we may ask, will the press, and especially the religious press, assume a position of proper dignity and honor in relation to all such schemes, seeking victims among an unsuspecting public through their columns. Is it not plainly immoral and sinful to aid such deceivers, by advertising for them? What if they do pay for the use of the paper in this way, every cent of it is wrung from the hands of the victims of the imposture, and these are often the afflicted and suffering poor. God forbid that a penny of such unholy earnings should ever find its way into our pocket.

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### CRUSH NOT A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

CRUSH not a wounded spirit,  
Nor trample in the dust  
The heart that would look up to thee  
With hopefulness and trust.  
But be thou like the noble oak  
To which the Ivy clings,  
And shelter the poor stricken soul  
Beneath love's ample wings.  
Oh, there are hearts upon this earth  
By grudging nature given,  
To show us here how pure and good  
The angels are in heaven.

Such hearts indeed as from above  
Sweet consolation borrow;  
Who shrink not in the hour of need,  
But closer cling in sorrow.

The lofty oak, beneath whose shade  
We've played upon the lawn,  
Though now the monarch of the woods,  
Was of an acorn born;  
And little seeds of kindness which  
May in the heart be sown,  
Shall raise up branches by which we  
May reach our Father's throne.



## HUMAN EXISTENCE.

BY REV. A. WANNER.

“WHENCE camest thou? And whither wilt thou go?” Thus, four thousand years ago, did a messenger from God address a young woman, who was approaching the meridian of life. The questions proposed are full of import. Especially are they interesting and solemn when applied to the young. With them the great problem of life, nay, of an unending existence, is yet to solve. They exist and will continue to exist when time shall be lost in eternity. That existence will have a history. What the character of that history will be we know not. We may safely assume, however, that the history of one individual will differ from that of another. As there is a difference in the natural constitution—the principles and habits of different individuals—so there is also a difference in their sentiments, actions and character. There will be, therefore, also a difference in their history. Some commence their existence in the most unfavorable circumstances, but advance gradually and constantly until they reach an eminence envied by thousands who, by natural talent, circumstances and means, were more favored than they. Thus, from a point of apparent insignificance, as the thread of existence is spun out, they rise higher and higher in moral worth and usefulness, until their names are engraved on the temple of fame, and their influence felt by millions. Others commence their existence under the most favorable circumstances. Fine natural gifts, a superior education, moral training, wealth and other means, all are ready to extend the helping hand for the accomplishment of that which is great and good. But, alas! all to no good effect. The gifts of nature have been bestowed in vain. Education, wealth, and all else only seem to impress so much the more indelibly on their history that disgrace and infamy for which the same is remarkable. Their influence will be felt only as a withering, blighting curse. They *might* have become great and good. Instead of it, however, they have become mean and despicable.

Thus have we brought to view two extremes. Between these we meet with an endless variety. Yet each individual approaches more or less the one or the other. Hence, dear reader, you may form at least some idea of what may or even is likely to be your own history in the future. Much will depend on your own exertions, and the use you will make of the means within your reach. Without persevering exertions and a proper use of means, no one need dream of excelling in an undertaking. Men do not grow up and attain to perfection in a day or an hour like a mushroom, but by a regular process, a gradual development. Whether conscious or unconscious of the fact, and whether the final issue be good or bad, this regular process and gradual development commences with the moment of our existence. Hence, dear reader, the great problem of your history is solving. Every hour, every moment adds to that which is already past. The past is known and well understood;



but what of the future? Ah! it is a land of dreams and full of mysteries. It is still in advance of you. Ere the setting sun you may taste of its sweets or of its ills, of its joys or its griefs. You are constantly pressing forward and anxious to look *into it*; but a mysterious curtain shuts from your view all its realities, leaving you in uncertainty and doubt. The present moment is the last that precedes it, and yet for ages to come it will be in advance of you. You are now standing on its borders and constantly threatening to leap over its confines. Its vast treasures of good and evil, although concealed from your view, are partly yours. As your history will be unfolding, Providence will roll them out from behind the mysterious curtain. It may be you will "fall heir" to "apples of gold in pictures of silver," to wealth and happiness, or to shame, disgrace and misery. For aught you know the future may fill your cup with wormwood and gall. But be thou not alarmed at this. Call not in the aid of "the soothsayer," nor of "the fortune teller." The future is as much hid from their view as from yours by the same mysterious curtain. Look to a higher source, and call in aid of a more substantial nature. Let God be your light and Truth your guide, and you have nothing to fear. Although your way, like Hagar's, lies partly through the wilderness, whose dark shades occasionally fill the soul with a horrid gloom, there shall no evil befall you. If God be your portion, the future cannot fail to pour on your head its richest blessings.

Still, you may be doubtful. The idea of an unending existence, extending into the future with all its hidden realities, fills your bosom with anxious thought. You think of the divine law of human depravity and of eternal destiny. With these you dare not trifle. They are of vital importance to you. Hence your uneasiness. Nor would we have you otherwise than deeply interested in this direction. No thought can be brought to bear with equal solemnity on the mind with that of *unending existence*. Around it cluster all the inquiries relative to the immortality of the soul and its eternal state. We think of the past, of its joys and griefs, its pleasures and pains. We think of the present, of our circumstances and prospects for the future. But here we must stop, unless we would proceed on the ground of conjecture. We know indeed that there are laid up in the future vast treasures of good and evil, but the manner of their distribution is unknown. Hence we again call it a land of darkness and uncertainty. Over the vast territory it occupies are found many "fountains and streams," some of pure and living waters, for the refreshment of weary pilgrims and strangers, and others from which flow (though often in deceitful disguise, to deceive and destroy the young,) poison and death, in all their varied and most horrid forms. No wonder, then, that the soul of the sober thinker becomes awestricken, as he sees himself suspended between the past and the future, on the thread of unending existence. Reader, that is your position. You are just commencing the long journey of your existence. You are inexperienced and limited in your attainments. Probably you are altogether indifferent as to the manner in which you are performing it. Dreams of future happiness and greatness may be flitting over your mind. Anticipation of a glorious future may be indulged in. So long, however, as the present is not improved, all such happiness and greatness must remain objects of a delusive hope. So long, too, the precious



days and years of the young are passing away in their history, whilst they remain unconscious of their true mission in the world. The vanities of life, the pleasures of the world, and the madness of fashion, occupy their attention almost constantly. Thus many young men and ladies, whom God has favored with fine natural talents, spend their best days. Be not offended then, dear readers of *The Guardian*, at a stranger who desires to say to you a word in season.

*Unending existence!*—such is yours. For a moment imagine yourself on the banks of some mighty stream. You look up the stream and down after its rolling waters, but see no end. You commence to move up the stream and continue on until finally you stand at the fountain-head. You retrace your steps down the stream to the starting point. You pass it and move on and on until finally you find yourself on the water's edge of the great ocean. Here your stream rolls its contents into the mighty deep, and you see it no more. Yet its waters continue in the ocean. So with your existence. You may find a starting place by going into the past. But no landing by moving down the stream of the future. You may follow on the stream of the present life until you lose it in the ocean of eternity. Although the inhabitants of time may no longer see you on entering eternity, your existence will continue to flow on. Will you seriously reflect on this fact.

The unending existence on which you have entered is one of constant development. Hence it has also a history. That history shows progress. This progressive history, however slow it advances, will conduct you in the future to an eminence in the development of your intellectual powers, absolutely incredible to all human calculations. In this unending process all your faculties for the accumulation of knowledge will expand, and all your reasoning powers be strengthened. What an inconceivably glorious eminence may not the human soul reach in its future history.

This development of our powers is conditioned on the proper and healthful exercise of the same. The mind, like the body, must have exercise or it will be a mere dwarf. In the case of the body, matter works on matter. In the case of the mind, although it has also to do with the world of matter, the pure regions of thought and faith form its congenial element. The finite contemplates the infinite. The mind may be cultivated by a careful study of the branches usually included in a liberal education, but will find no resting-place on this side the infinite. It is here only that the soul, in the exercise of faith, will find a pure and healthful atmosphere for the development of all its powers. The study of nature will always lead to that which is higher than nature. The material will always end in the spiritual. To exclude therefore from our thoughts the idea of God, and the sphere of spiritual existence and faith, is to throw a serious barrier in the way of that expression and development of our powers of which they are capable and for which they have been designed. The young, therefore, cannot well commit a greater error than to confine their thoughts and studies to things visible only, and not to the invisible also. Divine truth, grasped by the power of faith, which gives that truth a living power and actual existence in the mind, is the most healthful nourishment for the inner man, and best calculated to draw out and develop the moral and mental faculties of



the soul. Hence they who cultivate religion in its true form, in connection with their mental culture in the study of the arts and sciences, reach the highest eminence. And, true as this is when applied to this period of life, so true is it also when applied to an unending future. Would we then attain that high degree of moral and mental culture of which we are capable and for which we were designed, we must not confine our powers to the objects of sense only, but must extend them to those of faith also.

Again, this development will assume some particular form. It will be virtuous or vicious, moral or immoral. Whether it will assume the one or the other of these forms will be determined by the principles taken up and digested by the powers of the soul. By a regular process of mental assimilation, these principles give character to the development of our powers. Hence, if in early life we imbibe vicious principles such will also be the character of that development which will follow. This being the fact, it becomes a matter of the greatest importance for the young to guard against all unjust and unholy principles, and to cherish those of a virtuous nature.

The powers of man thus developing will be constantly engaged in some way or other. It is not possible for him, during the hours of wakefulness, to be altogether inactive. Man will be at work, either at the accomplishment of that which is good or that which is evil. He is capable of accomplishing much good or evil, as the case may be, in the short period of a single year. More will be done during a life time, and infinitely more still during that unending existence on which he has entered. Oh! who can form anything like a correct conception of that which he will yet experience and do in the future.

The activity of our powers as thus brought to view, will affect our inward state as well as our outward condition. The latter will be affected by the impressions produced by our actions on our fellow beings in the relations they sustain to us. The former by the relations we sustain to our Creator, and by those which exist between the divine law and human conscience. A course of action, found to be in strict conformity to the divine will and law, cannot fail to secure the favor of God and to produce an inward consciousness of moral rectitude. This is true whether applied in a legal or gospel sense. Hence such a course of conduct, whether in time or eternity, will in every case produce the same effects, namely, true happiness. Directly the contrary will be the result of a vicious, sinful course of conduct. It will incur the displeasure of God and bring into action all the evil passions of which we are capable. Connected with this is a consciousness of guilt, and this consciousness of guilt is ever productive in the creation of tormenting fear and misery! Thus an internal wreck is produced. The soul, like the mighty deep, is thrown into constant agitation. Its wild and confused action is continually exposing its own shame and misery. Passion burns. Wreaking vengeance seeks its victim. Envy tortures the soul. Lust craves the forbidden fruit. Covetousness reaches out the hand of fraud and falsehood. Oh! what misery is thus produced and endured in a single day. A petty quarrel, a pouty, fretful spell, a little envy, often embitter for days and weeks our existence. But who can bear the thought of enduring these evils, increasing as they will be in the case



of the impenitent and unbelieving throughout the ages of an unending future.

In the present life we are subject to many changes. By proper exertions and a reformation of life, we may improve our circumstances. From a course of sin and vanity we may turn to righteousness and serious thought. From a state of misery we may be changed to a state of happiness. Such changes indeed frequently take place. In most cases, however, they take place in early life, or before its decline under the pressure of old age. The sooner we turn our attention to wisdom's path the better. "Youth is the time to serve the Lord." If that period be passed by without a radical change for the better the prospects for future happiness and usefulness can by no means be flattering. Hence that deep anxiety felt by parents and others for the young. They are well aware of the fact that sin opens many enticing ways to the view of the young and inexperienced. They know full well, too, that many a promising youth has been enticed thither, whose steps have been retraced. With them it is an established theory, that if the morning of life be spent in profligacy and sin, the evening of it is most likely to bring with it despondency and despair.

Finally, dear reader, will you once more with me direct your thoughts to the momentous problem of your existence. You look on the past and exclaim, in the language of another, Man is but of yesterday. But I ask you to look into the future! Will he die to-morrow? He may. He may pass away in an hour. Yet shall he live. The separation of soul and body will not destroy the one nor the other. Death will separate them only to be reunited for ever in a more full and complete form of existence. You shall pass through death and the grave, but not cease to exist. Your exit from the present world to that of spirits will leave you in possession of all your mental and spiritual faculties. It will not change your character, whether good or bad, but your state. In that change a state of probation will cease, and that of destiny commence. What will that state of destiny be? It is now hid from your view by that mysterious curtain which hides the future from the present. For this reason you may, like crowds of others, give yourself but little trouble in reference to it. Yet come it will. Its realities will overtake you, it may be, suddenly and unexpectedly. In the midst of life, in a moment you may sink into the arms of death. What will be thy destiny? What your future history? "Whither wilt thou go?"

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#### KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart  
Reflect the source divine;  
Oh then be kind, whoe'er thou art,  
That breathe'st mortal breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten even death.



## THIRTY-FIVE.

"THE YEARS OF A MAN'S LIFE ARE THREE SCORE AND TEN."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, weary heart! thou art half way home!

We stand on life's meridian height—  
As far from childhood's morning come,  
As to the grave's forgetful night.  
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—  
Youth started with us at the prow—  
Hope promised but to bring us here,  
And Reason takes the guidance now:  
One backward look—the last—the last—  
One silent tear—for Youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?  
Who comes with me and Memory on?  
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—  
Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!  
To pleasure and her giddy troupe  
Farewell without a sigh or tear!  
But hearts give way and spirits droop,  
To think that love may leave us here?  
Have we no charm when Youth is flown—  
Midway to death left sad and lone?

Yet, stay! as 'twere a twilight star  
That sends its thread across the wave,  
I see a brightening light from far  
Steal down a path beyond the grave!  
And now, bless God! its golden line  
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way,  
And shows the dear hand clasped in mine!  
But, list! what those sweet voices say:  
The better land's in sight,  
And by its chastening light  
All Love from Life's midway is driven,  
Save her whose clasped hand will bring thee on to Heaven.

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

MORE constant than the evening star,  
Which mildly beams above;  
Than diadem—O, dearer far,  
A sister's gentle love!

Brighter than dew-drops on the rose,  
Than Nature's smile more gay;  
A living fount which ever flows,  
Steeped in love's purest ray.

Gem of the heart!—life's gift divine,  
Bequeathed us from above;  
Glad offering of affection's shrine—  
A sister's holy love!



## HUMBUG OF HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE readers of The Guardian, we can easily imagine, were astonished when they opened the September number and saw there, among the "book notices," a favorable and most flattering notice of the "music-book" edited by "Profs. Johnston and Frost," the heroes of the "musical conventions" in Pennsylvania; especially will they be surprised to hear the Editor praising these musical men in the highest terms, as not "selfishly retaining" their great musical wisdom, "but like true scientific philanthropists," scattering their rich sentiments abroad to "make us a nation of the most perfect singers upon which the sun ever shone!" The reader will remember that only a short time ago the same Guardian contained a long article entitled "Humbug Turned Pious," in which the Editor gave his opinion, *and the documents*, to show that said "musical conventions" were a humbug; and that the object of them evidently was not so much to give instruction to the choirs, as to get them together at the close, in a vast concert of "one hundred singers," to draw a large audience at a *quarter* a piece, which would richly pay for all the trouble! It was shown that these "conventions" begin piously in the churches and end in some hall, with a mixture of the most silly songs, "to show the difference" between social and profane music, but in reality to draw the young and foolish to the festival which the church was thus made to prepare and baptize as holy.

Now the Editor of The Guardian had no such high notion of these "scientific philanthropists," as to believe that Pennsylvania would be benefited by a "Keystone Collection" of music from them; and hence when the music-book was offered him gratis, with the request to notice, by the publishers, Murray, Young & Co., he declined to do so, stating that for the sake of the publishers he did not wish to notice it unfavorably. The chief member of the firm immediately appreciated the reply and laid the book away.

But now what will the reader think when he is told that only a few days after this offer of the book, and the refusal to notice it, The Guardian appeared with a most enthusiastic notice of the book and its authors! It was foisted into The Guardian without the Editor's knowledge and consent—and the page which contained it never came under the eyes of the Editor in the proof. This is not all; before ever the Editor saw The Guardian bound and finished, part of the same notice appeared in The Saturday Evening Express, quoted as The Guardian's recommendation of the book! That is not all; on the first day of September, the very day on which The Guardian is published, the same notice was already printed, together with its quotation from The Express, on separate slips and pasted on the inside of the cover of the note-book as The Guardian's recommendation of it, and thus sent out with the book! In less than five days after the Editor had declined to notice the book, he was *forced* to praise it in The Guardian, in The Express, and in the book itself, in the book store, and wherever the



book may go. Verily, if the first noticed by The Guardian was a humbug, then is the second one growing out of it, greater and meaner and less pious than the first.

In this way was the Editor made to contradict himself, and lay himself open to the charge of singular and criminal inconsistency. We were not at all surprised to be written to by a young friend in reference to that notice, as follows:

“When I read said notice I could not help but think of ‘Humbug Become Pious,’ and of the minister who refused—and nobly too—to publish from his pulpit the announcement for the great ‘musical convention.’ The thoughts which rushed upon my mind were very strange. ‘What!’ I thought by myself, ‘is it possible that the Editor of The Guardian can have changed his mind so radically that he now puffs the very men whom he formerly denounced as humbugs.’”

There is nothing we endeavor more carefully to avoid than inconsistency. We were deeply grieved by the unfortunate occurrence, and desire the false impression to be corrected. Now, therefore, to all whom these presents may come, the Editor of The Guardian sends greeting: and he disowns the recommendation given of the book in toto—he protests against being *forced* to say what he does not wish to say—and asks that if any one wishes to buy said note-book, he do it, like General Jackson, “on his own responsibility,” and not from any recommendation purporting to be from The Guardian, whether it be written, printed, pasted, preached, prayed or sung.

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### CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the History of the Rebellion, was a Welsh pot-girl, who being extremely poor in her own country, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became a servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her she became his wife. Himself dying soon after, left her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Amongst those who frequented the tap at the brewery was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar. Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and now at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery bench, and was afterwards the celebrated Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James, Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II. sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp raillery on the subject, finished by saying, “Jamais as you have brewn, so you must drink,” and forthwith commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James the II. mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this enviable consummation in the person of his amiable duchess. Her daughters, however, were Queen Mary, the wife of William III., and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the *ci devant* pot-girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.



## EARLY AUTUMN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Ah, me!

How pining Memory flies into the past,  
And lives in the departed scene—so fond,  
She cannot taste the pleasures of to-day!  
Then were we children, and in hours like this  
None were more happy. It is now the time  
When slumber seems to hover on the air,  
O'er all the veil of Indian Summer floats,  
Blue, thin, and silent, lovely as a dream."

T. B. READ.

THE early Autumn is always a time of peculiar interest on the farm and in the neighborhood; and it lives in one's associations in a peculiarly pleasant way. The heat and heavy labors of summer are now past, and the spirit, braced by a firmer air, revives into a steady flow of life, which finds great congeniality in the sober scenes that now surround it. It is not late enough yet for the lonely and sad; it is the time for the earnest, hopeful and pleasant. Whether in business or in pleasure, this is the season when men have most heart to undertake, and dare, and do.

The last field is seeded. The early grain is already up. How prettily it grows in rows, and how green it looks when viewed toward the sun in the fresh morning, or in the calm evening.

The orchard still waits to be attended to. Some trees have been stript, but the winter apples are untouched. It is now high time to gather them in. A bag is taken and an apple put into one corner, round which the strings are tied, and this is thrown around the neck. The mouth of the bag is now distended and kept open by a stick pointed at each end and made to span its mouth. Thus it is easy to pick the apples into the bag. Only the best are taken; the rest are shaken to the ground and afterwards gathered and turned into cider.

Hark! how the press groans as the solid apples press into its fearful jaws, as if eager to be devoured. O, be merciful to the swarming bees! Spare them in throwing back the ground apples. Let a boy stand there with an elder bush, and swing it kindly over the trough. Poor, innocent, busy little bees, they have come thither not to molest you, but drawn by that strong instinct of labor which makes them so useful to man. Say not impatiently, "Let them stay away;" you would not say so to your infant creeping under the feet of your horses. They know not their danger. God has given them no wisdom for self-protection, but only the instinct to love sweets for themselves and for man; but to you he has given eyes to see their danger and a heart that ought not wantonly to suffer you to tread on a worm. Therefore, be ye merciful and spare the bees.

The cider-press is a delightful place on a moonlight evening. The neighbor boys gather. Some one has just finished grinding his apples,



and is going home with his horses, while others have already finished their suppers. There is still some cider running from the previous making. This is free to all; and well do the boys enjoy it, while the evening is spent tossing about on the straw, and racing, by long circles, through the meadow. These are the smaller boys—and these are their sports in cider-making time.

Where are the boys of larger growth? They have all been invited to a neighbor's house to "an apple-butter boiling." All the young men and maidens of the neighborhood are gathered there. The severe labors of the day do not unfit them for enjoying this scene of youthful festivity. The horses and cattle, attended to, supper over, every-day clothes doffed, the Sunday suit is put on—and away!

Do we transfer ourselves to the place, and what do we see. Two large kettles filled with cider have already been over fire since morning.

"Two great cauldrons o'er the fire,  
Whilst on huge crane stretched from jamb to jamb,  
Wide as a gate that lets the chariot pass,  
Swing over the blaze with cider streaming hot,  
Where the brown stirrer with its handle long  
A ceaseless motion keeps."

The apples to be peeled are in large tubs, waiting for the company. The young folks begin to drop in one by one, and fall earnestly to work; for the sooner the peeling is done the sooner will playing commence. Therefore thanks to that ambitious young man who comes there with a peeling machine. He is invited to every party of the kind in the whole neighborhood. Let it not be thought that he is merely welcome because of his machine and its great usefulness; for this itself is only a fruit of his general generous disposition. Every one likes him, for he is always useful, and agreeable, and kind. See how he spins the blushing apple, and whirls it peeled into the tub. The poet must have seen this performance:

"Swift flies the apple to the paring blade,  
While like a serpent falls the coiling peel."

The cider in the kettles is now ready to receive the cut apples, and they are accordingly poured in. But now stirring must also begin; and to this end one of the ladies must leave the apple-cutting party to stir—but not alone! Some one of the young men thinks, and says too, that it is too hard work for her alone. Kind-hearted, charitable, thoughtful young man! He flies to her assistance; and now with the sweep of the stirring movement there is caused also, or at least cultivated, a kind of harmony of hearts, which makes the moments fly swiftly and sweetly. They scarcely thank the lady who comes to relieve them; for she takes his place, as it would not be modest to take her's. But now, it is not right to let two ladies perform that tedious work alone. See a kind-hearted youth goes to relieve the first, out of pure pity, of course. So the changing goes on—each in turn relieved, and each in turn pleased to afford the relief.

Meantime the apple-peeling is over. The young people are not all needed to stir the kettles. What now? There is a youth—well he knows how to "begin the plays." We must not be asked to describe them, for almost all but the pleasant general recollection of them has



passed from our memory. The majority of them are of the most simple and innocent character—and not one of them half so foolish as dancing about on one foot then upon another; now, as if there were a thorn in one's toe, and then as if it were in the heel, bobbing up and down, like a cork when the fish bites, and then turning to one side and looking so languishing and interesting, so very beautiful, tender and sentimental with "love and longing." Not half so childish as this is any one of the apple-butter party plays that we have ever seen in the rural districts of Pennsylvania. The attachments that are cultivated in this kind of innocent country life are, we are sure, generally more virtuous and lasting, and oftener followed by a life of true social happiness than any that are formed amid the hot-bed sentimentalism of the ball room.

In these innocent rural parties no young lady is in danger of catching a pennyless, brainless, characterless fop, being distinguished only for his smart small talk, his nice clothes, and his unpaid tailor bill—one who is much more impressed with the praise of his moustache, than with the earnest duns of his poor washerwoman. Here an industrious, earnest young man is not in danger of being entangled in misery for life by a soft Miss, who can indeed "trip it gaily on the fantastic toe," talk languishingly, sigh to the moon, but knows not how to bake a loaf, sweep a room, or mend a garment. Such love and such gentlemen and ladies would do well enough for husbands and wives if houses had nothing but parlors in them, if love indeed were a dream, and the duties and trials of life only fancy and fun.

This seems to be a digression; but we hope it has legitimately grown out of our subject. Let it be regarded in the light of a moral attached to the tale we tell.

Early autumn brings with it many other rural delights, and innocent pastimes for country youth which poets have sung, and which moralists have not felt it necessary to rebuke or demolish. Nor do they painfully afflict the memories of those who shared in them in "boyhood's halcyon days."

"See where the joyous Hollow-eve comes in,  
And how the country is awaked to mirth!  
While, far and near, the sleepless watch dog's bark  
Responds from farm to farm, till oft the wife  
Starts from her couch to peer with anxious eye;  
Or, on her troubled pillow, dreams of harm  
In cabbage plots or poultry sheds sustained."

Gradually, and more and more keenly are these days of calm, sunny quietness succeeded by nights of frost and cold. Dark clouds are in the heavens, and black shadows are on the fields and mountains. It must be so to protect the wheat from the fly, to ripen the whole family of nuts, and to prepare for winter.

"It is the season when the woodland trees,  
Through yellow fingers, shed the plenteous nuts;  
When happy children, from the school released,  
Wander from grove to grove. Canst thou not yet  
Bring back to fancy those departed days  
When we, together, with our baskets went,  
Shelling the walnuts till our little hands  
Where like the autumn's brown? Or chestnuts found



Dropped from their starry burrs? or with the squirrels  
 Beneath the hickory, shared the shellbark's store?  
 How then we spread them in the loft to dry,  
 Between the rolls of wool for winter wheels—  
 The loft made odorous by the bundled herbs?  
 Ah, yes, thou needs must often see it all,  
 And, seeing, sigh for the delightful hours."

Thus, and with equal beauty of other such-like things has READ very naturally and touchingly sung in his "New Pastoral"—not only a truly American, but a truly Pennsylvanian poem. Blessings always on the man who records the innocent pleasures of our own rural life, even as they are blest who bear the memory of them in their hearts.

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## KNOWLEDGE AND BERRIES.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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KNOWLEDGE, like wealth, is gathered by steady habits of economy—carefully retaining what we have, and gathering more, little by little. Every opportunity must be improved. We must increase our stock of permanent information on every occasion. We must learn from every man, and from every thing—not overlooking opportunities that seem small in themselves.

There is much in the way we take to secure the end. To learn always, and from every thing, and in every place is an art. Though a simple art, it is not learned by every one. Lately we went with a company into the mountain to gather whortleberries. When we got to the place where they were to be gathered, we struck in from the road, and sure enough there they were. Some stocks were pretty full; but upon the whole they seemed rather thinly covered with berries. Great success seemed rather improbable here. Yet there was one in the company who went right to work—moving on steadily, and gathering them into the basket. We moved on to find places *where the bushes would hang full!* There is no use, we thought, of spending time where they are not more abundant. The result was that the full places, as we expected to find them, were not forthcoming; and while we fooled our time away the other person filled his basket. When we got back to the general meeting place and compared baskets, we saw clearly that it was not by picking out full places, but by picking berries that the baskets were to be filled. We thought of the Irishman who had heard that this new country over the water abounded in money, and that it could be gotten by handfulls; when he left the ship, he happened to see a dollar, which some one had lost, lying in the street, whereupon he exclaimed in contempt: "Faith, an do ye think I'll stop to pick ye up! Nare a bit of it. I'll ga right ane till I come to the *hapes!*" It is scarcely necessary to say that he did not find the "heaps," even as we did not find the "full places" of berries; and as he found his pocket empty of the dollar



which he did not pick up because it was only one, so we found our basket empty of the berries which we did not gather because they did not hang so thickly on the bushes as we desired.

As the berries did not make our basket look bluer, we resolved that the experience, with the recollection of the similar folly of the Irishman, should make us wiser for the future. So now when we go forth to gather knowledge we do not seek the full places, or wait till we come to the heap, but we go right to work, picking up little by little as we find it scattered along our path. We have no doubt that the proverb will prove true that "many a little makes a mickle;" and after awhile we will see that what was gathered grain by grain will fill a storehouse, and do to live on.

Furthermore, having gathered this wisdom—not the berries—in the mountains, and having gotten it without cost, except ending the little mortification of being laughed at by our companions, we now communicate it, and earnestly recommend it to the young readers of *The Guardian*. Remember that every berry in the basket, even when it is picked where they thinly hang, is there, and is so much towards filling it. So every little item of knowledge secured and fastened in its place is there for future use, and does its part toward making you a wise man.

When I see a young man who professes to desire knowledge inattentive when wise men are speaking, or spending a little leisure hour in folly, fun, or idleness, because it is but a little hour, instead of using it in reading a useful book or periodical, I say to myself he is holding up for the "full places," or waiting till he gets to the "heap." When others are wise, he will be walking about with an empty head, seeking knowledge and finding none; always trying to learn, and wishing to learn, but never coming to the knowledge of anything.

Many little dewdrops,  
Freshen all the plain;  
And the little floating mists  
Make the shower of rain.  
By many little crumblets  
The fowls are fat and fed:  
So many little ideas  
Fill the largest head.

If any of our young readers have hitherto belonged to the class described we commend to them this little song. We have written it for their special benefit, and it is herewith dedicated to them. They may sing it for pastime while they are in search of the "full places," and are traveling towards the "heap."

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#### FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a charm in beauty's smile;  
There is a thrilling magic power,  
To soften sorrow, and beguile  
The dark gloom of misfortune's hour.  
But there's a sweeter, holier tie,  
Which wavers not, nor knows decay!  
That tie is Friendship—heavenly power!  
Which brighter glows from day to day.



## FALL OF THE CHARTER OAK.

“A dirge, a dirge for the brave old oak,  
That helped to make us free!  
Let the vallies ring with the echo woke  
By a dirge for the fallen tree!”

THE famous old Charter Oak of Hartford, Connecticut, so noted in song and history, fell with a tremendous crash during the great storm, at a quarter before one o'clock this morning, August 21, 1856.

This noble old tree stood upon the beautiful grounds of Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Wylys' estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burnt out the punk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung out the next spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forest to New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the old oak was so large that a fire company of twenty-seven full-grown men stood up in it together.

Mr. Stuart had a stout door made to shut up the entrance, and he also placed tin caps upon the stumps of broken limbs, and for the past three or four years, fresh sprouts have grown upon most of its limbs, though other limbs were decaying. At the time of its fall, young and fresh acorns were growing on every part of it. Thousands of people are visiting the tree, and bringing away such sprigs and parts of limbs as Mr. Stuart permits.

Watchman Butler says he stood at the head of the street at the time of the crash. The wind had been blowing freshly from the northwest for an hour or more. He first heard a loud crack, and saw the Old Oak swaying in the breeze; a cracking noise followed, then the crash—all within the space of half a minute—and the famous monarch of the forest, whose history is so intimately entwined in that of Connecticut, was prostrate upon the earth! One thousand years ago, when it was in the prime of life—when its years were half numbered, its far reaching branches had sported in fiercer storms, and more swift-winged winds. But now, since full two thousand years have smiled and waned upon its youth, its prime, and its decline, it had become gray and decrepid, but it was still tenacious of its reaching roots, running a long way up into the beautiful hill side, and downward to the sharp cut below. Firmly, aye, proudly the Oak stood, seemingly conscious that nature had marked out for its own accommodation one of the most enchanting retreats in the State, and that destiny had accorded to it a notable and everlasting historic page in the story of Connecticut—one of the patriotic and original thirteen States of the Union.

Proudly it had stood, and when tottering with age, and reduced to a mere shell of a few inches, by the steady inroads of time itself, it still clung with fondness to the loved spot on which it had witnessed the decay and downfall of many of its associates—the path and the bloody



wars of the red man, and the redman's decay—the birth and death of generations of the white man, whose axe had cut away its towering comrades of the olden time. But while preserving a fair exterior, it was inwardly wasting away, and was obliged to yield and fall in a storm far less severe than many thousands that had preceded it.

Before Governor Wylly came to America, he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful “Wyllys’ place,” a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow oak. They declared that it had “been the guide of their ancestors for centuries.” It was spared, to fall this day, having finally yielded to the process of natural decay.

The tree measured 33 feet in circumference at the bottom, and it has broken off so as to leave 8 feet of stump on one side and 6 feet on the other, the stump measuring 21 feet in circumference at its top.

The Charter of King Charles II., for the colony of Connecticut, arrived in Hartford in 1662, probably in the month of September, though the precise time is not known. On the 9th of October it was publicly read to the assembled freemen of Connecticut, and was declared to “belong to them and their successors,” and the people evinced their gratitude by appointing a committee to take charge of it, under the solemnities of an oath, and to preserve this palladium of the rights of the people. It contained many liberal provisions, as may be seen on examining it in the Secretary of State’s office, where the original copy is still preserved with care. It was the organic law of Connecticut till the present constitution took its place in 1818.

In 1686, the general government of New England was dissolved by James II., and a new government was instituted, with Joseph Dudley as President of the Commissioners. Connecticut refused to surrender, and when the third writ of *quo warranto* was sent to her, Gov. Treat, in January, 1687, called a special session of the Assembly, which refused to accede to the demands of the new king. They still held to their charter. In March, another special session was convened, but still the Representatives of the people refused to “surrender.” In May, they met again in regular session, under the charter, and re-elected Treat as Governor.

On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, attended by members of his council, and a body guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought that the last moment of the colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out, and a total darkness followed. There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet. The candles were again lighted, but the charter was gone! Sir Edmund Andross was disconcerted. He declared the government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. Whilst he was doing this, Capt. Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those



times, was concealing the charter in the hollow of Wylly's Oak, now known as the Charter Oak.

In 1689, King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year Gov. Treat and his associate officers resumed the government of Connecticut, under the charter which had been preserved in the old Hollow Oak.

Mr. Stuart had Colt's armory band come up this noon and play solemn dirges for two hours over the trunk of the fallen monarch of the forest. He is a genial-hearted man—a worthy proprietor of the lovely hill side that nurtured for centuries such a noble tree.

A daguerreotype likeness of the fallen tree was taken to-day.

The city bells are to be tolled at sun-down, as a mark of respect entertained by our citizens for the fallen "monarch."

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### CHEERING WORDS.

Hear what a friend says. It is strange how such words cheer the heart of an Editor. Many, many similar cheering words have we nicely filed in our bundles of letters—keeping them for the light and love they bring. We give this one as a specimen—for to print them all would fill a number of *The Guardian*, and some green-eyed persons might suppose that our pet loved to praise itself:

"By the way, I would remark that *The Guardian* is always welcome when it comes. Its periodical visits are looked forward to as the visits of a dearly beloved friend—to which fact my diary bears testimony. I find the following notice of it in my diary: '*August 8.*—This evening my dear friend *The Guardian* came to see me in my new home. Welcome to my humble, my quiet sanctum, dear friend. I love to commune with thee at the twilight hour, for thou hast always something good to tell.' I state this merely to show that *The Guardian* is very acceptable to me. It cannot fail to do much good among the young."

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### H O M E.

I never left the place that knew me,  
And may never know me more,  
When the chords of fondness drew me,  
And have gladdened me of yore,  
But my secret soul has smarted  
With a feeling full of gloom,  
For the days that are departed  
And the place I call'd my home.

I am not of those who wander  
Unaffectioned here and there,  
But my heart must still be fonder  
Of my sites of joy or care;  
And I point sad memory's finger  
(Though my faithless foot may roam)  
Where I've most been made to linger  
In the place I call'd my Home.



# THE GUARDIAN:

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## THE GREAT AUTUMN.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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“For the fashions of this world passeth away.”

It is said that actors upon the stage frequently become so interested in the play, that they imagine it to be real. It is the same also with the spectators; they are drawn along by one scene after the other, until forgetting themselves, they fancy what they behold to be real events. Their hearts are interested, their affections are moved, until the whole sham seems to them an earnest reality.

This is a picture of the world, and of human life, as it lives and moves upon its bosom. Men act earnestly—toil busily—run hastily to and fro—become interested and absorbed in the business cares and pursuits of this world, until at length they fancy it to be a soul-satisfying and an ever-abiding reality.

The same illusive feeling gradually creeps into the hearts even of such as would be mere spectators of the worldliness around them. They gaze upon the play of worldly life, until it seems to them a reality. What seems at first only shadow, soon takes the form of substance. They fall in with the general pursuit; and become as earnest as life itself in the chase of vanities. “Surely every man walketh in a vain show: Surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.” Ps. 39, 6.

The things which now surround and engage us are not real—they are not what they seem to be—they are not abiding; nor are they satisfactory while they do last. The things which are seen are all temporal. “All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass.” In the expressive language of Paul: “The fashion of this world passeth away.”

We cannot well have too profound a sense of the vain and vanishing character of all earthly things. It often becomes at least the occasion of that “godly sorrow” which worketh repentance unto life. Though it cannot of itself change the heart and the life, it often does turn the heart to the true and abiding source of help and hope. We are by nature prone to the undue love of life, and of this present world; and we need,



therefore, the constant admonitions of wisdom, reminding us that "the fashion of this world passeth away,"—and exhorting us not to "lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven."

The holy scriptures abound in passages which are designed to impress us with a just sense of the transient, changing and passing character of all earthly things—passages admonishing us to cease fixing our hopes and our hearts upon them, and pointing us to that sure inheritance in the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which abides when earth, and men, and change shall have passed away.

How little, however, are the teachings of God's word on this subject heard and heeded! They are read, the Book is closed—and the heart is full of the world again.

Hence God directs our attention to a picture of this solemn truth, pencilled upon the world around us. The whole world is a commentary on vanity. It is written upon every falling leaf—upon every fading flower—the face of the landscape pictures it—the moaning of the autumnal forest preaches it—it is reflected from the human countenance—it utters its voice from grave-yards—it is spoken in mournful words, from desolate shores, from ruined cities, and from the moldering heaps of departed greatness and glory. In short, when history gathers up its mighty burden into one sad and gloomy sentence, it is this: "The fashion of this world passeth away."

Let us take the word "FASHION" in its literal sense—in its common acceptation, as indicating the outward decorations of dress, of furniture and equipage.

Take it in this sense, and what is more true, than that "the fashion of this world passeth away." What is more changeable than fashions—outward decorations?

Behold the votaries of pride and vanity! Scarcely has some new decoration been introduced in one circle of fashion, when the whole surface of society moves in the same direction; and all join, with quick earnestness, to bear their part in the mimic show. Scarcely has the last one, with uniform, matched like the rest, stood in the row, before a new movement commences—then begins a new unclothing and a new being clothed upon, and the same mimic scene is acted again throughout all the circles of fashionable life. It is safe to say, that one-fourth of the human race employ one-fourth of their time in preparing for and in carrying out these changes of fashion.

How trifling, how vain, how evanescent is all this restlessness of human vanity. It has nothing solid—nothing abiding. These outward decorations—what do they cover? A poor, perishing body—an empty head—a sinful heart—a soul in which slumber the fires of hell. Whited sepulchres!

But a little while, and the painted cheek is pale in death! The rich rustling robes of fashion are exchanged for the plain winding sheet—and the limbs that moved in stately pride in the halls of fashion, are composed in the narrow house where there is none to admire, none to praise, and none to envy!

Changes of raiment cannot ease the pains of the bed of sickness—cannot drive away the earnest horrors of a dying hour—cannot cover peacefully in the swellings of Jordan—cannot light up joy amid the gloom of



the grave—and cannot take the place of the white robes which the sainted wear in the kingdom of the pure! All the fashion of this world must pass away!

Behold the Dives of fashion! He is clothed in purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day! His robes rustle, and the colors of his rich garments change with the light as he sits in state. Hundreds gaze, admire, and fall in servile dependance at his feet. See again! His gay attire lies composed in its place—and he lies in the hands of the king of terrors. His limbs quiver—his pulse grows faint and slow—he gasps—he dies! “and in hell he lifts up his eyes, being in torment.”

There lieth, moreover, a moral lesson in these changes of fashion. Are they not an evidence of the restlessness of the human heart? Does not this never-ceasing desire after change, proclaim the great truth, that nothing earthly can long satisfy the human heart? It is ever eager to exchange one bubble of vanity for another—hoping still, and hoping ever, to find solid satisfaction in the fashion of this world which passeth away. How can the beauty of the feathers satisfy the hunger of the bird? How can the decorations of the body fill the spirit with that which it needs forever.

We have also a commentary on the passages quoted in the shiftings and changes of the physical world.

In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we see the prophecy of that awfully solemn fulfilment proclaimed in the scripture. Things visible shall perish. “They all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed.” The grandest organizations of the physical universe, shall tumble together into their original elements, “even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.”

The physical universe is fallen with man. It is, with him, doomed to a dissolution. We need but look at the phenomena around us, and we shall discover disturbing and dissolving forces at work, under the power of which the fashion of the physical world is constantly passing away.

These destructive forces are very comprehensively designated by our Saviour, under the names of moth and rust, and thieves. Moth, designates all those living animals and insects, which prey upon existing organizations, and gradually, silently, but certainly cause them to pass away, while they themselves pass away with them.

How extensively are these living agents of destruction at work over the face of the physical world! How vastly do they change the fashion of the face of the earth! Who can number them? They eat the springing germ—they gnaw the flourishing gourd, and it withers over our head at noon-day—they sting the leaf, and it grows pale and dies—they work themselves into the heart of the apple and the nut, and make them useless to man—they bore the giant oak, and work disease into its very vitals, so that though it has braved the storms of a thousand years, they make it a heap of ruins! In short, every living organization which beautifies the face of the earth, is but food for insects and worms. They seem to rush upon all living forms as the commissioned of Heaven, crying “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return!”

Rust, designates all these chemical forces and agents, by which the face of the physical world are constantly made to change and pass away.



These prey upon unorganized matter and inanimate objects, which the moth pass by. These, with their dissolving power, penetrate the most solid substances, and bid them return to their original elements. They lay hold upon the solid portions of animal and vegetable forms, when the moth have already destroyed their life, and level them with the earth. The hard rocks, the solid mountains, and the still more solid metals, all yield to the power of these chemical forces. Monuments and towers, and walls of defence, and palaces of pomp and power, all grow old, and change, and waste, and are dissolved, and the fashion of them passeth away.

What in the physical world, which disturbs its order, can better be denominated "thieves," than those various incidental forces which break in at intervals upon the regular order of existing things to devastate them, and to lay them low? Such are hurricanes and storms, which fall in like highwaymen upon the orderly progress of the physical world, to rob them of what they are, what they have, and what they promise. Such are floods and flames, which break through and devour. Such are ravenous beasts and hostile armies, by which thriving cities, peaceful homes and fruitful fields, are turned into solitudes and dreariness. Such also are pestilence, drought, and famine, which ride over the land like a burning curse from the angry breath of an insulted God! These are the outlaws of the universe made the executors of judgment, commissioned to seize and bear away what man has forfeited, and what God has cursed because of sin!

It is all these together—the moth, rust and thieves, which dissolve and waste all that is beautiful and permanent in existing physical forms on the face of the earth. It is these which bring on the great, solemn Autumn of the universe. It is these which execute the sentence of death and decay upon all that lives and blooms around us. It is these which stand like solemn priests at the grave of nature, pronouncing the solemn service of its burial: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Thus "the fashion of this world passeth away."

History will also aid us in the interpretation, and in the illustration of the passage.

The history of nations—what is it, but a running commentary upon the words: "The fashion of this world passeth away." The most solemnly interesting objects in the past are its mighty ruins—its moldering cities—its ruined capitol and temples—its crumbling monuments and sepulchres. The vast plain of history, as it stretches eastward before us, back into the morning twilight of the world, is nothing but the graveyard of nations; and, in some places, it has been buried over and over; empire has crumbled upon empire, and nation upon nation—kings have been buried upon kings; and the ruins of one palace have become the foundations of another, only to be itself again covered with new power and glory, as blossoms upon its own tomb! Behold the skeleton march of nations, treading upon each others, heels, as they go down in gloomy succession into the land of silence, and the shades of death!

Over and over, in the history of nations, has the divine prophecy been fulfilled in reference to the glory of Idumea and Babylon: "wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and the owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And



the wild beasts of the island shall cry in the desolate houses, and the dragons in their pleasant palaces." Is. 13, 21, 22. Is. 34, 11, 16.

The history of science. What is it but the revolution of systems? The embodiment of the wisdom of one age is found, in the age to come, forsaken upon the shelf in unopened and dusty volumes. How true it is: "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Thus the sentence of vanity is applied to the outward form of science, and executed age after age—executed, thus, upon the world in its highest and most respectable form. The wisdom of this world is not an end, but a means; and as a means it is even left behind in the progress of the human spirit towards its glorious perfection and bliss in another life.

Science unsanctified, is but as the scaffolding to the building—as the first coarse leaves of the plant which fall away—as the shell of the insect, which it casts off when it begins to soar. Its greenest laurels soon become as the leaves of Autumn; and the ornaments which it hangs over itself are but as vines which grow out over ruins, to cover their hideousness but for awhile, and are doomed soon to become part of the desolation which they cover. Surely the wisdom of this world cometh to naught; and the fashion of this world passeth away."

The history of man! What is it? How soon is the form of his body and the fashion of his countenance changed! He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

"Life like a vein amusement flies,  
A fable or a song:  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
Nor can our joys be long."

Thus, in whatever way we look upon the world, it is a fleeting show. Upon all its treasures, its honors and its pleasures, is written vanity of vanities—all is vanity. Surely the fashion of this world passeth away.

The power of this world soon becomes perfect weakness. The wealth of the world is not worth as much as one cooling drop to a fevered lip in the hour of death! Nor can houses, and lands, and millions, purchase a smile from the angel that guards the gate. Science cannot deliver—art cannot please, when man giveth up the ghost. Fine furniture cannot make the funeral house less gloomy. The glittering decorations of gold and jewels will shine but dimly through the pall robes which cover those that go to their long home. The smile of gaiety—the glad light of the eye—the glow of health—the power of beauty—

"Will the cold earth its silence break  
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek  
Beneath its surface lies!

And now let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. This subject addresses itself to all such as love this present world, and the things that are in it. O ye who bow to the god of this world! O ye votaries of earth, and sense, and sin! O ye who, without God and without hope, move so light-hearted and gaily into the presence of eternal realities!



Behold the shadows of a long night are appearing ! See, the grave opens ! See, the earth, with its vanities, recedes and disappears ! See, the years are drawing nigh, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them ! Wo unto you that laugh now, for ye shall weep then !

Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects which you now pursue !  
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.

“The fashion of this world passeth away.” Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.” “He that believeth not shall be damned !” “Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.”

Henceforth, oh, world ! no more of thy desires,  
———Now other cares engross me ;  
And my tired soul, with emulative haste,  
Looks to its God, and plumes its wings for Heaven.

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## A U T U M N   W O O D S .

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BY MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

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The wild flowers struggle with the frost ;  
The cedars wail in pain ;  
The grass bows down beneath my feet ;  
It will not rise again—  
In the old forest where I walk,  
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The spider's bridge breaks in my path ;  
The cricket's legs are stiff ;  
The sleepy adders hiss no more ;  
The bugs are in a miff—  
In the old forest where I walk,  
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The tangled vines writhe on the ground ;  
The dead leaves flutter down,  
Upon the bed of last year's dead ;  
The bald rocks grimly frown—  
In the old forest where I walk,  
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The crow croaks on the high tree top ;  
The wren has news to tell ;  
The flapping fish-hawk screams aloud,  
The robin sings farewell—  
In the old forest where I walk,  
And with dame Nature try to talk !

The outside world of trading men  
I neither see nor hear :  
The woodland elms and I would hide,  
If any should come near—  
In the old forest where I walk,  
And with dame Nature try to talk !



## THREE WISHES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

A YOUNG married couple lived very happily together ; but they had one fault, which dwells more or less in every human bosom. It is this : When we are well off we are anxious that well should be a little better. From this fault arise many foolish desires ; and into this folly fell also our Hans and his Liese. Now they wished for Shultz's land, now for Loewenwirth's money, now for Meier's rural possessions, house, home and cattle, and now for a hundred thousand million Bavarian dollars in cash !

One evening whilst they sat in happy peace at the stove cracking nuts, having already worn a deep hole into the stone in this cheerful winter pastime, there came in at the room door a very small white woman, not more than an ell in height, but wonderfully beautiful in form and features, and the whole room was filled with the fragrance of roses. The lamp-light was extinguished by her advent ; but a glimmer like the bright morning sky at sunrise, streamed forth from the little woman and illumined the walls of the room. Such a sight will somewhat awaken one's fears, beautiful as it may be. But our good couple soon revived from the slight shock, when the little woman, with a wonderfully sweet and silvery voice, said : " I am your friend Anna Fritz, the mountain fairy. I live in my crystal palace, in the midst of the mountains, where with an unseen hand I cast gold into the sands of the Rhine, and more than seven hundred ministering spirits wait to do my bidding. Three wishes you may express—three wishes shall be fulfilled to you !

Hans haunched his Liese with his elbow, as if to say : that sounds not badly. The good wife was already in the act of opening her mouth to suggest a half-dozen gilt-laced head dresses, silk handkerchiefs and such like, when the mountain fairy lifted up her finger in warning. " Eight days," said she, " you have time. Consider well, and be not too hasty in making up your minds." This is not bad, thought the man, as he quickly laid his hands on his wife's lips ; meaning thereby that she should keep silence. The fairy vanished. The lamp burned as before, and instead of the rose-fragrance, the smoke of the oil lamp rolled up again over the room, like clouds along the heavens.

Our good couple were now as happy as may be, in glorious anticipation. Every star in the firmament seemed to them a violin, making music for the rest to dance by in their joy. Yet they were in an exceedingly anxious situation ; because they did not know what to wish for ; and they had not even the heart rightly to think or speak on the subject, for fear their thoughts might be taken as a wish, before they properly considered it. Well, said Liese, we have time till Friday.

The next evening, while the potatoes for their supper crackled in the pan, both husband and wife stood together cheerfully before the fire, and saw how the little sparks of fire played hither and thither on the sooty-side of the pan, now blazing and now dying ; and without speaking a word, their thoughts were buried in their future happy fortune. But when they



emptied the roasted potatoes into the dish, and their odor stole agreeably upon their senses—"If we only now had a fried sausage with our potatoes," she said, innocently and without any reflection; and alas! there was the first wish made! Quick as the lightning comes and goes, came again the fairy visitor, and like the orient sky at sun-rise mingled with the fragrance of roses, it spread over the hearth—and upon the roasted potatoes lay the most beautiful fried sausage! As the wish was, so it was done.

Who would not feel mortified at such a wish and such a fulfilment of it? What man would not feel aggravated at his wife for such an inconsiderate act? "If only the sausage was grown fast to the tip of your nose," spake Hans in the heat of surprise, and with the greatest innocence—and behold! as the wish was, so it was done! Scarcely had the last word left his lips, when the sausage hung fast at the nose of his good wife, as if she had been born with it, turning gracefully down on either side like the moustache of a hussar.

Now the miserable perplexity of the married pair, stood at its height. Two wishes had been made and fulfilled, and as yet they were not a farthing nor a grain of wheat richer. Their possessions were only increased by one single sausage. True, there was one wish left. But what joy would there be in all wishes and fortunes with such a sausage ornament at the housewife's nose. For better or for worse, they must wish that the mountain fairy would, with unseen hand perform the work of a barber for the good wife Liese, that she might be relieved of the accursed sausage. So wished—and so done. The third wish was also past, and the poor pair looked at one another, and were the same Hans and the same Liese as before; and the beautiful mountain fairy returned no more.

NOTE WELL: If ever the mountain fairy shall come to you in this way, be not covetous, but wish—

*Number one:* For good sense, that you may know what—

*Number two:* you ought to wish for in order to be fortunate. And since it is easily possible that you might then wish for that which would after all make you neither happier nor better, wish—

*Number three:* for abiding contentment and no sorrow. Be also assured that no opportunity to make a fortune, is of any avail to them who have not sufficient wisdom to make the proper use of it.

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#### H O M E .

I never left the place that knew me,  
And may never know me more,  
When the cords of fondness drew me,  
And have gladdened me of yore;  
But my secret soul has smarted  
With a feeling full of gloom,  
For the days that are departed  
And the place I call'd my Home.

I am not of those who wander  
Unaffectioned here and there,  
But my heart must still be fonder  
Of my sites of joy or care;  
And I point sad memory's finger,  
(Though my faithless foot may roam)  
Where I've most been made to linger  
In the place I call'd my Home.—TUPPER.



## JOHN RANDOLPH ON DANCING.

"You have omitted dancing, Mr. Randolph, in your list of accomplishments," said Mrs. Stanley.

"It was designedly done, madam," he replied. "I do not consider it an accomplishment in a lady. The ease of manners, which, it is generally supposed, is acquired by a knowledge of dancing, is all artificial, and very different from that arising from a consciousness of innate propriety. The lady, whose manners are formed by dancing, is noted for an oversprightliness—a hop and skip sort of motion, an effort to attract attention; whilst, also, the movements, changes of position, motions of the limbs, and familiarities sanctioned by the figures of the dancer, have no very favorable tendency, in my opinion, to preserve the maidenly diffidence which so greatly enhance the charms of female loveliness. In a word, I detest it; nor can I see it, but in my imagination, I see the dancing girls of the East."

"This is very severe, Mr. Randolph," said Mrs. Stanley.

"But it is just, madam," he replied. "The welfare of society rests upon female influence in a far greater degree than is generally supposed; and female education, in every way, should be of such firm texture, that it cannot be torn or worn out. No tinsel for woman's minds. This is my opinion, for it is unquestionable that the first principles of good or of evil are engrafted into the young heart by maternal instruction, or suffered to grow up there by maternal neglect. I perfectly remember my own mother, when she called me to her, and explaining to me, in language suited to my age, my relation to the Supreme Being as my Creator and Father, made me kneel and place my little hands together, while she taught me the comprehensive prayer, which our Lord gave for the instruction of mankind. This was the first lesson, followed up by others, as I grew older; and the impressions thus made, nothing, as yet, has effaced. No: I do not estimate too highly the influence of woman upon society; nor am I too severe upon any sort of education which might tend to lessen their favorable influence upon morals, by substituting what are called accomplishments, in place of real virtues."

## MATINS AND VESPERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

PRAY at the Morning hour—

Grace, like the light and dew,  
Is richest on the spirit shed  
When thoughts are fresh and new;  
The rising light shines up the heavens  
Before it shines below:  
So first to God and then to earth,  
Should we our thoughts bestow.

Pray at the Evening hour—

Grace, like the golden light,  
That opens when the sun is set,  
Will smile upon the night;  
The light still lingers on the sky,  
When all is dark below:  
So last on God, and not on earth,  
Should we our thoughts bestow.



## NAPOLÉON ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

The remarkable conversation of Napoleon while imprisoned at St. Helena, with Gen. Bertrand, on the Divinity of Christ and the Christian Religion, though often alluded to, has seldom been read. It is an exceedingly terse and conclusive argument, and the circumstances in which it was uttered, gave it additional weight.

THE conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the Divinity of Christ, when Gen. Bertrand said :

I cannot conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, face, mouth and eyes. Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who has ever existed. I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brahma. Jesus caused himself to be adored, because his predecessors, Isis and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendancy of Jesus over his time, was like the ascendancy of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude—if he has revolutionized the world—I see in that only the power of genius, and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world, as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, Mohammed, with a sword.

Napoleon replied :

I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

We can say to the authors of every other religion, “ You are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood, molded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin.” Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience, of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

Paganism was never accepted, as truth, by the wise men of Greece ; neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. On the other side, the loftiest intellects, since the advent of Christianity, have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith, in the mysteries and doctrines of the gospel ; not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mohammed only legislators, who, having the first rank in the State, have sought the best solution of the social problem ; but I see nothing there which reveals Divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing



announces them Divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself; foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

It is not so with Christ. Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution; his gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms—everything is, for me, a prodigy, a mystery unsoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape—a mystery which is there before my eyes—a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine; everything is above me, everything remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in Him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles; and from the commencement his disciples worshipped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart, than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies, or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the master of the world. At his voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*Faith*.

What a master, and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray! He imposes his belief. And no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see, and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say *No* to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous. But no one can venture to say, *It is not so*.

Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died, the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples.



“They are about to take me, and to crucify me,” said He. “I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, Divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me ; for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies ; and I shall send to them, from heaven, a Spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my gospel. In fine, they will believe it ; they will preach it ; and they will convert the world.”

And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul, the “foolishness of the cross,” this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished. And the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

It is not a day, nor a battle which has decided it. It is the lifetime of a man ? No ! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy ; individuals scattered here and there, in all the parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

What a mysterious symbol ! the instrument of the punishment of the Man-God. His disciples were armed with it. “The Christ,” they said, “God, has died for the salvation of men ” What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the punishment of the Man-God. On the one side we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence. On the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Everywhere Christians fell, and everywhere they triumphed.

You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander ; of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory. My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power ! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal Emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome ? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians ; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of His church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is then the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage, and the hostility of ages ? Whose is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it ?



Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius! Upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon *love*; and at this hour millions of men would die for Him.

In every other existence but that of Christ how many imperfections? Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last He is the same; majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

It is true that Christ proposes to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words '*I am God.*' He declares it. What an abyss He creates by that declaration, between Himself and all the fabrications of religion. What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God Himself, would be a plausible excuse, and the proof of atheism.

Moreover, in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with nature which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? whither do I go? who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, everything is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and destiny of each individual. Christianity at least does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades everything which opposes its extension. Behold it upon this temple, this book surpassing all others (here the Emperor deferentially placed his hand upon it); I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which pass before us like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotions which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night, with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirits, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, He has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union of that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

Christ speaks, and at once generations become His by stricter, closer ties than those of blood; by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all



unions. He lights up the flames of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is, the reign of charity.

I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause.

But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me; then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do indeed possess a secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me. Nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

Now that I am at St. Helena; now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my misfortune? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued:

Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the gold gradually became dim. The rain of misfortune and outrage, with which I am daily deluged, has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an Emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me; assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for the worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him whom the world called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God.

For a moment the Emperor was silent. As General Bertrand made no reply, he solemnly added, If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well, then I did wrong to make you a General.

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IN private, we must watch our thoughts; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

Our hearts are like instruments of music; they make no melody in the ear of God, unless gently touched by the finger of his Spirit.



## TAKE NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Not a day without a line."

YOUNG members of the church, we think do not improve in religious knowledge as much as they might. This results no doubt from the fact that many are not as diligent as they should be in reading the scriptures and other religious books. The Holy Bible ought to be read regularly by every young Christian; from it the mind must derive its daily food. Good books ought to be read because they explain religious truth, and bring it in a plain and practical way before the mind.

There is one particular source of religious knowledge, which is open to all, and which we think is not as wisely used as it might be. We mean preaching. All who are in the habit of hearing a faithful pastor's instructions from Sabbath to Sabbath, ought in a short time to be well instructed Christians, familiar with all the points of christian truth. Yet how few even of those who regularly hear, are thoroughly indoctrinated in all necessary truth. What a vast amount of religious instruction is brought out by an industrious pastor in the course of a year. If this were properly treasured by the hearers, there could be no lack in christian knowledge. Here is the fault: it is heard and forgotten.

Now we wish to propose to our young friend a plan, by which this evil can be greatly remedied. It is this—*take notes of every sermon you hear*. You need not do it in church, while the sermon is being delivered; you can do it afterwards. Keep the train of thought in mind, and when you get home write down the points so far as you can remember them. Keep a book for this purpose; and make it a point regularly to record in it what you hear on various religious points. At first you may not succeed to your satisfaction; but you will improve by practice; and ere long you will be able to retain all the principal parts.

This course will improve your memory while hearing; you will listen intently with the earnest endeavor of retaining what you hear, and this exercise will strengthen your mind. Writing it down will be an exercise which will aid in fixing the matter of the discourse in your memory, so that you will not easily forget it. Then, too, you will have your notes to which you may refer at any time. Years after, the subject which you once heard discussed may come up for consideration; and when you refer to your notes, you will find there much more than you could have remembered, and what you have written will aid you in calling up the rest.

A faithful pastor frequently brings matter into one discourse, which it took him a whole week to think out and gather. He brings together the substance of all that bears upon it from various sources. He consults books to which you cannot possibly have access. What an amount of religious knowledge you have therefore in one sermon—how important that you should retain it. Are you not frequently reminded when a particular point comes up in discoursing with others on religious topics, of a sermon which you once heard on the subject, and which was fully



satisfactory to you? You are sorry that you cannot remember it. Your mistake was that you did not take notes, when it was fresh in your mind.

Habituate yourself to take down important things which you hear in the pulpit and elsewhere. What you thus record you will know better than you could possibly know it without. Besides, it will accustom you to write and express your thoughts on paper, while it exercises your judgment and memory. Let not a day pass without writing something, however little it may be. You will be astonished at your progress at the end of the year.

We have a book of this kind, filled with notes taken down every day in boyhood when on the farm, which we would not sell for money. We found it profitable then, and find it a great pleasure to review now what we then wrote. What we know from experience to be good, we earnestly recommend to all our young readers of *The Guardian*. Get your book—get your pen—and at it this day!

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## THAT NOBLE BOY!

BY THE EDITOR.

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“Heaven lies about us in our infancy—  
Shades of the prison house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy.”

SEE! there is an interesting boy. He is about ten to twelve years of age. He has been carefully trained by pious and anxious parents. He has grown up in good habits. He is modest and quiet. What sweet affection dawns in his looks; how courteous are all his replies when some one speaks to him. What a beautiful and attractive simplicity there is in his whole manner. How promptly obedient he is to his parents, and how kind and obliging to his sisters. He is especially fond of his mother; for he has not yet lost that feeling of child-like dependence, which causes him to feel that his comfort and safety is near her. He loves to go with her to church, and to accompany her on visits.

Have you seen such a boy? Have you seen, too, as he quietly grew older, and got to be from twelve to fifteen years of age, how he gradually changed. Have you seen, and mourned over the sad change! He is losing his fondness for home and parents. He is growing rough in his manner, harsh in his replies, and surley in his disposition. What he before loved in the circle of home, seems now an unpleasant restraint. His sweet simplicity has left him. When his mother wishes him to accompany her, he goes with a shy manner, which says that he does not wish to go at all. When, on Sabbath, he is reminded that all are ready to start for church, he says “I am going,” but does not wish to go in the group as he used to do. Instead of choosing the family pew, he would rather be in some remote corner, or on the gallery. Now and then he is seen to be in a kind of private stolen interview with boys that have not been trained in the same religious way as he has. It is evident that he begins to prefer the bosom of strangers; and the boy of fourteen is no more the innocently interesting boy of ten.



Have you seen these two pictures! Have you marked the contrast which they portray? Ah, this is the dangerous period in a boy's life. This is that *transition* time which, if not safely passed, becomes the beginning of wreck and ruin to many a noble lad, around whom the fondest affections and hopes of parents and friends has clung. This is the point in the path of life where the dark stream often rises, after which it has no more forever, the pureness, and freshness, and beauty which it had before.

The Guardian is read by many a lad of that age, who is just passing through that critical period of his life. O that my words of warning were written upon his heart as with a pen of iron in the rock forever! Sell not your boyhood innocence, my noble boy. Respond to the sweet affection of your mother. Cherish still the affectionate smiles of your sister. Cast not from you the holy influences of home. Seek only the society of the pure and good. Above all, give your heart to piety, and live in the fear of God. So will that which is the charm of your boyhood be your ornament and glory when a man.

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### E N E R G Y .

If small discouragements frighten you, you will not be likely to make such a man. Let the great naturalist, Audubon, tell *his* story:

"An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my studies in ornithology. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I lived for several months, and went to Philadelphia, on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge to a friend, with directions to see that no injury should happen to them. I was gone several months; and when I returned, after enjoying the pleasures of home a few days, I asked after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasures. The box was produced, and opened; but—feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had brought up a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which but a few months before represented a thousand birds in the air!"

The blow was a heavy one. So much labor so miserably destroyed. His brain reeled. For days he was almost unconscious. "But through the strength of my constitution, rallying again, I took up my gun," he says, "my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth into the forests to repair the loss, and begin my work anew."

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**THE WILD APPLE-TREE.**—A swarm of bees made their home in the hollow trunk of a wild apple-tree, and filled it with their treasures of honey; whereupon the tree became proud, so that he despised all other trees.

Then the rose-bush called to him, and said: "Miserable vaunting tree that art proud of borrowed sweets! Is your fruit therefore the less sour? Make the sweetness of the honey flow up into your fruit if you are able. Only when you have done this will men bless you."



## CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is the style of Christianity to use the tenderest language in speaking of the dead. It says they are "gathered to their fathers." It says they are not dead but sleep. It says they rest in hope—rest in their beds. It says they sleep in Jesus.

The Church has called the places of their repose *Koimeteria*, from which is derived our word cemeteries—domitories or sleeping places. The German word "Gottes-acker" is equally beautiful. Yea, it excels the other as having more of life and hope in it. It is not only a sleeping-place, where God gives his saints a sweet repose; but God's acre—God's garden, in which lie the bodies of the saints as seeds, to spring up in the resurrection, to bloom with the fragrance of bliss, and bear eternal fruit in the Paradise of God.

A tender respect for the body, as the organ of the soul, and a desire to have it decently disposed of after death, has manifested itself in all ages in connexion with religion; and so to dispose of it has always been regarded as a solemn duty among the pious. This attention every one instinctively desires for his own body. The thought of lying unburied is shocking to our nature; and so also is the thought of being buried in any way or in any spot that is not pleasant to us while living. Religion, moreover, quickens and increases this instinct, instead of abating it. This then we all desire for ourselves, and this we ought piously to grant to those whom we love in life.

Of this tender respect for the dead we have an instance quite early in the world's history. I refer to Abraham's affecting appeal to the sons of Heth, that they should sell him in their land, where he then sojourned, a burying place for his dead, and their prompt and humane compliance with his request. Gen. xxiii. We must ask the reader to turn to this affecting chapter, and read it with attention.

Here some things may be noticed to show how important a matter the purchase of a burial-place was to Abraham. Fearing as it would seem that his proposal might be rejected by the sons of Heth, he takes a very affecting position when he is about to make his appeal to them. "And Abraham stood up before his dead!" What an affecting sight! who under these circumstances can refuse him? He appeals also to their sympathies: "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you." Shall a stranger, standing before his dead, pleading for a place to bury them, be turned coldly away? No. Abraham was in earnest, and he took the best way to succeed.

Notice, too, what their reply is: "Thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead: none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchres, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." This was a kind offer. Abraham felt that it was kind; but it was not in accordance with his wishes and feelings. So he "stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land," and declined that kindness. He

anted a place as *his own*, which he should himself possess, and which



he might consecrate as a place of sacred repose for his dead for ever ! Therefore Abraham communed with the children of Heth, and said that if they were kindly disposed towards him, they should entreat for him with Ephron the son of Zohar, that he should sell him the field and cave of Machpelah, "for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, for a possession of a burying place among you." There was the secret ; he did not only wish to bury the dead out of his sight, but he wished to possess the place where they lay. When he was offered the choice among the sepulchres in the land, he bowed and declined ; but when Ephron said he should have the field and the cave, "Abraham hearkened unto Ephron," and immediately weighed to him the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." After he had paid the money, he took proper steps to secure it for himself by a well-attested title. "The field and the cave that was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city." The *trees*, too—a good hint !

The conduct of Abraham in all this transaction, shows that he had a great respect for the body of his dead, and that he wished, at any cost, to secure a permanent burying ground, where there was the least probability that it should ever after be desecrated and disturbed.

He might have buried his beloved Sarah in the "choice sepulchres" of the people of the land, but those were not his own ; and as once in Egypt another King arose which knew not Joseph, and did evil to the children of Israel, so in the land of the Hittites, another generation would soon arise which might have no respect for the dead of Abraham. How, too, in that case could Abraham be assured that he would be permitted once to lie by her side in death ? And, above all, how could he then seek her grave, as Mary did the grave of her Lord, and undisturbed, shed the silent tear of affection to her memory ? No wonder that he persisted : "for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, for a possession of a burying-place."

It was Abraham's design, also, no doubt, to make this the place of burial for himself, and for his posterity. In this he succeeded. When he died, it is particularly mentioned that he was buried in the same place. "His sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre ; the field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth ; there was Abraham buried, and Sarah his wife. Gen. ix, 10. In the same place, long afterwards, they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife." There Jacob was buried still later (Gen. i, 13,) according to his own request, and there he himself had buried Leah. It is stated, by Josephus, that in his day this place was still in good repair ; that the posterity of Abraham erected splendid sepulchres there, which were in his day yet to be seen. Mention is also made of this place by Eusebius and Jerome, and also by other church fathers down as late as the eighth century. Even at this day the sepulchres of the patriarchs are pointed out to the pilgrims to the holy land, by the monks on Hebron ; and so well do all the circumstances around it agree with scripture notices, that travelers the



most intelligent—as, for instance Robinson—see no reason to doubt but the graves which they see are those of the patriarchs.

The field is called Machpelah, which means “*double*.” It was beyond doubt some characteristic about the field which gave it this name. I could not think what it might be to which this “double” refers, until I met with the following, from a Spanish Jew, who visited Hebron in the twelfth century, which does not only explain this, but also beyond doubt serves to identify this place as the Machpelah of Abraham. In the valley there is a duplicate, that is as it were two little vallies. It seems that a ridge divided this field; in this ridge was no doubt the cave, and bordering the valley on each side were the “trees” that “were made sure,” and which “were in all the borders round about.”

Now we may ask, where are the “choice sepulchres” of the Hittites? and who would point out the place where Abraham’s dead repose, if he had buried them there? The field, however, and the cave are still before Hebron, as they were some four thousand years ago; there the pious pilgrim may still stand in silent meditation, while his heart whispers,

“How many, many memories  
Pass o’er my spirit now!”

We have the same feeling manifested by Jacob. When death is about to call for his soul how tender is his concern for his body! It was long the tent in which he abode, the companion of his long and tiresome pilgrimage on earth, and now, as he is called upon to lay it down at the grave, he desires to have it laid aside decently. How affecting is the language of the Bible! How beautiful is the scene before us! “And the time drew nigh that Israel must die: and he called his son Joseph.” There must be something important still on the dying patriarch’s spirit. What can it be? Listen!—“and said unto him, if now I have found grace in my sight”—how courteous, but how earnest is this language!—“put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh.” This was the mode among the Hebrews of administering an oath. Joseph then is to swear that he will deal kindly and truly with his father, in reference to this his dying request, which he is now about to make. We can fancy to ourselves Joseph standing by his father’s bedside, in anxious and trembling suspense, waiting in willing and affectionate submission to hear his father’s dying request. Dying Israel turns his fading eye-balls towards his beloved Joseph, the child of his greatest sorrows, but also of his greatest joys, with anxious desire. And what is his last wish? “Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place.” Joseph said, “I will do as thou hast said.” And Israel said, “Swear unto me: and he sware unto him. And Israel bowed himself upon the bed’s head.” Afterwards he made the same request of all his sons, standing together around his bed: “And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.”

Are you a painter—can you throw this scene on canvass? Are you a poet—can you describe it? Have you refined and Christian sensibilities—can you feel it? Are you like-minded with dying Israel—do you commend it?



That the manner how, and the place where, his body should be buried, was a matter of deep concern to Jacob himself is abundantly evident. The whole transaction is as earnest as it was possible to make it. The moment when he manifested this concern, is a moment when matters of light import do not concern the mind—it was the moment when Israel must die! The preface to his request shows how earnest he was: “If now I have found grace in thy sight”—that is, if you have any disposition to do me a favor. The oath which he demanded of his son shows the same: “Swear unto me.” The language itself, is emphatically earnest: “Bury me not, *I pray thee*, in Egypt.” That he was earnest is also seen from the fact that he afterwards renews his request in the presence of all his sons. “And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob; and hearken unto Israel, your father. And, after having blessed each, he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittites, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite—how carefully he described it, that there may be no mistake—for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah!”

In what shocking contrast with this touching tenderness, stands the cold and cruel spirit of paganism. “Diogenes,” said one, “when you die, what shall be the disposition of your body?” “Hang me up,” said the Cynic, “on a tree, with my staff in my hand, to scare away crows!”

The respect for the dead which thus manifested itself so strongly in the “father of the faithful,” continued to possess the minds of the Jews in latter ages.”

When Joseph was about to die, he manifested the same abhorrence at being buried in Egypt, as his father Israel had done. “And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. So Joseph died, and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt. Gen. i, 25. After this, when Moses brought the children of Israel forth from Egypt, we are told that they brought with them the bones of Joseph, according to his request, and buried them all in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph.” Josh. xxiv, 32. In the epistle to the Hebrews, this act of Joseph in giving commandment concerning his bones,” is commended, and mentioned as an evidence of his faith. So firmly did he believe that Egypt would be in time entirely forsaken by his kindred, that he was not willing that his bones should remain there, when there was none left to whom the place where his ashes reposed would be sacred.

After the death of Saul, some valiant men of Jabesh-gilead took and buried his bones under a tree. David afterwards, when it was told him who had buried Saul, commended the act highly, and requited the humane act with special kindness towards the men who did it. Jonathan, too, it seems was buried in the same place, for we are told that “in their death they were not divided.” After this some brutish men of Jabesh



gilead committed sacrilege upon their graves, stealing their bones and carrying them away; but David interfered, secured the bones of Saul and Jonathan again, and buried them decently in Zelah, in the sepulchre of Kish, Saul's father. 2 Sam. xxi. 12 et seq

This tender respect for the bodies of the dead continued still later among the Jews. To bury the dead among the poor and unfortunate, was considered a pious duty, and he who excelled in devotion in the discharge of this duty, was revered for his attainments in piety and excellence. For proof of this we need but refer to the first two chapters of the Book of Tobit. Tobit diligently performed this duty, in the true spirit and devotion of Scott's Old Mortality. He rose up from his table, before he had finished his meal, when he was told that one of his nation was strangled and lay unburied in the market place. He suffered the loss of all his goods, and even exposed himself to the penalty of death in performing a duty prompted by his religious feelings, but which the laws of the land forbade as a punishment of the Jews. By night he stole out, where he knew the body of one slain had been left, carried it away and buried it decently!

The Rabbis, we are told, taught that it was not lawful to demolish tombs, or to disturb the repose of the dead, by burying another corpse, even a long time afterwards, in the same place. It was also considered by them a desecration to suffer cattle to graze in cemeteries, and thus to feed upon the grass which grew over the slumbers of the dead. Perhaps the reason of this is founded upon a sentiment thus expressed by Osborne, an old author: "He that lieth under the herse of heavenue, is convertible into sweet herbs and flowers."

Why should brutes be allowed to eat or tread under foot the green grass, and the beautiful flowers which God causes year after year to renew their freshness and beauty over the lonely dead? Rather let them grow and fade, bloom and die, and by this unceasing renovation, be a fit emblem of the final resurrection of those who sleep beneath, and a pledge of that immortal renovation in the glorious prospect of which they are now only feebly held in the arms of death. I find no fault with this law. Let no unfeeling foot, much less a brutish one, tread upon the sacred ashes of the dead!

In the New Testament, we have the same tender regard for the body manifested. How touching is the conduct of the disciples of John, after he was beheaded in the prison to satisfy the caprice of a foolish girl. And his disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus. John xiv, 13. Who does not admire their devotion? who does not commend their conduct? Their sorrow was great, and they were anxious to tell Jesus: but they buried the body first!

The tender care which was bestowed upon our Saviour's body is known and admired by all. How moving is the story of his burial! Joseph of Arimathea (being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews) besought Pilate that he might take the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus (which at the first came to Jesus by night) and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a new



sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus." John xix, 38. This was not all the respect which it was intended to show to our Saviour's body. He was crucified on Friday, and that evening he was laid in Joseph's new tomb, and when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had brought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. Mark xvi, 1. They were, however, not enabled to perform their intentions of love, for he had risen, and they could only behold the place where he had lain. The great stone which was rolled against the door, shows also how anxious they were to secure the body against desecration. All this shows that the body among the Jews was considered a sacred treasure, which should be laid decently away. This was not an isolated instance of such respect for the dead, for the tomb where he was laid was Joseph's own new tomb, which he had hewn out of a rock in one part of the garden for himself: thus it shows also the desire of Joseph to provide a beautiful resting place for his own body. We are told also in the same history, that this was the manner of the Jews to bury.

The early Christians as well as the Jews were distinguished for their respect for their dead. To bury them decently was considered an urgent religious duty, which they performed with peculiar promptness and devotion. This is one peculiarity about them which was so striking and prominent as to attract the attention of Julian the Apostate; this trait in them was by him admired and commended. In time of persecution, the Christians buried their dead by night, their persecutors not allowing it if known. The fact that they were prohibited from burying their dead, as a punishment, proves that their persecutors considered this their tenderest point, and believed that in no way could they afflict and pain them more. It seems from this that a desire to inter their dead was their strongest passion, to which their hearts clung longest and last. For this, in the spirit of Tobit of old and Old Mortality of modern days, they braved danger and death!

The early Christians had a great horror for the practice of *burning* the bodies of the dead, which was a custom at that time prevailing in the Roman Empire. It was no doubt the doctrine of the resurrection of the body which inspired this disgust at such a practice. They had, moreover, precedents in sacred history for interring or depositing it in a vault or cave in the earth, which practice was most accordant with their own feelings. Accordingly it soon became customary to employ for this purpose a piece of ground in connection with the church property; all of which was consecrated by religious solemnities as a sacred place of repose for the dead. On their graves, the anniversaries of their death was celebrated by their friends with tender devotion. This practice, and the feeling which occasioned it, are beautifully seen in the conduct of the congregation of Smyrna, in reference to the body of Polycarp their bishop, after he had suffered martyrdom; "We take up his bones (was their language) which are more precious to us than gold and precious stones, and we lay them down in a becoming place; and God will grant that we may gather together there in peace and joy, and celebrate the birthday of his martyrdom, in remembrance of the departed warrior, and for the practice and exercise of those whom the battle still awaits." Who does not admire their simple devotion, and their tender affection for their



teacher, who had not only taught them how to live for Christ, but who was willing for their sakes and for Christ's, to seal his teachings with his blood. Let the place where his bones repose be honored for ever ; "for the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

Often, among the ancient Christians, on the anniversary of the death of some eminent saints, a congregation was formed around their graves, exhortations to faithfulness were heard, and the Lord's supper was celebrated, in the consciousness of an inseparable mystical union in Christ, with those who had died as his faithful witnesses. Whether this is all to be defended and practised when times and modes have changed, we need not now determine. That it deserves our admiration more than that cold neglect of the bodies of the dead which we sometimes witness in our time, must be plain to all. It serves to show the strong conviction which reigned in their bosoms, that the bodies of the dead ought to be laid aside decently, and cared for piously, as peculiar treasures to be called for again in due time. The question is not whether we manifest the same spirit in the same way, but whether that spirit is yet among us at all, and whether it is not highly proper that it should be

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## COMMUNION SABBATH.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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TO-DAY the holy communion is to be administered. What an interesting day—what a solemn, yet joyful occasion ! What a penitential sadness steals over my spirit. My heart remembers my sins before the cross. The view of my dying Lord causes my spirit to tremble, and a strange sadness, for a moment, fills my soul. But how soon it is again sweetly driven away ; and every dark fear that comes to rest upon my heart, flies before the tender melting look of the sufferer, like as shadows are chased before the advancing sunlight upon the landscape in Autumn.

Faith has carried me back over many centuries. Faith has set aside time and space. Faith brings me into the presence of that awfully glorious scene, where the sinless one bore my sins in His own body upon the tree. Faith makes it all real to me—it hears the groans, sees the agony that works upon his sacred brow, and the purple drops that fall from his hands, his feet, his side.

For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me this death is borne ;  
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.

Love draws me to the cross. Love longs after communion with the unseen, fairest among ten thousand. Love finds rest and peace in joyful communion with Him who makes us one with Himself, and the Father, in one spirit. Love hears Him say : He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. Love constrains me this day.

O for such love let rocks and hills,  
Their lasting silence break ;



And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

Hope points upward, and promises to me the full fruition of what is here begun. Hope waits, praying and praising, till I drink anew of the fruit of the vine with Him in his father's kingdom. Hope cheers every fainting and feeble energy, and gently reproves every dull delay. Hope anchors the soul in the eternal haven of peace.

A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure ;  
And cleanse the heart from flesh and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.

I am to remember the sufferer always, but especially on this day. The bread is to show me His broken body—the wine is to set before mine eyes his shed blood. In my heart the whole scene of his sufferings is to be reproduced ; and I am to feel all the tenderness, and sympathy, and sacred love which was felt by John and the Mary who stood near Him—and gazed upon the cross. But of myself I cannot do it. Grace must do it—the same love which died for me must touch my heart and make it live. He has touched me with his power of love. To him be gratitude and praise forever.

Why was I made to hear thy voice  
And enter while there's room ;  
While thousands make a wretched choice  
And rather starve than come.

O the cross—what a melting power there is in the cross. That which was the symbol of shame, has become the symbol of glory. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I am crucified unto the world. As when the sufferer hung upon it so still, let all the world veil itself in darkness before the cross—and when all is dark, let that alone be bright in the midst. This is the star of hope to guide weary wanderers home.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;  
Previous drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Here I see my sins forgiven,  
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go ;  
Prove his blood each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

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I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial ground God's Acre ! it is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.



## WILLIAM FALCONER.

WILLIAM FALCONER, one of the most truthful "poets of the sea," was the son of a poor Edinburgh barber. He was born in 1730. Two other children, who with himself made up the family of his father, were deaf and dumb. His education, as he himself said, was confined to reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; but he eagerly grasped after whatever knowledge lay in his way. He was, however, early shut out from even his small opportunities for learning, by being sent to sea on board a Leith merchant ship. To this, he is supposed to refer in a passage in one of his poems.

"On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,  
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;  
But soon adversity, with freezing blast,  
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast,  
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,  
Condemn'd *reluctant* to the faithless sea."

Before he was eighteen years of age, he had risen to the rank of second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel engaged in the Levant trade. In one of his voyages in this vessel, he was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, in Greece; and it is here that he lays the scene of "The Shipwreck," the poem by which he will long be remembered. In 1757, he was promoted to the *Ramilies* man-of-war; and as an opportunity was here afforded of improving his literary taste, he is said to have studied with great assiduity. Certain it is that he gained a very good knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, and learned something of the German. In the *Ramilies*, he was subjected to a disaster of more magnitude even than his former shipwreck. While making for Plymouth, the ship struck upon the shore; and of a crew of 734 men, only 26 escaped with their lives; among these was the poet. He had already given some evidence of poetic talent, and, two years after this, in 1762, he published the *Shipwreck*, which he dedicated to the Duke of York. It was subsequently greatly enlarged and improved, and has taken rank among the classical poems of England. Few poets have had such opportunities for observation of nautical life as Falconer enjoyed, and fewer still have had the experience which would enable them to commemorate so fearful a disaster.

The poem seems to be a picture of real life. The sights and sounds of the sea—the gentle calm at sunset, when the ocean

"Glow in the west, a sea of living gold!"—

the still evening—the silent, sombre midnight—the stories and songs of the sailors—the call of the boatswain—the sudden rise of the tempest, the groaning, heaving, straining, of the storm-driven ship, and its final destruction upon the romantic promontory of old Sunium—these are but a few of the points to which the genius of the poet directs the mind of the reader. The scene of the poem is not among the least happy circumstances of the work. It is laid in one of the most charming portions of the shore of a country whose bare name is suggestive of almost all that is beautiful or profound in ancient literature and art, and of



much that is exciting in the history of modern freedom. "In all Attica," says Byron, "if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns [the remains of an ancient temple] are an inexhaustible source of observation and design: to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveler will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'isles that crown the Ægean deep;' but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

' Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep. '

A peculiarity of this poem is, that, while its poetic merits are great, it is a safe guide to practical seamen. It shows a thorough acquaintance with the art of navigation, and is replete with directions which have been approved by naval officers of distinguished character. Falconer was himself a thorough seaman. The "Shipwreck," in the words of one of his biographers, "is of inestimable value to this country, since it contains within itself the rudiments of navigation; if not sufficient to form a complete seaman, it may certainly be considered as the grammar of his professional science. I have heard many experienced officers declare, that the rules and maxims delivered in this poem, for the conduct of a ship in the most perilous emergency, form the best, indeed the only opinions which a skilful mariner should adopt." This very characteristic, which adds much to the reality of the scene described, has been thought to detract a little from the interest with which a landsman would read the poem. To *his* ears, "bow-lines" and "clue-lines," "clue-garnets," sound technical and barbarous, while to the sailor they afford so many proofs of the capacity of the poet, and the truth of his story. We shall give a few quotations to show the character of the poem. He thus introduces the doomed vessel to the reader:—

" A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd  
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held;  
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,  
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,  
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,  
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail  
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.  
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,  
Unwearying, wafted her commercial store.  
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,  
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;  
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,  
And visited the margin of the Nile.  
And now that winter deepens round the pole,  
The circling voyage hastens to its goal.  
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,  
No dark event to blast their hopes, foresaw;  
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer  
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near."

The ship arrives at Candia, evening come on, and midnight:—

" Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,  
While infant breezes from the shore arise;



The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,  
 Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud ;  
 A mighty ring around her silver throne,  
 With parting meteors cross'd portentous shone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,  
 Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.  
 She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,  
 But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.  
 Above incumbent vapors, Ida's height—  
 Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight.  
 North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,  
 And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.  
 With winning postures, now the wanton sails  
 Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales ;  
 The swelling stud-sails now their wings extend,  
 Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend.  
 While all to court the wandering breeze are placed ;  
 With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced."

The ship at last leaves the harbor, and sails away.

"The native, while the ship departs the land,  
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.  
 Majestically slow, before the breeze,  
 In silent pomp she marches on the seas ;  
 Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,  
 While trembling through the green translucent stream.  
 The wales, that close above in contrast shone,  
 Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.  
 Britannia, riding awful on the prow,  
 Gazed o'er the vassal wave that roll'd below ;  
 Where'er she moved, the vassal waves were seen  
 To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.

\* \* \* \* \*

High o'er the poop, the fluttering wings unfurl'd  
 Th' imperial flag that rules the watery world.  
 Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,  
 And warlike trophies either quarter drest ;  
 Then tower'd the masts ; the canvass swell'd on high ;  
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.  
 Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,  
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.  
 Thus, like a swan she cleaves the watery plain :  
 The pride and wonder of the Ægean main."

Their hopes of a prosperous voyage were soon shaken. The breeze freshens into a gale ; the clouds become blacker and blacker ; the main-sail splits ; the crew are all upon deck, and all anxious.

"His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day  
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray ;  
 His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,  
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;  
 Till deep immersed the languid orb declines,  
 And now to cheerless night the sky resigns !  
 Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !  
 No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast ;  
 No ray of friendly light is seen around ;  
 The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd."

To relieve the laboring vessel, the guns are thrown overboard ; but the relief is but temporary. She springs a leak, all hands man the pumps, but the leak gains upon them. The mizen-mast is cut away. Still the storm swept them along, by "Falconera's rocky height," and towards the main land of Greece itself.



" Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps  
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps ;  
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,  
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.

So they direct the flying bark before  
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore.  
As some benighted traveler, through the shade,  
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd ;  
While prowling savages behind him roar,  
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before.

And now Athenian mountains they descry,  
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high ;  
Beside the cape's projecting verge are placed  
A range of columns, long by time defaced ;  
First planted by devotion to sustain,  
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane,  
Foams the wild beach below, with maddening rage,  
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.

And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,  
Through the rent clouds the ragged lightnings fly,  
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,  
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night.

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,  
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly ;  
Fate spurs her on ; thus issuing from afar,  
Advances to the sun some blazing star ;  
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,  
Springs forward with accelerated course.  
When mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,  
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand ;  
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,  
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.

The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,  
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring ;  
The fatal sisters on the surge before,  
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore."

The ship is near its end.

" Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,  
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies,  
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground—  
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound.  
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,  
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.  
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,  
The bleeding bull, beneath the murderer's blows.  
Again she plunges: hark! a second shock  
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock.  
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,  
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes  
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,  
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak ;  
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell  
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,  
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,  
And crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides."

If we had not extended these extracts almost too far already, it would be pleasing to give more of the separate pictures of beauty in which the poem abounds. Of the crew, but three were saved, and Falconer was



one of them. His genius has invested Cape Colonna with an interest not its own, and the wreck of the *Britannia* may be remembered as long as the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

After publishing this poem, Falconer, by the advice of the Duke of York (to whom, as before mentioned, he had dedicated it), left the merchant service, and entered the *Royal George* as midshipman. After this ship was paid off, rather than wait until his time of service would allow him to become lieutenant, he accepted the appointment of purser on board the *Glory* frigate. It was not long before this vessel was laid up in ordinary, and the poet (who in the mean time was married to an accomplished lady) engaged in various literary pursuits. The most important of them was the compilation of a *Universal Marine Dictionary*, a work which has been approved by the professional men of the navy, as of great utility.

Falconer is said to have been in person slender and somewhat below the middling height, with a weather-beaten countenance, and an address rather awkward and forbidding. His mind was inquisitive and keenly observing. He was prone to controversy and satire, but full of good humor, and, like most of his profession, frank, generous, and kind. Having removed to London, he seems to have suffered from poverty. Entering into the politics of the times, he wrote a satire on Lord Chatham, Wilkes, and Churchill, which failed. In 1768, Mr. Murray, a bookseller, proposed that he should unite with him as a partner in business, which it is probable that he would have done, had he not been appointed to the pursership of the frigate *Aurora*, bound to India. The frigate was to carry out three gentlemen, as supervisors of the affairs of the East India Company, and he was promised the office of private secretary; so that his prospects seemed favorable. The ship sailed from England, Sept. 30, 1769, touched at the Cape as is usual, and thenceforward was never heard of. She probably foundered in the Mozambique Channel, and no "tuneful Arion" was left to tell the melancholy fate of the lost. It seems singular that he who most eloquently and beautifully commemorated the perils of the sea, should himself have been so often subjected to them; and should, at last, be mysteriously gathered to the profound and secret caverns of the deep, as if the waves were greedy of the whole of him who had so well sung of their smiles and their wrath.

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THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—The Cocoy queen beetle is about an inch and a quarter in length, and, what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which affords light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day-time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light.



## THE TIME OF THE FALLING SNOW.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE tears come into my eyes when the snow falls, for it was in the time of falling snow she died. A dreary morning, cold and desolate, with sleet pattering on the window pane, and snow upon the frozen ground. The tower of the church, which you could see from the window of the dead chamber, rose drearily and alone into a leaden sky. And I can see her now, by the light that comes but dimly through the half-drawn curtains. The face stricken by death—those eyes turned yearning to Heaven, and filled with light that shone upon them from the better world; those cold, thin hands, clasped over the sunken breast—I can see her now, even as she looked in the moment before she died. Oh, if you had all the power of expression that language in its brightest flights afford, you could not paint the agony and rapture of the dying face.

She knew us all—knew that she was the last of many we had given to the grave. She called us by name, and told us how hard it was to part with us, and in the same breath, a quick gasping breath, for she was struggling between time and eternity; she told us how good it was to go home.

We watched her as she died. One moment her eyes were all light, the next they were filmy and cold. And I can remember how I went from that death room leaving her upon her death bed, even as the life had just passed her lips. How I hurried out into the cold, and felt it good to feel the sleet upon my face, and drink of the cold winter air with delight. How I went to work, and amid the care and clamor of work, endeavor to drown the thoughts of her who all the while lay cold and beautiful in my home, attired for the coffin and the grave-yard, her thin, white hand enfolded on her shroud. And I can remember how I came home at night, and went into my room and wrote—still cherishing a latent thought that she was not dead, but only waiting for me to come and read to her what I had written. And when I had written—I remember it yet—I rose up and took the manuscript in my hand, and placed that hand upon the door which led into the next room. I had forgotten she was dead! It had been my custom to read to her what I had written, and I had unconsciously fallen into the old habit. My hand was on the door—then, and not till then, did the truth rush on me, that she was not sitting in her chair awaiting me, but that she was laid upon her bed, with her hands upon her bosom. That she was dead? The thought, I say, rushed upon me—it crushed me back against the wall like a blow from a strong arm, and for a long time held me there, choking and gasping without power to say a word.

And I can remember how we took her forth on the last day of the year, when the sun was out, and snow glistening in his beams, and the blue sky was over the wintry earth—how we took her forth and laid her in her grave, amid the graves of her people, and heard the rattling of the frozen clouds upon her coffin lid.

And also do I remember, that for days, and weeks, and months after she was gone (I cannot say dead,) I would come home at evening, ex-



pecting to find her there as of old. And how when I saw her place vacant, the truth would rush upon me fresh, just as though she had only died the moment before.

This is why tears comes into my eyes when the snow falls.

And when I sit in my room and look out upon the leaden sky and new fallen snow, I see her dying face again. I see the book in which she wrote her name the day before she died—I see the door which opens into the room, and through the panels I can see her sitting there, waiting for me to come and read to her. But, for all this, I feel, I know, that she is not dead. For I can see her young and beautiful, sitting by calm waters in the other land, and in her hands she holds a child whose soul has just escaped from clay to God. And I know that they are there together—the sister who died in autumn. And I know that I shall meet them there.

### CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

FEW scholars, even, are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. We give from the British Banner, specimens of the Lord's Prayer, as used at various periods in English history.

A. D. 1158.—Fader ure in heune, haleweide beith thi neune, cumen thi kuneriche, thi wille beoth idon in heune, and in erthe. The eueryeh dawe bried, gif ous thilk dawe. And vorzif ure dettes as vi yorsifen ure dettours. And lene ous nought into temtatioun, bot delyvor ous of uvel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.—Fadir ure in heuvene, Halewyd by thi name, thi kingdome come, thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe. Oure urche dayes bred give us to dape. And forgive us oure dettes as we forgive our dettours. And lede us not into temptation, Bote delyverr us of yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1380.—Oure fadir that art in heunes, hallowid be thi name, thi name, thi kingdome come to, be thi wille done in erthe as in heune, geve to us this day our breed *oure other substaunce*, forgen to us our dettis as we forgauen to oure dettouris, lede us not into temptation; but delyver us yeul. Amen.

A. D. 1524.—O oure father which arte in heven, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdome come. Thy wyall be fulfilled as well in earth as it ys in heven. Give vs this day oure dayly brede. And forgeve vs our treaspases even as we forgeve our treaspacers. And lede vs not into temptacioun, but delyver us from evell. For thyne is the kingdome and the power and the glorie for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1581.—Ovr father which art in heauen, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done as in heauen, in earth also. Giue vs to day our supersubstantial bread. And forgive vs our dettes as we forgive our detters. And lede us not into temptation. But deliuer us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.—Our father which art in heauen, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdome come. Thy will be done ie earth, as it is in heaune.—Give vs this day our dayly bread. And forgive vs our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede vs not into temptation, but deliuer vs from euil. For thine is the kingdome, and the power, and the glory for euer. Amen.



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## CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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“With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow!”

WE would fail to communicate all we desire, and all we regard as necessary to be said on this subject, did we not yet show that according to the sense and spirit of christianity, christian burial must be distinctively, wholly, and decidedly christian.

Burial must be in all respects a religious act—an act of the church. The dead must no more be sundered from the church in their death than in their life. They are still in her hands—they die, rest, and rise in her communion. The church takes care of their souls while living, and of their bodies when dead. The offices of the church ought to be administered to the dying, devout men of the church—ought, as they did Stephen, carry them to their burial; the pastors of the church ought to pronounce the office of burial over their graves, and the church ought to possess and control, consecrate and preserve, ornament and visit, the sacred ground where their bodies rest till the resurrection of the just.

Whoever takes a correct view of the church will need no farther argument on this point. Her communion is not broken by death. The church militant and triumphant are one:

“All joined in Christ the living head  
And in His grace partake.”

The saints have their home in this communion here; rest in it in the hopeful slumbers of death, and rise and live forever in it in heaven; and in this communion the body as well as the soul is included. It would be the strangest contradiction of her claims and promises, should she hand over the bodies, whose resurrection in union with herself she proclaims, into the hands of the world for burial and protection—planting the germs of the resurrection into the uncovenanted commons of the world.



We find this desire for a distinctively christian burial common and strong in all ages. We have already seen how Abraham, with a solemn vow, declined the offer of the choice sepulchres of the Hittites for the burial of his dead, and insisted on buying it as his own. We have seen how earnestly Jacob gave charge: "Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying place." We have seen how Joseph, when he died, gave commandment concerning his bones. All this means: Bury me not among the Pagans, but among the pious. We have seen, also, how carefully it is mentioned that the tomb in which our Saviour was laid belonged to one who was pious, a disciple, who waited for the kingdom of God. It was a wonderful Providence, and the fact is deeply significant, that though he died like a malefactor, yet no wrath of his enemies could doom his sacred body to the potter's field. He sanctified not the field of blood, but the graves of the pious.

All our associations, as connected with the dead, must, in order to be pleasant, be connected also with religion and the church. Profess what we will, deny what we may in religion, our thoughts will take a pious direction at the graves of those whom we love. Whatever was holiest in their lives will come out most prominently and pleasantly to our memory. We wish not to think of their sins and follies—we wish not to see them in their secular or worldly social life. We wish only the religious side of their life to come up before us. We see this desire come out in notices of deaths, in resolutions of condolence, in obituaries, and in the conversations of the bereaved. The associations which bind us to the dead must be religious—must cluster around the church—must call up the devotions of life: and every object that catches our eye, and every thought that stirs our bosoms in a cemetery must be the same as those which are produced by the church. It is easy to see that the more direct and intimate is the connection between the grave-yard and the church, the stronger and holier will these associations be.

It is only by keeping up this connection that cemetaries can have their legitimate moral and religious influence. Men ought to feel the powers of the world to come when they stand among the dead—it ought to be to them a solemn exhortation to piety. It ought to awaken in their minds no mere vague sentimental emotions; but earnest and holy purposes. Their meditations ought to direct them to the importance of a dedication of themselves to God in union with the church. They ought to feel that neither their souls nor their bodies are on consecrated ground, and in a position of hope, except in the bosom of the church. They ought to feel, when they stand at the grave of their dead, that Christ the resurrection is only in the church, which is His body, the home of the spirit, the mother of grace, the ark of safety amid the flood, and that such as live not in her grace die not in her arms, rest not in her communion of hope, will be confounded instead of comforted by the voice which awakes the dead.

There are certain proprieties to be observed in christian burials, and a certain sanctity to be guarded in christian cemetaries, which are only effectively maintained where the spirit of the church reigns. There are classes of persons to whom the church in all ages has denied christian burial: as, for instance, whoremongers, harlots, illegitimates, suicides,



and murderers, were not allowed burial in the ground of the church; nor was the minister allowed to officiate; nor was the bier allowed to be used; nor was the bell allowed to be tolled—“*Kein Klang, und Kein Gesang.*” This law reigned in all ages; it has stood enacted and re-enacted in the congregation which the Editor serves for one hundred and twenty years.

This is not the place to vindicate this rigid law; it is enough to remark that it has too long and too universally reigned to need vindication. The world may not be convinced—a christian asks no reason in regard to that which is at once repugnant to all the delicacies of his heart. Who that has the cultivation of piety would wish to lie in death within one foot of a harlot or a murderer. This thought is shocking. It is not to be endured. The church respects this feeling, and solemnly guards against offense to it in all her burial places. This safeguard is not, and cannot be maintained in cemeteries that stand not in connection with the church, and in burials where the christian element is not predominant.

We have, moreover, no adequate assurance in regard to the preservation and perpetuation of a burial place except in connection with the church. No where are there lodged such principles of perpetuation. This is the only tabernacle that shall not be taken down. No where else are there found such high motives to care for the remains of the departed. It has been shown that colleges do not flourish, but waste away, where they are not under the care of the church. It is the same with all other interests. The world has no permanent vitality outside of christianity. Nations, systems, families, and individuals go to wreck and ruin when they have not this salt of the earth. It is the same spirit of piety which blesses the living that protects the tombs of the dead. The spirit of the world, like the Roman watch at our Saviour's sepulchre, falls asleep when it is set to watch the dead; and while they sleep the tide of the world steals away the memorials of the departed. Give this holy business into the hands of the Church, and she will set over it her devout Mary's, her vigilant Peter's, and her John's, faithful in love.

The fact is capable of abundant proof from history that no name, or fame, or position, insures honor and care to the tombs of individuals that are not watched over by the devout heart, and the diligent, tender hands of the church. Take one striking example. We refer to the grave of Jefferson at Monticello. If the world ever had a fair opportunity to show her loyalty to the dead, it was when Jefferson entrusted his bones to its care. The framer of the Declaration of Independence—the Third President of the United States, having no faith in christianity commits his fame and his grave to the protection of patriotism. Surely so great a man may safely do this. Surely his country will bless the sod around his tomb, and keep it well watered and green by the tears of patriotic affection! So we would suppose. But hear the facts as stated by the venerable Iraneus Prime, who visited the spot in 1847: “As you descend the mountain, you pass an enclosure without a gate! that contains the grave of Jefferson; and a more neglected, wretched burial-place you will seek in vain. If Campbell's “last man” had been buried here, he could not have been less cared for.

“A granite obilisk, battered by Democratic pilgrims, but without a



name or epitaph, is doubtless the monument of Jefferson. It was here placed by his executor ; and the panel on which was to be inscribed the epitaph which he wrote for himself, has never been inserted in the stone ! I was told that it is lying with the iron gates designed for the enclosure on the bank of the river where they were landed, and that no man has troubled himself to see that they reach their destination !”

After such a specimen of its tender mercies, and devotion to the remains of its dead by the world, who will commit to its care the homes of the departed ? No, the Spirit of the world is the Spirit of Judas : it begrudges the pence which piety freely devotes to the purchase of precious ointment, with which to anoint the bodies of loved ones for their burial.

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A B U D .

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BY THE EDITOR.

“A thing of beauty, is a joy forever.”

A beautiful child !

In form tender,

In aspect mild.

Thanks to the Sender,  
Said the parents, and smiled  
On the promising child.

As it grows each day,  
In size and beauty,  
The parents' pray  
The pleasant duty,  
Of caring for it, may  
Not be taken away.

Soft lustre and light  
Beam from its eyes  
Meekly and bright :  
So dawns from the skies,  
On the wanderer's sight,  
Sweet morn out of night.

As clouds in the morning  
Hang like an awning  
Around the sun,  
And turn, at its dawning,  
Bright sides to the light,  
Round the bosom of night :

So turn to that child,  
Hearts that now know,  
By its love,  
What it can bestow.

For it is THE bright sun,  
And hope's dawn is begun.

Joy to the sweet child,  
So young and Sender,  
So meek and mild.  
Thanks to the Sender,  
Said the parents, and smiled  
On the beautiful child.



## THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

BY REV. W. E. LOCKE,

Principal of the Lancaster Female Collegiate Institute.

BUT comparatively few of the great and noble, as commonly denominated among men, have been actuated in the achievement of their famous exploits by a higher motive than the desire of popular applause. To obtain this, various means are taken, and different courses are pursued. The warrior aims to acquit himself "gloriously" on the field of battle—the lawyer seeks pre-eminence in the judgment hall, and the statesman in the council chamber—the scholar desires to be distinguished for his learning—the orator for his eloquence—and the philosopher for his wisdom. "Glory" is the great object for which most men are laboring—the praise of their fellow men. This hungering and thirsting is not confined to men of exalted rank. The poor and illiterate oftentimes feel its force as powerfully as those who are more elevated in society. It distinguished Diogenes in his tub as clearly as it did Alexander on his throne. And surely the angelic host, who witness this ambitious strife, must be pained in heart at the ignorance, vanity and folly of man, who thus wastes his existence at chasing a shadow. A noble mind should scorn to place reliance merely on the acclamations of the populace. The idol of their affections may be highly exalted, only to receive a more terrific fall. The huzzas of the multitude may shake the forum, only to be followed by angry sneers and serpent hisses. The page of history presents numerous instances of individuals, elevating themselves above the masses of men, and encircling themselves with a radiant halo, which promised to increase in brightness through all time. But, in a short period storms arose; dark clouds enveloped the popular demi-god—the elements raged, and the rising meteor vanished, or fell, like Lucifer to the earth, to muse over defeat and anticipated ignominy.

We have read of the Carthagenian hero, who, assembling his hordes of mercenary allies, like the agile chamois, leaped over the snow-crested Alps, and, as a sweeping mountain torrent, poured his numerous legions upon the Latin plains. As if riding upon the winds, he swept all before him, almost to the very gates of Rome. The scene changes, and the same Hannibal, expelled from his own country, is seen an humble suppliant at the feet of Antiochus; or swallowing a poisonous drug, and perishing ignominiously in the obscure kingdom of Bithynia.

History makes mention of one, who, from the lower rank of life, ascended to the highest pinnacle of power. Exalted far above his compeers he seemed to meditate supreme dominion. But, fortune frowned, and the Pope's most noble Cardinal, the prime minister of his "majesty," King Henry VIII. of England, and the renowned favorite of the French and Spanish courts, was hurried from the presence of his king to his private palace, from thence to the tower, and to his grave.

But a few years have passed since the Corsican Chief trampled upon the destinies of Europe. The frosts of Russia, as well as the heated sands of Egypt, witnessed his tremendous power. He went forth the



idol of the French nation, the terror of the rest of Europe, and the wonder of the world. But, what was his end? The dilapidated walls of a solitary cottage on the sea-belt rock of St. Helena give answer. "He was, but is not." He has passed away like a dream of the night. His name is handed down to posterity, as a warning to political aspirants and ambitious heroes. But few of the vast number, who have been highly exalted in worldly honor—from Nimrod the mighty Hunter to Napoleon the scourge of nations, abode the final sentence of their own age, much less that of succeeding generations. Their names, they may have engraved upon the page of history, but their glory has departed.

Human greatness may charm the carnal fancy of men, but like the apples of Sodom, it shall reward him who obtains the glittering prize with only worthless ashes.

There are two kinds of nobility among men—hereditary and self-acquired. The former descending upon the heirs of noble parents, is marked by high sounding and empty titles. Individuals of this class, by a physiological fiction, are supposed to be of nobler blood than the humbler mass; but real elevation of character, vigor of intellect and all the characteristics of a truly noble mind are, by no means, the uniform attendants of this "noble blood."

By far the most of those who have astonished the world by the efforts of a powerful intellect and a wonderful genius, have ascended by their own exertions, to inscribe their names on the "Temple of Fame." It is true that we have had an Aristotle, a Bacon and a Byron, ennobled by the rank and fortune of their ancestors; and in whose sphere of intellectual attainment, very few, if any, have ever been able to surpass them. Yet the list of those who have attained to lofty eminence from the lower ranks of society is vastly greater. Among these may be named a Homer, a Demosthenes, a Horace, a Shakspeare, a Johnson, a Franklin and a Fulton. If any deserve the appellation of "great," these are they, who, by dint of mental energy, in the face of numerous obstacles and immense difficulties, ascend to the lofty summit of popular favor. The public approbation may follow the names of such men down the stream of time, and invest them with an honored dignity upon the page of history; but could even they return from the other world, they would join in earnestly exhorting the young to set up before them a nobler aim than the acquisition of mere worldly fame, a beautiful, but empty bubble! to be relied upon by no one—to be earnestly sought for by no honorable mind.

If we inquire into the causes for this instability of human greatness, we shall find that jealousy and envy have much influence. Self-love is a predominant feeling in the human breast. It may be manifested in the exertions of an individual to exalt himself, or in causing the downfall of those above him. He, whose feelings are controlled by this passion, cannot look upon the efforts of his inferiors to elevate themselves without jealousy, or upon the noble achievements of his superiors without envy. Every splendid action of the former class especially, sounds in his ear as a reproof to his sluggishness or mental imbecility. Let one such ascend the ladder of popular favor—let him deck his brow with the victor's laurel, the ivy or the olive, and a host of antagonists will arise to drag him down to their own level, and to riot over his fall. Some, perhaps, beholding his success, and burning with an ardent desire for distinction,



may follow in his steps, and overtaking him, will hurl him from his seat, to gratify their own inordinate passion for superiority. It is almost impossible to be long beyond the reach of such rivals, and great indeed must that man be who can withstand their determined onset.

To a fondness for change may also be ascribed one cause of this instability. There is a peculiar restlessness among men, which is constantly seeking for gratification in new objects. Any charm, however lovely, soon loses its power. Any object, however beautiful, is soon neglected. Any name, however exalted, becomes by frequent repetition, harsh and dissonant to the ear. The Grecian peasant manifested this spirit when he condemned the virtuous Aristides to banishment, because he was tired and angry with having every body call him the "just." An individual may continue for a considerable time the favorite of the public, by performing a long succession of noble exploits, but when his work is finally done, he is frequently consigned to neglect and oblivion, while the giddy world are exalting and adoring some new idol of their worship. At his death, his name may be engraved in the imperishable marble, and over his tomb a splendid monument may be erected to perpetuate his memory. But he is remembered as one that once was. The sleeping dust, the tomb and the monument may be revered, but the man himself is literally passed into the land of forgetfulness. The adoration that is rendered to his remains is almost entirely selfish. Perhaps some misanthrope, tired of the world, may pause at his tomb, but it is only to administer a soporific to his own feelings. Some passing traveler may stop and gaze at the place of his repose, but it is only to admire the splendor of the monument. Some sentimentalist may visit his sepulchre, but it is to please his own fancy, or gratify a poetic imagination. The rising youth may be led to the tomb and pointed to the towering marble, but it is only to instil into his inquiring mind a desire to imitate the actions of the deceased, so as to secure like praise for himself. The sleeping dust is insensible to the selfish adoration of its visitants, and the departed spirit, if permitted to discover the motives of human conduct, would probably be stung with anguish in view of the emptiness of that honor, which through so much anxious labor it had acquired. Another cause for this instability, is found in the want of a harmonious development of greatness in its subject. No man can be equally great on all occasions.

Extremely strange, indeed, it would be, if a weakness was never discovered in the popular favorite. The least manifestation of frailty dissipates the fancies of a warm imagination, and reduces its subject to the dimensions of ordinary men. A few slight failures are oftentimes disastrous. What was at first regarded only as a slight mismanagement, is magnified into a crime, which becomes the watchword of action to the enemy. The unthinking multitude swim along upon the current of public opinion. To them a man is great when his fame is loudly proclaimed. But the proclamation of one fault will sometimes convert a multitude of such friends into enemies, and the fickle public may change front, even before their presumptive favorite had become aware of any fault worthy of their disapprobation. His secret adversary, finding his opponent vulnerable, redoubles his activity, while the object of his enmity, like a stone falling from a precipice, sinks with accelerated velocity. At the bottom of the precipice, he discovers, oftentimes, to his sore dismay, that his



present and his future happiness are alike blasted. Prompted by ambition, he had toiled long and severely by day and by night. At times the object of his anxiety seemed almost within his grasp, and his heart was cheered with the loftiest hopes, but, alas! the pleasing vision vanished, when cruel disappointment, with a band of furies in her train, rushed upon him and dragged him down to despair. Ah, foolish man! thou sport of fortune, and of insatiable ambition. Thou hast brought thy soul to the very gates of misery, unattended by the luscious fruits of thy toil. The reward of thy folly thou must receive—"Thou shalt eat of thine own ways and be filled with thine own devices."

Another and a nobler course is commended to the attention of the young. Let them rather seek for that which imparts true worth and dignity to man. Let them seek for knowledge, virtue, holiness, and they will possess imperishable worth. To such it makes but little difference what the giddy world may say. They have within themselves a source of exalted happiness which shall bring them true glory beyond the skies. Such lean upon no broken reed. If the acclamations of the multitude follow them, they are calm and humble. But if, on the other hand, their scoffs and sneers, they are equally collected and confident, rejoicing in the assurance that when the revelations of a future world shall be made known, their names will be found emblazoned in light upon the records of eternity. This is *Glory! genuine Glory!*

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## KINDNESS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

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When our bosoms are rack'd with woe  
No human heart can cure,  
The hardest trial we can know  
Is learning to endure!

To him whose life is ebbing fast,  
Whose heart outlives its joy,  
Dark must be the dull wing'd blast  
That gathers to destroy.

Set not then his fond heart aching  
By thoughtless acts of pain—  
O'er the sunlight sweetly breaking  
Throwing shrouds of mist again.

Rather with that magic power  
A nature kind hath given,  
Tinge with light each darkening hour,  
And weave a dream of Heaven!

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## COMFORT IN OLD AGE.

Time has laid his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.—LONGFELLOW.



## SIMEON'S CHRISTMAS JOY.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY THE EDITOR.

IN the city of Damascus, in Syria, lived Simeon, a man who was pious and feared God after the manner of his fathers, and well acquainted with the holy scriptures of the divine covenant. Beyond all others he loved the songs of the royal Psalmist, and the words of prophecy spoken by the Spirit of the Lord, by the mouth of his servant Isaiah, the son of Amos. Not far from Damascus, in a quiet village, lived Phaniel, the friend of his youth; and every Sabbath he came to the house of Simeon, that he might with him praise the Lord, and inquire in the scriptures after the consolation of Israel. When they had read together in the writings of the covenant, Simeon took his harp and played, while Hannah, his wife, accompanied the harp with a devout psalm of David or Asaph. Then they all fell upon their knees and prayed that the Christ of God might come and enlighten Israel.

But alas! soon the harp grew silent, and the song died away. For Hannah sickened and died. Then Simeon sank weeping upon the grave of his beloved. Lord—so he prayed—take away also my life, and take me to thyself, for my soul is sorrowful even unto death.

So he prayed, and as he looked up, behold! an angel of God stood at his side. “Simeon!”—so ran his heavenly words—“your prayers have come up before the throne of glory, and I come to bring thee consolation from God. Behold! thou shalt not die until thou hast seen the Christ of God. Wherefore get thee hence, and dwell hereafter in Jerusalem; and when thou hast borne the Salvation of Israel upon thine arms, the Lord will permit thee to depart to thy fathers in peace.”

Then Simeon arose and went to Jerusalem, and abode there for the space of forty years, serving God. When now he was old and full of days, a heavy sickness came upon him, so that for three months he could not arise from his bed; and his friends said among themselves: “Alas! his hopes will never be fulfilled; we shall soon bury him, and there will be great lamentation over him in all Jerusalem.” Simeon smiled secretly, and said: “The word of the Lord is sure, and what he has promised that will he keep. I shall not yet die!”

Now the next day, when the morning dawned, Nathaniel, his youngest nephew, came to his house, fearing that he should find him dead. But behold! the venerable man was walking joyfully up and down in his room like a vigorous youth, and a long festal garland hung down over his shoulders. Then Nathaniel called his father and his brethren, and all were filled with surprise, saying: “What does this mean?” For they knew not that the angel of God had spoken with him in the night, and so strengthened his dying limbs.

Simeon now wandered silently down from his dwelling through the streets of Jerusalem, and all who saw him were filled with surprise and reverence, with such dignity and majesty did he move. Nathaniel accompanied him up to the door of the temple; and when an hour had



passed, Simeon returned to his house, and his countenance shone like that of an angel of God.

Then he came into the midst of his children and nephews, and said : "Blessed be God ! Mine eyes have seen the salvation of God, which He has prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel. Blessed be God !"

Then they all cried out : "Blessed be God !"—and Simeon called for his harp and played upon it : and they all with one accord sang the twenty-second psalm from the holy psalter of David.

"Blessed be God !" said Nathaniel, when the song was ended, "that you, my father, hast renewed thy youth as an eagle ; mayest thou yet live long on the earth, and your years be for ever and ever !"

"Not so, my son !" answered the venerable man, "have I not seen the Christ of God ? Behold ! as the divine babe lay upon my arms it smiled upon me, and its smiles proclaimed to me my speedy deliverance. Children ! my end draws near, sing me a song in whose blessed tones I may expire !"

Then his children and nephews wept together, and with trembling spirits sang the words of the ninetieth psalm.

The psalm was ended. The harp was quiet. Nothing but a subdued sobbing was heard in the room, as the angel of death came and bore the spirit of the just away into Heaven !

And a soft voice was heard in the heart of each, which seemed like the echoing shout of a great triumph : "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation !" Simeon rested for ever in the bosom of his God.

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### FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

WHERE are the stars—the stars that shone  
All through the summer night?  
Where are they and their pale queen gone,  
As if afraid to be looked upon  
By the gaze of the bold day-light ?

Gone, they are not. In the far blue skies  
Their silent ranks they keep ;  
Unseen by our sun-dazzled eyes,  
They wait till the breath of the night wind sighs,  
They come and watch our sleep.

Thus oft it is—the lights that cheer  
The night of our distress,  
When brighter, gladder hours appear,  
Forgotten with our grief and fear,  
Wake not our thankfulness.

Yet still, unmindful though we be,  
Those lamps of love remain ;  
And when life's shadows close, and we  
Look up some ray of hope to see,  
Shall glad our hearts again.



## MY PILGRIM'S POUCH.

## V.

BY NATHAN.

NATIONS like individuals have their periods of life, their seasons of development and decay, their youth, manhood and declining age. As well might an individual expect to evade death as a nation to evade its allotted dissolution. Both are subject to certain fixed laws which inevitably lead to this end. This measurably accounts for the social differences between Germany and America. Here every custom reminds you of a nation in mature life. Not of an *effete* civilization, as our Fourth of July orators are in the habit of calling it, but a people of settled, fixed habits, who attend to their business with calmness and deliberation; who are seldom in a hurry about anything, and take time to enjoy and be comfortable. But they are so stupidly unprogressive. Well, their age of progress has gone by. After a man is full grown, has reached mature life, there is little hope for further development. If he is so unfortunate as to have any, it will be a superfluous corpulency that will rather encumber than promote his activity. They have had an instance of this during the last fifty years. They made fearful progress until '48, when this helpless, corpulent body-national, stumbled and was thrown back fifty years, in its struggles after freedom. Age is strong and firm on its feet, but when it steps or tumbles, it is helpless, labors and frets monstrously to regain its feet, and most likely will rise with a broken limb, which will leave it a cripple. In America, we can talk of progress, for there we are still in the age of growth. We grow fast. Our habits, customs, fashions, men—great world renowned men—rise and fall, come and go, like the dreams of youth. Here they have no fast men. They had them in '48, and they would have plunged Germany into national perdition in less than forty-eight hours, had not a merciful Providence willed otherwise. The French are an exception. With marvellous dexterity, they turn a political somerset every fifty years, and always safely strike their heels into the old track.

The *elite*, of course, get the fashions from Paris, the great fountain of the universe for taste—good and bad. But the substantial peasantry still wear the short breeches, long-bodied vests, and broad-brimmed hats, which they wore in the days of Frederick the Great. They still sip their wine and beer, and whiff clouds of tobacco fume from their yard-long pipes, as their great-grand-sires did. No reapers or grain-drills have yet profaned their fields, nor threshing-machines their barns. They still reap their grain by the slow process of the sickle, and thresh it with the flail. They have the same skinning, skimming, two-wheeled, half-wagon plough, they had when my father was a plough-boy on the Rhine. In Science and the fine Arts there has been progress in every branch, though it was, sometimes, downwards. But in the mechanical arts they have not advanced a step, up or down, for several generations. The stove in Luther's study, on the Wartburg, is nearly the same as in com-



mon use now, only with some changes which his inventive genius suggested. The wagons, harness, and general farming implements, are the very antipodes of practical utility. They point to a period when the first crude conceptions of agricultural art struggled for expression. Some of their tools show a supreme contempt for all mechanical laws, excellent only to increase the labor and diminish the power to perform it. Their churches, houses, habits, customs, all are old and fixed. Now that they are so, is surely not their fault. It is sad enough that time carries us over the rubicon of five-and-twenty, when we would fain linger longer in the flowery vale of youth and early manhood. But it is verily a cruel philosophy which expects men in mature life, and of a ripe experience, to turn back and dash again through all the pranks and frolics of buoyant, inexperienced youth, when the nimbleness and elasticity of their younger days has left them. The young man is in a constant bustle to acquire money, reputation, learning, and with the least possible labor.

German travelers have given amusing pictures, if true, of this hurry and panic for gain, in America. Some one has said recently, that the hotels of New York, presented most ludicrous spectacles during dinner hours. That crowds of business men would not even take time to eat, but in a few moments gulph down dishes of hot-cakes, sausages and roast beef, with a grabbing voracity; they had no respect for the wants of others, and then quickly rush to their business, with dyspepsia and the fear of poverty at their heels. I will leave that as it is. But the Germans take more time for every thing than we do. They take more time to eat, more time to drink, more time to labor, more time to rest and enjoy. They are slower in good and slower in evil.

The man of riper years, can live on the result of his past labors. So Germany has a fund of mental energy, a literary vitality, which neither admits nor requires any of this helter-skelter, time-saving method of acquiring great ends.

The literature and life of Germany, are peculiar. With us, more like a stream, shallow, broad and brawling. Here, like one that flows narrow and deep. We are practical, they profound. Both united make a consistent and useful compound. Both have their advantages and dangers. Shallow streams are only for light boats, and when they are upset in a gale, we have a hope to reach bottom. Deep streams are more navigable, but many sink therein to rise no more. We are too much given to a certain (*vielwisserei*) intelligence, which would know every thing. Some of our authors write and *talk* about things in the heavens, on the earth, and under the earth. Write a book in a few months which will run through several editions before the end of the year. Here a man will spend a long life-time, in writing on a Greek article, or in spinning out the web of one idea; and perhaps even leave that but half finished, when he dies. We, in our youthful hurry, pick up grains of truth on the surface, and we sow them again on the surface. The Germans are the miners in literature and science. They burrow among the ore, and the abundance of this in some of their works, makes it difficult for practical minds to see the gold. Their furnaces do not always separate the gold from the dross. The ore in some of their works gives us more trouble than we are willing to spend.



They have a different national and social temperament; the surface is like a waveless calm, there is often a wild and fearful commotion underneath. It is so now. Germany is apparently in a state of perfect tranquility. Yet I see under currents and repressed passions, which, should they boil to the surface, would raise another tempest, whose waves and surges would lash upon every shore of Europe. With us, every thing, good and evil, moves and ripples at once to the surface. We have not yet been taught the art of concealing the passions. We make no secret of our weaknesses. A slight gale in the political firmament will stir up a short bluster, in the form of a local riot, or a Faneuil Hall indignation meeting, to permit the escape of popular foam. Germany is not irritable, though its subjects are characteristically so. Its powers of endurance are astonishing. An old full grown dog seldom notices the barking and biting of young puppies. And when it does turn, it is with the dignity and ripe experience of age. Young America is at times, exceedingly irritable, though our citizens are less so than the Germans. Even things, trivial in themselves, sometimes have roused him into a short spell of national rage, and led him at once to square-off with a "come on, if you dare."

Our progress and success in the mechanical arts, and the constant demand for them, excites and nourishes a passion for the practical, at the expense of the profound. The study of the mechanical and material, monopolizes the field of investigation. We are prone to forget that however important labor-savers, time-savers, and distance-annihilators are, that the steam engine and electric telegraph will hardly regenerate society. In the great sum of means they have their relative worth; but ideas mould mankind. But here, many are profound to a fault. They dive so much that they are mostly beyond hearing distance of those for whom they write. They expect men to receive their metal in the mine instead of bringing it up to the surface. Still in point of originality, productiveness and solid erudition, they are far our superiors. It would be blindness to deny this. And indeed, this need not excite our jealousy, for it would be a great shame if they were not. Let us once have five more centuries behind us, in which to appropriate the treasures of other nations and assimilate them to our own, as they have done, and we can perhaps also show the world something of our riper years.

The universal custom of living together in towns, gives a peculiar complexion to country life. Here we find no farms, in the American sense, where the owner is snugly nestled down amid his broad acres, a paternal monarch of his little kingdom, where thriving orchards, waving grain fields and verdant and flowery meadows, sloping gently down to some stream spread out before his contented vision, where the sprightly country maiden can find room to go a Maying or gather wild berries, and where the boys may canvass the fields and woods after game. Woe unto the man who wilfully kills a bird or rabbit on his own premises here. All the game on his lots belongs to the Jaeger, (hunter) who pays the Government of the district a fixed annual sum for the privilege of hunting. Here you find little of that lordly, substantial independence, so common to our farmers, which makes them the bone and sinew of our Republic. I do not know why it is, but I have been in many places



where a *Bauer* (farmer,) was synonymous with a rude, uncouth fellow. During the busy seasons their villages present scenes of bustling confusion. Imagine a village of five hundred farmers crowded tightly along compact-built streets, each having his house, barn and stables, skirting a square piece of ground, where the whole would often not be large enough to contain a common size bank-barn; where the streets are narrow and no back alleys to permit the egress and ingress of cattle; where the domestic arrangements are constantly hampered and encroached upon by animal impertinence: imagine what a sudden transition of the village into solitude, during the busy season of hay-making and harvest, when everybody, men and women and children, are out reaping; what continuous lines of loaded wagons from morning till night, when they gather in their crops; and then what a steady shower of sounds during the winter, when a thousand flails are thrashing away wearily at their grain, from day to day. All these combine to form a most striking contrast to rural life in America. Where such a multitude of different interests are crowded together into such a small compass, the most precise regulations must be observed to maintain order and right. The village must have its cowherd, shepherd, swineherd and geeseherd; each has his flock to attend to which he daily leads to their respective pasture. In the morning each will blow his horn along the streets at a fixed hour, as the signal for departure, and in a few minutes the whole army responds most loyally to his call.

A great many German towns, even down to the smallest villages, have been founded by the Romans. Much as we should respect the ancients, for many eminent qualities, they certainly knew little about planning towns. Even larger towns often look as if their streets had been started and finished by accident. Crooked, narrow lanes, intersected at all possible angles, except right angles, parabolas ever approaching but never meeting, most perfect puzzles to a traveler. Some through which I have gone a dozen of times, still remain inscrutable mysteries to me. In Augsburg, I could scarcely venture a hundred yards from my hotel without being lost. In my wanderings I crossed familiar streets, I knew not where nor how. And when I aimed in the direction of known points, the imperceptible curves would lure me to quarters diametrically opposite. To me they were so mysteriously obscure that they became subjects of the profoundest study. Good pavements are a rare luxury throughout Germany. In Cologne, Halle, Wittenberg, and many other cities, there are no side-walks at all. The streets are paved, but the stones expose an uneven surface joined by empty crevices which make them painfully unpleasant to walk upon. Though provided with thick-soled boots, my suffering experience, impels me to designate them as some did the walks of Cologne:

“Pavements fring’d with murderous stones.”

As these evils have been entailed upon the Germans by the Romans, they rather deserve our pity than reproof. And a remedy would require a reconstruction of the towns, which would be impossible. Besides, the citizens are measurably compensated for this unavoidable inconvenience by their pleasant promenades through gardens and groves. The Germans are fond of nature; they love birds and trees. Their disinterested



love for these are shewn by a thousand little acts. Some of the roads are lined for miles with trees, old and stately; every town, often down to the rural villages, is skirted with parks. Some are dense forests where trees are growing in their native wildness, among under-bushes and birds, penetrated by promenades fringed with plants and flowers. The present generation ramble among trees which their ancestors have planted five hundred years ago; and they, again, are planting many for a distant posterity. I confess the planting of a tree for the benefit of a coming generation, is such a palpable mark of an unselfish heart, such a purely disinterested act, that this prevalent characteristic of the Germans, has greatly elevated them in my estimation. In Germany, trees have become a municipal necessity. They are seldom found through the town. Their parks are all outside. They are quiet places of retirement, where we can enjoy the sanctuary and solitude of nature, unmolested by the rush and dust of business; where the birds warble their melodies in their native freedom, on their own trees and branches. Here in Berlin, though in the centre of the city, I am within fifteen minutes walk of the *Thiergarten*, a park that looks as forest-like and unartificial as some of our western wilds. The walks crawl through under the closely-woven canopy of overhanging limbs, forming natural arbors, several miles in length. The Spree, a stream remarkably modest and reserved, steals gently and cautiously along its winding path. Here and there, large swans move slowly along its banks, while all is quiet like a house of mourning. In my daily rambles through its leafy streets, I meet many persons, old and young, who resort hither to spend an hour in quiet retirement. Clusters of children lead each other by the hand, vainly looking and listening for summer birds. They have all departed. Occasionally I am startled by a slight rustling among the leaves, by some poor female, gathering small pieces of wood. Sometimes I see aged persons, sitting in some concealed corner for hours; while the yellow leaves are falling fast around them, and the gentle breeze that blows them down, softly waves their silvery locks, they seem to be lost in musing over the spirit of autumn, which is settling upon them. Childhood, age, the scared leaf and the spirit of super-earthly stillness that hovers over this solitude of autumn! O, it prophecies of something better, it points to an approaching spring, when leaves will bud and birds will sing again.

O Reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
O, gentle Reader, you would find  
A tale in every thing.

And then their love and talent for music often throws additional charms around these shady retreats. In Germany you find music everywhere. The smallest *Dorf* has its village choir, that excites in the young a love for song. Every considerable town has its bands, which during the summer season diffuse the "sweet melody of sound." Early in the morning, I often heard them under a tabernacle of dense foliage, through which a thousand birds were chirruping and piping their untutored accompaniments. And such birds as they have here, real Jenny Lind's among the feathery tribe. A short time ago, I was inadvertently thrown into a fit of patriotic indignation, by being told of a German



traveler, that we had no singing birds in America. Why, said he, your nature is fundamentally unpoetic. You have no mountains that deserve the name; your birds can't sing, your very dogs are a set of mean, sneaking, pilfering animals, that are even void of faithfulness, a common attribute of dogs in other countries. You have nothing but your primeval forests, but they are so remote that they are rarely seen. In my own heart I pronounced this a vile slander. For my part, I never could see much poetry in dogs. And with German dogs it is a little like with their masters; if they are more orderly and faithful than ours, it is not the result of nature or choice, but of a torturing oppression. The rights of dogs are shamefully trampled upon here. They must do the work of horses, are hitched to regular wagons, and tug sadly along outside of their natural sphere. Whatever good there is in our republican dogs, is not tied on them by harness, but is practised by them from principle. Their birds can not all sing. The stork is a very good-natured bird, whose parental affections are very tender and strong, but it has no ear for music. Its habits put every principle of poetry at defiance. Yet its society is courted by all classes. Cart-wheels are placed on chimneys and house-tops, to invite them to build their nests there. If they accept the invitation it is considered a mark of respect and an omen for good. If any person kills one, he must expect that its death will be revenged on him in some form or other. But let the truth be fairly spoken; the nightingale sings most charmingly. Its plumage is exceedingly plain, and its habits so timid and shy, that it has often reminded me of some bashful maidens, who though able to charm the ear of others, shrink from it in their presence with timid fear. But one can easily steal a song behind a bush or under a thicket; while it warbles and modulates its cheerful notes, its puny form is mostly concealed among the foliage. Modesty and merit are qualities rarely combined, and whenever found elicits our warmest admiration. And then the skylark, whose voice is a little more harsh and shrill, and its habits more bold and aspiring, possesses qualities equally pleasing. Larger and gayer in its dress, it naturally looks a little more to outward show. But its habits and the spirit of its song are always elevating, and are rich in poetry and prophecy. It is the "excelsior" of its race. It is a deeply interesting sight, to see it start from the earth, singing cheerily, as it flaps upwards, its notes becoming clearer as it gains the higher and purer air, mounting higher and higher still, until its form is lost in the blue sky and its ringing notes die faintly away, but sounding upward still. Does not this ascension of song, this upward flight of animal instinct, point to "a better country" above the bondage of sin and the fetters of sense, to a home

Far from these scenes of narrow night,  
Where boundless glories rise !

Earthly ties clog our praises. The higher in grace and its attainments, the purer our praise and the more fearless our flight. It seems to me our birds excel these generally, in rich and gaudy plumage. But these are less exposed to danger than ours. To destroy or rob a bird's nest, or in any way injure singing birds, is, in many places, a serious offense, and severely punished. They are treated with all the respect and defer-



ence due to useful members of the community, and receive the protection to which their helpless innocence entitle them.

Trees, birds, music—these are efficient instructors, which elevate and refine. Who does not remember with fondness some familiar tree near his parental dwelling; some favorite bird as an acquaintance from childhood; some family tunes which have vitally identified themselves with his early education? The sight of a tree, the cooing of a dove, the sound of a sacred tune at church, have often in this remote country, called up a thousand pleasant associations of home and its memories. The Germans act wisely in giving all classes of society access to amusements which refine and instruct. They are extremely fond of out-door life. What Goethe said of the Strassburghers, may be said of the Germans generally: "They are passionately fond of walking, and they have a good right to be so." Old and young, rich and poor, wise and unwise, all walk; walk through the same walks, among the same trees to hear the same music; walk every day and walk long too. This practice has its bodily uses. As a nation, the Germans are remarkably healthy. You meet few hot-house plants among them, or sickly appearances, who seem to have been shut out from natural sun-light half their days. The climate may be entitled to some praise for this, but their habits do more, their life in the open air and diet. Their diet is far more simple than ours. They begin and end the day with a very light meal; they do not eat so much heavy, hot, half-baked undigestible food. Their cooks, like their authors, do not deal so much in omnibus dishes. They prefer to undertake less at a time and attend to it thoroughly. Hence dyspepsia and its train of suffering are unknown to them. The Germans pay great respect and veneration to the resting-place of the dead. Their burial-grounds are delightful places of resort, which are visited during all hours of the day. The hillocks are interspersed with shrubbery, the walks are lined with trees, and during the summer, flowers bloom on almost every grave. The "God's Acre" is a spot in which the whole community feels a deep interest, for each has some kindred dust reposing there. The tombstones are nearly all in the form of a cross, with a short inscription, a short passage from Holy Writ, or the beautiful phrase, "AUF WIEDERSCHEN,"—which cannot be rendered into English—often it has greeted me from the adobe of the dead and from the lips of the living, but always kindled new hopes in me for "the land of the blest." The crosses and monuments are hung with wreathes woven by the hand of affection. Bouquets are strewn on the green turf, while plants are busily blooming submissive cheerfulness over their dust. Each cemetery has a dead-house, where persons must be placed soon after their decease, until the day of burial. On a pleasant morning in August, I visited the Cemetery of Munich, in its dead-house were eight corpses, whose coffins were strewn with wreaths of evergreen and flowers. Every grave was a flower-vase, edged with turf, and at one end was a basin for holy water for the whole cemetery. A crowd of well-dressed and ill-dressed persons, rich and poor, were scattered along its aisles, fondling some flowret on the grave of a departed friend, sprinkling the hillocks with water, and putting holy water into the little basin. I will venture to call even the last act a virtue, the token of a tender and well-meant recollection. Each had a little can to carry water. Some brought



chaplets with them to hang on the cross. A little girl was carefully winding garlands around and across a little grave. I asked her for whom she wove her "*kranz*." She replied, "*fur unsern Heinrich*." When she had carefully done her work, she walked around it with a slight quiver of emotion on her features and wondered whether he saw her, and then turned to me saying "*Nicht wahr, wir sehen ihn wieder?*" I pressed her little hand in mine, and told her of the "Spirit Home" in our Father's house, where all the good shall "meet again ne'er to sever," and how happy the meeting of His children there, and of their everlasting, unbroken fellowship, where there shall be no more

"Sinning nor sighing  
Nor weeping nor dying."

This daily bestowment of affection upon the memory of the dead, tenders and soothes the hearts of the living. It makes the grave a spot of pleasure rather than grief, a thin veil which separates time from eternity. It enables them to treat the departed as those who are still members of their household, with whom they still can enjoy a communion as real as when they were visibly with them, if they are "members of the same body." They are to them like those who have gone on a journey, and they can feel pleasure in the prospect of following them. They have only crossed the boundary, which

Like a narrow stream divides  
That heavenly land from ours.

The early Christians were in the habit of celebrating the days on which their friends died, as birth-day festivals. They would assemble around their graves on each returning anniversary, and sing hymns of praise to God, for having redeemed and triumphantly taken them to Himself. So the Christian still can look into the grave; "Since Jesus has lain there, he dreads not its gloom." And there is a heavenly meaning in hanging a cornet of evergreen over the dust of the pious dead, or twining festive garlands around their turf.

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## RELIGION.

LIKE snow that falls where waters glide,  
Earth's pleasures fall away;  
They melt in time's destroying tide,  
And cold are while they stay;  
But joys that from Religion flow,  
Like stars that gild the night,  
Amidst the darkest gloom of woe  
Smile forth with sweetest light.

Religion's rays no clouds obscure,  
But o'er the Christian's soul  
It sends its radiance calm and pure,  
Though tempests round it roll;  
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,  
But to its latest thrill,  
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,  
Religion lights it still.



JESUS CHRIST:  
A MEDITATION FOR ADVENT.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. P. SCHAFF BY REV. G. F. KROTEL.

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WHEN the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, the desire of all nations, in order to redeem the world from the curse of sin, and to establish an eternal kingdom of truth, of love, and of peace, for all that believed in His name.

Jesus Christ is the end and result of a two-fold process, which preceded his personal advent upon earth, and whose first beginning extends back to the creation; yea, has its roots in the counsel of redemption formed by eternal love before the existence of time and the world.

He is, in the first place, the culmination and end of all *revelation*, or God's communication of Himself to His rational creatures. The entire history of mankind before His birth, extending through four thousand years, is a preparation for his coming—the voice of one crying in the wilderness: “Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.”

This preparation can be most distinctly traced in Judaism, which is a mysterious system of types, shadows, and promises of the coming Messiah. Here the process is from above, downward; here God descends to his chosen people, and reveals himself more and more clearly in word and deed. Here the divine contents of christianity are prepared for mankind. The Mosaic law reveals the holy will of God, and, by contrast, our sin and guilt; and therefore awakens the knowledge of sin, the sense of guilt, and the longing for redemption, far more clearly than this can be done by the voice of natural moral consciousness or conscience, and thereby proves itself to be a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. Comp. Rom. 3: 20; Galat. 3: 24. The daily sacrifice in the tabernacle and in the temple served the same purpose, and the same is true of the entire ceremonial-law, which constantly kept alive the feeling of the need of atonement, and, as the shadow directs to the body, continually directed attention towards the realities of the new covenant, and, above all, to the one all-sufficient atoning sacrifice of Christ upon the cross. As God demands absolute fulfilment of the law and purity of heart, accompanied by the promise of life and the threatening of death; and as He cannot possibly make man the subject of a cruel sport, but is the true faithful and merciful God, the moral ritual law of the Old Testament must already contain, as in a shell, the sweet kernel of the promise, that he will, at some future day, realize the perfect fulfilment of the law, and present the ideal of righteousness and holiness in a living form, and that he will point out to the poor sinner the way by which he may reach it. Without such an assurance the giving of the law upon Sinai would be a fearful irony on the part of God, and would lead man to despair. But we find the promise or prophecy inseparably combined with the law. Yea, it is even more ancient than the law which “entered.” Rom. 5: 20. It begins to rise already, like a star of hope in a dark night, immediately after the Fall, in the well-known declaration concerning the



woman's seed, which should bruise the serpent's head; it afterwards beamed with still greater brightness in the age of the patriarchs, through whose descendants all the families of the earth should be blessed; it lived in Moses, who was a prophet as well as a lawgiver, and pointed the people to a greater prophet who should come after him. Deut. 18: 15. But from Samuel's time, about eleven centuries before the birth of Christ, prophecy, which had hitherto been irregular, assumed an organized form, and, as a continuous prophetic *office* and *class*, accompanied the Levitical priesthood and the Davidical kingdom up to the time of Babylonish captivity. It survived this catastrophe and superintended the reorganization of the restored people and the rebuilding of the temple, expounding and applying the law, rebuking abuses in church and state, predicting the terrible judgments of God, but also his merciful love; reproof and correcting, but also comforting and encouraging, culminating in an increasingly distinct reference to the coming Messiah, who would redeem Israel and the world from sin and misery, and establish a kingdom of peace and righteousness. Thus ante-christian Judaism on the one hand, as far as it is an economy of law, exhibits itself as a religion of *repentance*, and on the other hand, as far as it is a chain of promises, as a religion of *hope* and of the *future*, which, like John the Baptist, constantly points beyond itself to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Prophecy expired with Malachi; and Israel was now, as it were, left to itself, through a waiting period of four hundred years. But now, immediately before the advent of the Messiah, the whole Old Testament, Moses and Isaiah combined, appeared in a personal embodiment, and after shining for a brief time expired in incomparable humility, like the dawn in the brightness of the rising sun of the New Covenant. John the Baptist, that earnest preacher of the law, who, laying the axe unto the root of the rotting tree of his nation, called to repentance, because the kingdom of heaven was at hand: John the prophet, rich in consolation, who directed his disciples away from himself to the sin-destroying Lamb of God, and, as the friend of the bridegroom, conducted the Messianic bride to the Saviour, was indeed the greatest among them that are born of women, and yet, in regard to his official character, less than the least in the kingdom of heaven of the New Covenant, whose glory exceeds that of the Old Covenant represented by him—the preparatory state of types and shadows—as much as the bright sunlight surpasses the glimmering of the stars, and the light of the moon in a dark night. Such is the Jewish religion, as it flowed from the fountain of divine revelation; as it continued to live on in John and his parents, in the mother of Jesus and her relatives, in the disciples of John and the apostles, in the venerable Simeon, and Anna the prophetess, in Lazarus and his pious sisters, and such it was at its final confluence with christianity.

We cannot so distinctly trace the preparatory steps of christianity in the midst of heathenism. For this, in its essence, is a false religion, a "wild growth" upon the soil of fallen human nature (to employ a descriptive term of the new Schelling school,) a darkening of the original consciousness of God, a deification of the rational and irrational creature, and, intimately connected with it, a corruption of moral consciousness, which went so far astray as formally and religiously to sanction



natural and unnatural vices. Com. Rom. 1: 19, etc. Even the religion of Greece, which, as the artistic creation of the poetical imagination of Homer and the highly-gifted Greeks, has not improperly been termed the religion of beauty, to distinguish it from the Egyptian religion of enigmas, and the Roman religion of politics and expediency, is marred by this moral turpitude. Properly speaking, it totally lacked the proper idea of sin, and consequently of holiness and purity of heart. Sin appears, in Homer and the Greek classics—with the exception of a few deeper perceptions of a Socrates and Plato, who, by being exceptions, only establish the general rule—not as a perversion of will, and as a crime against the gods, but as a folly of the understanding, and a crime against men; and besides this it very often proceeds from the gods themselves; for “Infatuation” is a “daughter of Jupiter.” Diomedes threw stones at Mars, and wounded the finger of the delicate Venus with his spear without committing sin; whilst Clytemnestra, on account of her unfaithfulness to her husband, is a great sinner. According to the popular religion of Greece the gods are nothing but men. They have bodies and senses like mortals, only that they are of colossal proportions; so that Mars marches along like ten thousand men, Neptune covers seven acres, and Juno makes the forests tremble by her steps. They eat and drink as we do, although it be only nectar and ambrosia, and consequently their immortality and olympic majesty is dependant upon the gratification of their stomach. They are confined to the limits of time and space as we are. Although at times honored by the ascription of omnipotence and omniscience, they are nevertheless subject to the blind power of an iron fate, which even rules over father Jove; and they are also deluded, and rail at each other on account of their ignorance. Ulysses conceals himself beneath seal skins, and is thus able to surprise the omniscient Proteus. Their heavenly bliss is disturbed by all the wretchedness of an earthly existence. Jove threatens blows and death against his fellow gods, and makes Olympus tremble, when he shakes his locks; the finger of Venus bleeds when wounded by a spear; Mars is cast down by a stone; Neptune and Apollo are obliged to work for wages, and are cheated; and jealousy and dissension reign in the marriages of the gods. They are indeed called holy and righteous, but in the very same Homer and Hesiod they appear full of envy and contention, hatred and sensuality, and mutually excite each other to lies and cruelty, perjury and adultery!

How deeply must christianity have declined in Germany, when its greatest poet could hold up regenerated Hellenism as the highest ideal of beautiful humanity, and when the next greatest, and at the same time noblest and most thoroughly national of its poets could express a longing after the “gods of Greece,” and, instead of a feeling of joyful gratitude, could sing with a feeling of sad lamentation:

“To enrich *One* among all these  
This world of Gods had to pass away.”

This perversion is great and disgraceful enough, even if we give all due weight to the fact, that this same Schiller, in another place, and in a better mood, praised the “Religion of the Cross” as the highest union of “Humility and power;” and at least knew, to some extent, how to



appreciate its influence upon the world in all its ages, when he says in a manner as beautiful as it is true :

The Gods sank down from their heavenly throne,  
Down fell the pillars so shining,  
And born at last was the Virgin's Son,  
To heal every human repining.  
The senses vain pleasures were banished apart,  
And man reached thinking into his own heart.

But notwithstanding this essential apostacy from the truth and the holiness of the primæval revelation, heathenism was still religion, a dark presentiment and longing, a kind of uncertain groping about after the "Unknown God," to whom the Athenians had built an altar. *Acts* 17: 27, 28. Under the shell of superstition it concealed the necessity of faith; behind polytheism it had a presentiment of a monotheistical background, in that it subordinated the gods to Jupiter, and Jupiter himself to mysterious Fate. It was based upon the feeling of dependance upon higher powers; of reverence for divine things. It preserved the remembrance of a golden age, and of the fall. It had the voice of conscience, and of the thoughts accusing or else excusing one another; —*Rom.* 2: 15—and a consciousness of the guilt of sin, however indistinct it may have been. It felt the need of reconciliation to the deity, and sought to effect this, although unsuccessfully, by prayers, penitential exercises and countless bloody and bloodless offerings. In many pious traditions and customs, it referred back, like a soft echo, to primeval religion, and at the same time, in its meaningless mythological dreams, concerning the union of the gods with men, of heroes and demi-gods, of the redemption by Hercules of Prometheus, chained to the rock, and tried by sore afflictions—points, like an unconscious prophecy and carnal anticipation, to the truths of Christianity. For God has never left himself "without witness" among the heathen. The Logos shone into the darkness before his incarnation, lighting every man that cometh into the world; and he also scattered abroad the seeds of beauty, truth and virtue, even in Hellas and Rome. Thus we are able to explain the many elements of truth which we find in the writings of Plato, Aristotle, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Epictetus, etc., and also the susceptibility of the heathen for the preaching of the Gospel. Therefore heathenism also, especially the classic, or Greco-Roman, was a preparative for Christianity; but, of course, one more negative and indirect. Here the process was not from above, from a special revelation; but from below, from the necessities of man. Here the divine contents of true religion was not prepared for mankind, but mankind for the reception of true religion. Heathenism was the prodigal son, which did not remain in the paternal mansion, like its elder brother Judaism, but carelessly forsook it, spent its patrimony, and sank to the most abject servitude, to the eating of husks; but yet, with a sense of shame and misery, penitently arose, and fell into the arms of the Father of mercy who went forth to meet it.

The character of Heathenism, as preparatory to, and tending towards Christianity, is exhibited in the Greek language, which was to preserve the golden apple of the Gospel, like a basket of silver; and in the entire compass of Greek literature, which, by investigating the fundamental principles of all science, especially of philosophy, and by an artistic



representation of the ideal of beauty, in a manner became a theoretical school-master unto the Gospel, and presented to the latter those forms into which its divine mass of truth should be poured. This classical literature and culture became the inheritance of the church, and in her became the natural basis of a holy science and christian civilization. We furthermore, also trace the hand of Providence in the political movements and appearances of the heathen world, previous to the birth of Christ. Alexander the Great, the enthusiastic admirer of Homer, the imitator of Achilles, the deeply-thoughtful pupil of the philosophical world-conqueror, Aristotle, was not, it is true, able to execute his bold idea to rule the world from Babylon, and to convert that world into a Greece; for he died while still a young man, and his empire was divided immediately after his death; but his ambition to conquer was made subservient to higher purposes, viz.: the diffusion of the Greek language and culture to the borders of India; the union of the Orient and Occident; and by these very means, the rapid expansion of the Gospel, and the establishment of a universal empire of truth and love. That which he was able to accomplish but imperfectly, the Romans realized upon a grander scale. They cast down the frowning walls of separation of ancient nations and religions, although but in an outward manner; and combined all the civilized portions of the then known world into one well-ordered empire, which extended from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules, from the Lybian desert to the banks of the German Rhine; and every where paved the way for the apostles of Christ to proclaim a universal religion. Thus also the political laws and institutions, and the great wisdom of government possessed by Rome, greatly assisted the Christian church in the development of its outward organization and discipline, and rendered excellent practical service, as classical literature had rendered theoretical service. It cannot be denied that the ancient Greek church rests altogether upon the Greek language and nationality; and that the Latin church has its national basis and historical precedent in the Roman nationality, and, in a higher degree, reproduced its virtues, but also its vices.

In addition to this, Christ is likewise the end of the *human longing* after redemption, that breathes throughout ancient history, as it does to this day in every human heart. For man has been created for Christ, and "his heart is restless until it rests in him." Within his heart of hearts he bears a recollection of a lost age of innocence, and a desire after an inalienable paradise of salvation. He feels himself a stranger in the midst of the joys and pleasures of nature, and feels a home-sickness after God, the living God. It is known that Tertullian speaks of the *testimonia animae naturaliter Christianae*, i. e., of the testimonies of the human soul which is predestinated for Christianity, and longs after it, consciously or unconsciously. They sparkle like stars in midnight darkness, in the firmament of heathenism; like moonlight and the dawn in Judaism; and point to the sun-like radiance of the gospel. In Christ, and in Christ alone, all these conflicts, presentiments, wishes, and need of the human heart after light and life, are pacified and gratified. *Lenau*, who alas! fell in the midst of madness and animal obtuseness, has gloriously expressed this thought, in the Christmas sermon of Savonarola:



The heart of mankind ever yearning  
For God; that longing, restless, deep,  
Which oft o'erflowed in tears all burning  
And as a prayer climbed heaven's steep.

That longing, which from heaven did listen  
For the Redeemer stepping near—  
Which from prophetic hearts oft sounded  
Into this earth—forsaken, drear:

That longing—which so long went straying  
To find the God—which it believed.  
As tear, and hymn, complaint, or praying—  
Was changed to Mary—and conceived.

Christ is therefore the end of the whole history of the world before himself, as well as of every individual human heart. And why? Because he, and he alone, is the God-man and Saviour of the world. According to his divine nature, as the Logos, the eternal reason and eternal Word; he is of the same essence as God, and the medium of the creation and preservation of the world, as well as of all preparatory revelation; according to his human nature, as Jesus of Nazareth, he is a product of history, the ripest blossom and fruit of the religious development of mankind; and has an earthly genealogy, which the Jewish-Christian, St. Matthew, traces back to Abraham, and the Gentile-Christian evangelist Luke, to Adam, the progenitor of all men. In him the fullness of the Godhead dwells bodily; and in him, at the same time, the ideal of human virtue and piety is realized. He himself is eternal truth and life, in personal union with our own nature; our Lord and our God, and yet at the same time, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. In him the great problem of all religion, reconciliation and communion of man with God, has not merely been attempted, but solved; and we must not expect a higher revelation of God, nor a greater moral, religious perfection of man, than that which is already given and guaranteed in his person.

But as Christ thus represents the final result of the history of the development of ante-Christian humanity, extending through four thousand years; so also, on the other hand, he is the starting point of an endless future, the cause of a new creation, the second Adam, the progenitor of a regenerated humanity, the head of the church, which is his body, the fullness of Him, in whom all fullness dwells. He is the pure and inexhaustible fountain of those streams of light and life, which have since then uninterruptedly flowed through nations and ages, and which will continue to flow, until the whole earth shall be filled with his glory, and all tongues shall confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. The universal diffusion and unconditional supremacy of the spirit and the life of Christ, will, also at the same time, be the consummation of the human race, the end of temporal history, and the beginning of a glorious eternity.

Jesus Christ was born during the reign of the Emperor Augustus, of the Virgin Mary, the bride of the Holy Ghost, who belonged to the fallen royal house of David, in Bethlehem of Judea, at least four years prior to the beginning of our Dionysian mode of reckoning; for Herod the Great did not die so late as 754, but as early as 750 after the foun-



dition of Rome. Angels of heaven announced the glad tidings with hymns of praise, and the Jewish shepherds from the fields, and heathen wise men from the East, full of believing adoration, first greeted the new-born King in the manger. Quietly and unobservedly he grew up in Nazareth, the despised little city of Galilee, under the eyes of his poor but godly parents, without enjoying any other means of cultivation than the secret communion of the soul with God, and the religion of the Old Covenant. He began his public ministry in the thirtieth year of his life, and from the midst of uneducated Galilean fishermen selected twelve apostles for Israel, and seventy evangelists for the Gentiles. Three years he went about Palestine doing good, uttering words of spirit and life, and performing miracles of merciful love. He had no earthly possessions, not even a place of his own where he might lay his head; a few pious women from time to time filled his purse, which was carried by a thief and traitor; he never sought the society or the favor of the great, but was hated and persecuted by them; he never flattered the prejudices of the age, but rebuked vice and sin in all classes of society. He was neither a learned man nor an artist, nor an orator in the usual sense of the word; and yet he was wiser than all philosophers, spoke with greater authority than any orator, and made an impression upon his age, and upon all after ages, so deep and ineffaceable, such as has never been, nor ever can be, made by any man. He overcame the power of sin and death upon their own territory, and thus redeemed and sanctified human nature. In his private life and public conduct he exhibited the purest and deepest love of God and man, an unclouded harmony of all the powers of the soul, and of all virtues, an unexampled combination of dignity and humility, of self-control and self-sacrifice, of greatness and simplicity, in short, the ideal of moral perfection without the least admixture of sin and error. Finally he completed his active spirit by suffering obedience, in unrivalled patience and resignation to the holy will of God, and before he had reached the prime of life—the Saviour of the world a young man!—he died, condemned by the Jewish authorities, forsaken by the people, denied by Peter, betrayed by Judas, but surrounded by his sorrowing mother, and his faithful disciples—male and female—by the shameful death upon the cross: he the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, a voluntary self-sacrifice of eternal love for the redemption of the world. On the third day he rose from the dead, a victor over the grave and hell, a prince of life and of the resurrection; he appeared to his disciples; he took possession of the heavenly throne, and, by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he formed the church, which he has protected, nourished, strengthened, and comforted since that time, and with which he has promised to be always, until he shall come again in his glory, to judge the quick and the dead.

This is a feeble outline of the life of the God-man upon earth, to which a human pen is as little able to do full justice as, to use the language of Lavater, one is able to paint the sun with a lead pencil and the dawn with a piece of charcoal. The entire history of the church, with its innumerable blossoms of the divine life, is but an incomplete commentary upon that delineation, which the evangelists have given us, in childlike simplicity, and yet also with unfathomable depth. No cata-



logue of virtues, however perfect it might be, would be able to give us a correct conception of the intense peculiarity of the character of Christ, of the beautiful symmetry of all the moral powers, and of the wonderful harmony of a soul which was never darkened by a single cloud of passion and selfishness, and which never, even for a moment, permitted itself to be separated from the most intimate communion with the Father in heaven, and an unconditional surrender to the eternal welfare of mankind. Here we truly find the fountain of life; here is the highest union of piety and virtue, of the purest love to God, and the purest love to man that ever appeared upon the earth; here is the holy of holies of mankind, in whose presence even infidelity entertains some reverence and awe. For even a Rousseau was compelled to exclaim: "Socrates lived and died like a philosopher, but Christ lived and died like a God."

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## HUMBUG AGAIN.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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We have neither time nor space to expose one-half of the humbugs that come to our notice. Nor is this necessary. It is sufficient if we give our readers a specimen now and then. One of a class will always answer to set a whole host naked and in the light. If our young readers will closely examine these examples, they will soon be able to catch humbugs as easily as the Editor. It is only necessary to study their habits, notice carefully their colorings, and watch their movements, to know them afterwards at first sight.

It must be confessed, however, that we have a little the advantage of our readers; for humbugs find it necessary to swarm around Editors. Indeed, they can only live when the periodicals bless them, and help them to warm into life. Thus they cozy up to the editors, as naturally as a torpid snake crawls to the fire. Or, to use another illustration, they come to the Editor's chair like a moth to the candle—sometimes to be singed! The other day there was one came buzzing up to us, in the shape of a letter, swollen with credentials—the document itself, a letter of commendation, and two cards, that by the mouth of these two witnesses every word might be established. Let us open the precious budget, and we shall see him as he is. Here is the letter:

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: Please insert the enclosed advertisement in your paper for three months. Send me the full amount of the bill immediately, and at the termination of the first month I will forward you one-half the amount of the bill, and at the termination of the second month I will forward the remainder. Please insert the first three words in quite large type. I trust you will charge me a moderate price. Allow me to say that Mr. Monroe has got something which is new, and is needed in every family in the United States, and it is everything that he advertises. I am good for the advertisement.

I remain yours truly,

A. L. BALDWIN.

Now for the Advertisement. The reader will please notice that the advertiser is not Mr. Baldwin, but another man. It must be true charity



that induces him to inform us "Mr. Monroe has got something which is new." In another document however he says: "Direct your communications to A. L. Baldwin." After all he must have some finger in the pie. It seems that Mr. Monroe "*has got something*" and Mr. Baldwin *wishes* to get something. So the reader, if he is green enough, will be sure to direct his two dollars to Mr. Baldwin! But here is the advertisement which the Editor of the Guardian is to "insert for three months." Hear, ye poor who are out of employment, how it jingles! Why the very first blast, is like music in one's pocket. Hear! Hear!

**MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! WHY BE WITHOUT MONEY?** when it is just as easy for any one to be around with a pocket full as not, if they only think so. I have got a new article, from which from five to twenty dollars a day can be made, either by male or female. It is highly respectable business, and an article which is wanted in every family in the United States. Enclose me two dollars by mail, at my risk, and I will forward by return mail a Circular with full instructions in the art. The business is very easy.—Try it, if you are out of employment, and you will never regret it; for it will be better for you to pay the above sum, and insure a good business, than to pay twenty-five cents for a spurious advertisement. This is no humbug. TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

DWIGHT MONROE, New York.

I sent one of my Circulars to an Editor in Georgia, and he gave me a notice in his paper like the following: "Mr. Monroe sent me one of his Circulars, and I will just say to my readers that whoever of you are out of employment that Mr. Monroe's business is a good business, and money can be made out of it by any one who engages in it, for it is no humbug."

His grammar is a little bad. It is as easy for "*any one*" to be "*around*" with a pocket full of money as not, if only "*they* think so." This "*they*" must mean Messrs. Baldwin & Monroe. "I have *got* an article" is decidedly unrhetorical. "It"—that is this *article* that he "*has got*"—"is" a "*highly respectable business.*" "Enclose me two dollars *by mail*"—he evidently means *in the mail*. Otherwise the direction is clear enough. The closing sentence is decidedly emphatic: "*Try it! Try it! Try it!*" But the direction says, "Address your letters to Dwight Monroe, New York." This is a puzzle; for does not the other document say: "Direct to A. L. Baldwin?" Now I have it. The letter is for the Editors alone, *sub rosa*—We ought not to have published it. The advertisement is for you, gentle reader. The whole means: Mr. Editor send your bill for advertising to "A. L. Baldwin," and *if there is such a man in existence* you will get your money. Mr. Reader, send your \$2 to me, for I "*have got something*" for you.

We forgot to inform the reader that the precious budget also contained two cards; on one of which Mr Baldwin is said to be "Proprietor of the Literary Journal," and on the other "Agent of the Mausoleum Daguerreotype Company." He says of this part of the business: "I inclose cards that you may know that I am good for the amount." Now, a Philadelphia lawyer may perhaps be able to tell how these cards prove that he is "good for the amount;" but it is too great a problem for us. Besides, if the grammar and rhetoric of the advertisement are from Mr. Baldwin, then we would love to see a copy of "*The Literary Journal.*"

Wonder what is the name of that Editor in Georgia, or, the name of his paper. Poor lone voice from the sunny land! Why do not other Editors join in, to tell the world "that Mr. Monroe has got something." Especially now, as winter is setting in and employment scarce. "Why



be without money? when it is just as easy for any one to be *around* with a pocket full as not, if he only *thinks* so." O, reader, why do you go about moneyless, sometimes even pondering in your heart whether you can afford to take your old friend The Guardian another year. Why do you not "just think so," send on \$2, and have your pockets full? The editor in Georgia, says "Mr. Monroe's business is a good business." We have no doubt of it, as there are no doubt many persons foolish enough to send him two dollars. It is perfectly easy for him to "be around with a pocket full," if there are only enough \$2 victims to "think so."

He hopes Editors "will charge him a moderate price." As he is generous enough to leave the charge to us, we are generous enough to charge him nothing for this insertion, and our comments also shall be gratis. Any man that can fill the pockets of our readers with money, "just as well as not," ought to be aided. It is our interest to do so. For when the Circular is received, and pockets are full, our list of subscribers will certainly increase.

The intelligent reader may suppose it almost impossible that any one could be humbugged by such schemes; be assured there are many who are drawn into the trick in the vain hope of making "from five to twenty dollars a-day." At this period of the year, when work is scarce in many places, how strong the temptation to one who lives retired in the country, and is himself too honest and innocent to believe that any one could be depraved enough to publish such a falsehood. Besides, is not the advertisement in "our newspaper?" The Editor is a "nice man," and he would not publish it if there was not something in it. We must again ask, how can an honorable editor, for the paltry price of an advertisement—which he may never get—aid these schemes of shameless imposition?

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## FEMALE CHARACTER.

DAUGHTERS should thoroughly acquaint themselves with the business and cares of a family. These are among the first objects of a woman's creation; they ought to be among the first branches of her education. They should learn neatness, economy, industry, and sobriety. These will constitute their ornaments. Nature will appear in all her loveliness of proportion, of beauty; and modesty, unaffected gentleness of manner, will render them amiable in the kitchen and dining-room, and ornaments in the sitting-room and parlor. Everything, domestic or social, depends on female character. As daughters and sisters, they decide the character of the family. As wives, they emphatically decide the character of their husbands, and their condition also. It has been not unmeaningly said, that the husband may ask the wife whether he may be respected. He certainly must inquire at the altar whether he may be prosperous and happy. As mothers, they decide the character of their children. Nature has constructed them the early guardians and instructor of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this end.







